Collier's

NOVEMBER 22, 1941 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
KANS

HUNTING PERMIT
10752
Joe Kneisel

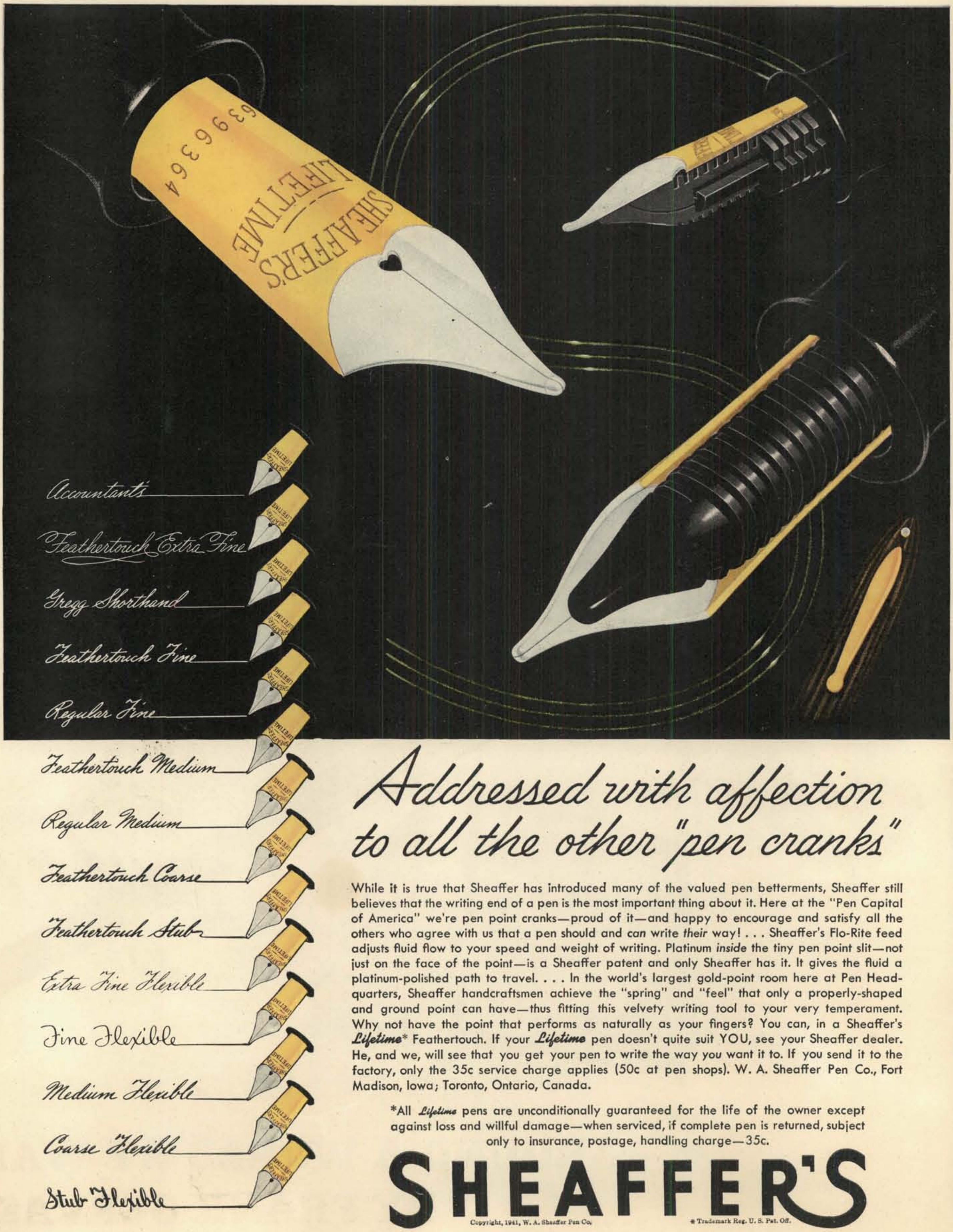
© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN
MAGAZINE — WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

AROUND A WORLD AT WAR

BY FR ASI

S J OWENS %
412 E MONROE 299797
IOLA C
KANS 16MY42 5/24BE

v. 22 1941


SHEAFFER'S
LIFETIME
6396364
Accountants
Feathertouch Extra Fine
Gregg Shorthand
Feathertouch Fine
Regular Fine
Feathertouch Medium
Regular Medium
Feathertouch Coarse
Feathertouch Stub
Extra Fine Flexible
Fine Flexible
Medium Flexible
Coarse Flexible
Stub Flexible

Addressed with affection to all the other "pen cranks"

While it is true that Sheaffer has introduced many of the valued pen betterments, Sheaffer still believes that the writing end of a pen is the most important thing about it. Here at the "Pen Capital of America" we're pen point cranks—proud of it—and happy to encourage and satisfy all the others who agree with us that a pen should and *can* write *their* way! . . . Sheaffer's Flo-Rite feed adjusts fluid flow to your speed and weight of writing. Platinum *inside* the tiny pen point slit—not just on the face of the point—is a Sheaffer patent and only Sheaffer has it. It gives the fluid a platinum-polished path to travel. . . . In the world's largest gold-point room here at Pen Headquarters, Sheaffer handcraftsmen achieve the "spring" and "feel" that only a properly-shaped and ground point can have—thus fitting this velvety writing tool to your very temperament. Why not have the point that performs as naturally as your fingers? You can, in a Sheaffer's ***Lifetime**** Feathertouch. If your ***Lifetime*** pen doesn't quite suit YOU, see your Sheaffer dealer. He, and we, will see that you get your pen to write the way *you* want it to. If you send it to the factory, only the 35c service charge applies (50c at pen shops). W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

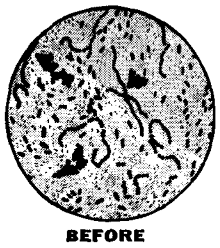
*All ***Lifetime*** pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the owner except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.

SHEAFFER'S

Copyright, 1941, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.

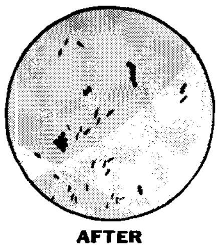
* Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS



BEFORE

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



AFTER

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A

COLD OR SORE THROAT—Listerine, *QUICK!*

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on the throat surfaces to kill "secondary invaders" . . . the very types of germs that make a cold more troublesome.

This prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely . . . at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

Its value as a precaution against colds and sore throats has been demonstrated by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and treatment.

Ten Years of Research

Actual tests conducted on employees in several industrial plants during a ten year period of research revealed this astonishing truth: That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

Kills "Secondary Invaders" on Tissue Surfaces

This impressive record is explained, we believe, by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—the very types of germs that live in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces

When you gargle with Listerine, the cool amber liquid reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders" on those areas—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any major invasion of the delicate membrane may be halted and infection thereby checked.

Even 15 minutes after Listerine gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

WATCH YOUR THROAT

where illness often starts

LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT

ONLY 75¢ Batteries Included

GENUINE DU PONT "LUCITE" ILLUMINATOR

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS England
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
MAX WILKINSON Fiction

WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
CLARENCE H. ROY Syntax

W. B. COURTNEY Germany
FRANK GERVASI The Orient
MARTHA GELLHORN Articles
JIM MARSHALL Articles
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

THIS WEEK

NOVEMBER 22, 1941

SHORT STORIES

HARRY SYLVESTER
The Captain of the Team. A heel or a hero, depending on how you like your footballers. Page 11

D. K. FINDLAY
Two Thirds of a Ghost. She thought love couldn't live in the shadow of sudden death. Page 20

HERBERT BEST
Early American. The spirit that made a nation great. Page 36

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Such As I Have, by Hugh MacNair Kahler. Page 18

SERIAL STORIES

NEVIL SHUTE
The Pied Piper. The fourth of ten parts. Page 22

AGATHA CHRISTIE
Murder in Retrospect. Conclusion. Page 25

ARTICLES

HARMONY HAYNES
Terrible Terry. The man who keeps movie stars healthy. Page 13

HENRY A. WALLACE
The Silent War. The Vice-President of the United States describes our war on the economic front. Page 14

FRANK GERVASI
Around a World at War. A Collier correspondent circles the earth to see what war has done. Page 16

AIMEE LARKIN
Fashions with a Future. Mainbocher speaks with authority. Page 19

FRANK TOLBERT
Mighty Mites. Look out for "them po' lil' orphant chiles." Page 45

BRENDA UELAND
Fighting Wings for Norway. Norwegians in Canada—waiting. Page 53

OUR NEW ARMY. Page 56

●

WING TALK. Page 6

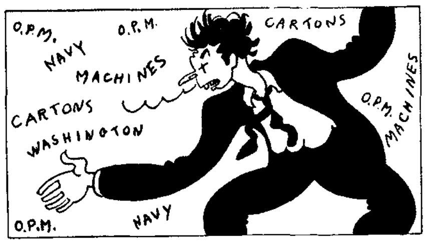
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 8

EDITORIALS
Business and the Peace.
Common Sense About Russia.
Discount That Snub.
FCC Backs Water. Page 78

COVER JOE KNEISEL

ANY WEEK

WE WERE complaining about our lot. A long-drawn-out chore was keeping us in Washington. We prefer our Washington in small doses. Anyway, we were complaining. We were overheard by a gentleman from Chicago, Illinois—a responsible fellow who for many years has been making paper boxes and cartons in large quantities and with great success. "So you'd like to get out of here," said he. Obviously he was having some trouble controlling himself. "I've listened to you. Now you listen to me. Twenty weeks ago I got a contract to make paper cartons for the United States Navy. The Navy has designed its own carton. It's pretty much like any other carton but the seams are different. I hesitated to take the contract, saying that there was no carton machinery capable of making Navy seams. The Navy told me to go ahead and make a machine and how much would it cost. I said it would cost five hundred dollars. The Navy snapped its fingers, told me to go ahead, get a priority order from OPM for the steel and get busy. My dear sir, you're complaining. I have been here twenty weeks trying to get somebody in OPM to sign an order upon the steel company releasing to me the small amount of steel I'll need to build a five-hundred-dollar machine to make Navy seams on a couple million dollars' worth of cartons. My dear friend, will you be so good as to shut your mouth and let somebody complain who knows how."



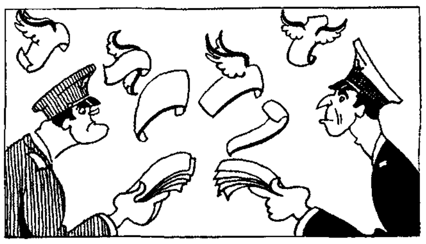
SO WE shut up and pretty soon struck up a conversation with a man who was complaining that the peanuts the house served with drinks were stale. He was an automotive engineer. After finishing his peanut grumbles he stopped fooling. He told us that he'd just got back from a proving ground where the Army had been testing jeeps and command cars equipped with an almost revolutionary idea in tires and compensating springs or snubbers. The combination was the product of a whole board of engineers and tire manufacturers, but the Army just wasn't sure. The tests conducted cross-country, over hill, dale, meadow, creek and bog land were more than satisfactory. Generals were rubbing their hands all over the place. But the Army insisted on another test—racing the revolutionarily equipped cars around a small circular pad of concrete for eight hours. "So I told the Army," said our engineer, "that I'd heard of countries going to war straight out and I'd heard of countries going to war zigzag, but that I'd never heard of anybody going to war in circles." So we left him but not before seeing a gentleman at the next table lean over, tap him on the shoulder, and say: "Oh, you haven't, hey? Well, just stick around, my friend."

OUR deeper sympathies, however, are with Mr. Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Morgenthau, as you've probably heard, is more than anxious that his fellow countrymen buy defense bonds and savings stamps in large quantities. But while you are piling up these gilt-edged investments at a great rate, being both shrewd and patriotic, Mr. Morgenthau cannot buy even a twenty-five-center. We dropped in on Mr. Morgenthau aiming to comfort him. He said that he appreciated our feelings but that the hurt was well-nigh incurable. Away back in 1889, he told us, Congress in a virtuous moment passed a law prohibiting any Secretary of the Treasury from buying government securities of any kind. It seems that back in the President Grant era which, for the benefit of the children, was something like the blackjack days of Warren Harding, a Secretary bought government bonds at sixty cents on the dollar and sold them later at par. We went out and bought a few books of stamps and notified Mr. Morgenthau by telephone. "Thank you," said he—but ruefully.

THE devout scrapbook clippers of the comicartoons in this excellent publication are apprised of a volume entitled Collier's Collects Its Wits, containing 339 cartoons selected by our dour Mr. Williams. Harcourt, Brace & Company are sponsors of the job, which is now being sold in all bookstores that are worthy of their salt. Better hasten thence.

BACK in Washington, we met a gentleman named Dowd E. Dowd. Of course we shall receive letters denying that there is anybody of that name. But we can't help it. The fellow's name is Dowd E. Dowd, and we're not to blame. He lives in Baltimore, Maryland, too, and we had nothing to do with that either. Anyway, Mr. Dowd E. Dowd was in a hurry. He had just been to OPM, OPA and SPAB—the defense triplets. "I am now on my way to the former seat of the government of the United States—Capitol Hill," said he.

HOWEVER, we would not have you believe that things are not getting done with ruffles and flourishes in Washington. We have just paid a couple of courtesy calls at the Navy and War departments, observing censorship at close range. The most interesting demonstration occurs when a manuscript dealing with the activities of both the Army and the Navy is in the works. Both departments read it. The Navy almost invariably deletes everything in it having to do with the Army, on the theory that it isn't important anyway. A nice rivalry is thus kept alive at the expense of the reader of the manuscript—provided there is any manuscript left and that, in its disemboweled condition, it ultimately gets printed. We were discussing this in the State Department where purely national affairs are regarded as completely paltry to begin with. They told us that when Colonel Bill Donovan was brought to Washington to be Mr. Roosevelt's co-ordinator of intelligence, the Navy suggested that the colonel be made a major general. The Army suggested that he be made an admiral. The colonel insisted that he be left alone, certainly not promoted by either side. Anyway we've just been looking into the situation, asking an F.B.I. man whether all F.B.I. information was immediately relayed to the colonel, to be sifted and transmitted to the President. "Certainly," said he. "Donovan knows everything we know except what we know about Donovan."



AND one of our State Department friends told us that there are quite a number of Grade-A government officials who go much farther on the Russo-Nazi war situation than they used to. Until recently these important gentlemen were praying that both sides lose. Now, according to one of them in a dinner conversation with our friend in the State Department, it's like this: "While we hope that Russia has the heroic tenacity to wait until next spring to get licked, for American political and taxation reasons maybe the sooner it happens the better."

WE HAD lunch with a group of Army and Navy morale officers. There was a great deal of talk about "soft spots"—states and communities which were lukewarm or even chilly in their attitude toward national defense. A great many places were mentioned as being badly in need of a bit of bucking up. You'd be surprised. Somewhat to our chagrin, our opinion was not asked. But if we'd been asked to name a good place for the lads to begin needling the citizenry we'd have been ready:

WASHINGTON, D. C. . . . W. D.

Vol. 108, No. 21. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's.
Copyright, 1941, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.
Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Price in Canada, 7 cents a copy; $3.00 a year; two years, $5.00; three years, $7.00. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Free!

To New LITERARY GUILD Members

. . . THIS GREAT ROMANTIC NOVEL

Marguerite Steen's

THE SUN IS MY UNDOING

with all the action of ANTHONY ADVERSE . . . all the thrills of GONE WITH THE WIND!

1176 Pages! A SENSATIONAL NEW BEST-SELLER!

SUN IS MY UNDOING
THE SUN IS MY UNDOING
Steen

50,000 Copies Bought Last Month at $3.00!

Now You May Have It Free!

THE SUN IS MY UNDOING is a story on the heroic scale, a chronicle that lifts the reader out of his own world and sweeps him on breathlessly for nearly 1200 pages crowded with adventure!

Its time is the great days of sailing ships, and it begins in Bristol when young Matthew Flood, driven from the arms of his bride-to-be to the afterdeck of an African slaver, embarks on a journey that is to cover half the globe and tangle the destinies of generations unborn. The ports this story touches are the reeking coast of Africa, fair Barbados, gay and scheming Cuba, the Barbary haunts of pirates, the palaces of Seville and Madrid, returning at last to the stately homes of England. You'll be thrilled to the very end of this exciting novel.

The Sun Is My Undoing is the story of one undying love and a dozen interwoven tales of ambition and intrigue, of daring and adventure. Critics have showered it with adjectives like "magnificent" (N. Y. Times), "tremendous" (N. Y. Sun). "A hero to rival Anthony Adverse and Rhett Butler" (Buffalo Evening News). What a grand opportunity to start your Literary Guild membership with a gift like this! Thousands have bought and are buying this book through the regular channels at $3.00 a copy, but as a new Guild member you may have it absolutely FREE if you act promptly! Read details of Guild membership below—then mail coupon!

Literary Guild Membership Is FREE—and You Save up to 50%—and more—on Outstanding New Books

THE extraordinary savings which you can make on the new books are your best reason for joining the Literary Guild—especially since membership costs you nothing. You can add to your library many of the latest, most important books, both fiction and non-fiction at a flat price of only $2.00 each—regardless of the higher prices (from $2.50 to $4.00) at which they are published. There is *no obligation on your part* to accept a book every month after you have joined; you may take as few as four Guild selections a year to enjoy full membership.

Guild Membership Saves You as Much as 50%! Every month the Guild manufactures for its huge membership a special Guild Edition of an outstanding new book, selected from the advance lists of leading publishers. Even if the publisher's price is as much as $4.00, *you* pay only $2.00 for your handsome Guild edition. And you get it *on approval*, on the very day that the more expensive publisher's edition is put on sale! Furthermore, the Literary Guild now gives each member a FREE book as soon as four Guild selections have been purchased at only $2.00 each. This FREE book is always a popular title, selling at retail from $2.50 to $4.00!

Magazine "Wings" FREE. As a Guild member you receive FREE the famous Guild magazine "Wings" which contains illustrated articles about the current selection and its author, and includes a special contribution by the author.

"Wings" also contains an advance description of the book to be selected the following month. If you feel you do not want to examine the book, merely notify the Guild not to send it when the time comes. On the other hand, if the selection sounds interesting, you may have it sent for your approval.

"Wings" is also an invaluable guide to all important current reading, for each month it reviews about 30 new books, any of which may be purchased through the Guild at the established retail prices.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon. Guild service starts as soon as you accept Free membership. "The Sun Is My Undoing" will be sent you immediately absolutely FREE. But you are urged to mail the coupon at once—this offer may soon have to be withdrawn! *Literary Guild of America, Garden City, New York.*

MAIL THIS COUPON!

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA
Dept. 11-CW, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a member of the Literary Guild and send me Marguerite Steen's "The Sun Is My Undoing" (1176 pages, retail price $3.00) absolutely FREE. I am also to receive free each month the Guild magazine "Wings" and all other membership privileges. It is understood that I will purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only $2.00 each (regardless of higher retail prices) within a year.

Mr.
Mrs. ....
Miss

St. & No. ....

City & State ....

Occupation ....

If under 21, age please..............

For plan servicing Canadian members, write to Literary Guild, 388 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

"Say, sister, are you in the Navy, too?"

"LOOKS like your boss is copying Uncle Sam! The soda fountains on our big battle wagons serve us our fountain drinks in Dixie Cups, too. They're taking no chances on our catching anything from somebody else's glass. Guess your boss has the same idea ... protecting his customers."

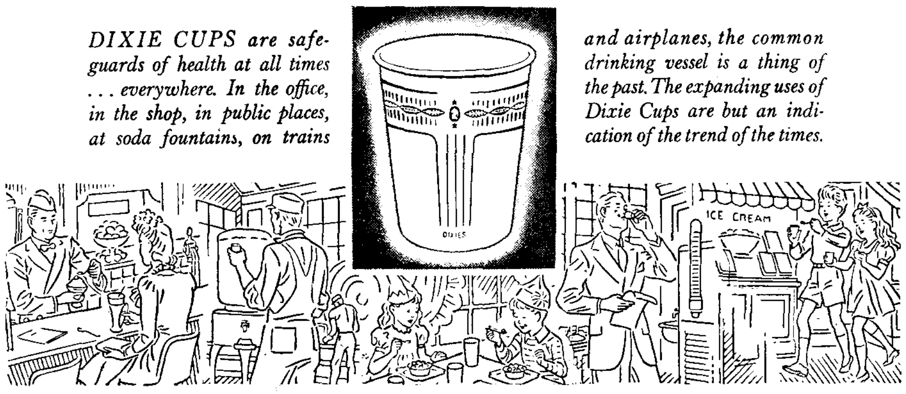
Milk bars and soda fountains in increasing numbers are swinging to individual service in Dixie Cups. It is truly a sign of the times.

Mouth-to-mouth contagion from public drinking vessels can no longer be tolerated. The hazard in their use can be checked only by sanitizing with intense heat or chemicals—and that takes time. Merely dousing in soap and hot water is not enough. Dixie Cups, used but once and then thrown away, are the increasingly popular answer.

DIXIE CUPS

DIXIE-VORTEX COMPANY, EASTON, PA., CHICAGO, ILL., TORONTO, CAN.

DIXIE CUPS are safeguards of health at all times . . . everywhere. In the office, in the shop, in public places, at soda fountains, on trains and airplanes, the common drinking vessel is a thing of the past. The expanding uses of Dixie Cups are but an indication of the trend of the times.



WING TALK

INTERNATIONAL

No pilot would fly a duplicate of this plane from Iceland to the U. S. today, but the Army Round the World fliers did it in 1924

THE second American invasion of Iceland is more extensive than the first, which occurred in the late summer of 1924 when the Army World Fliers put in at Reykjavik and were held there for 13 days for engine changes and weather to Greenland. Accompanying the four airmen—Lieuts. Lowell H. Smith, Leslie P. Arnold, Eric Nelson and Jack Harding—were two United States cruisers, two destroyers and six newspapermen, among whom were our Damon Runyon and your correspondent. Lieuts. Leigh Wade and Henry H. Ogden were fished out of the bleak waters of the North Sea between the Orkney and Faroe islands by our cruiser, the Richmond, when they went down with engine trouble. Having flown all the way from California to that remote spot only to be ruled out by the failure of an oil pump was sufficient to make the boys want to retire to their cabin and quietly cut their throats. We watched them closely until they got another plane in Nova Scotia and completed the trip.

The Army pilots were flying Douglas world cruisers, specially built biplanes each powered with a 400-h.p. Liberty engine. They could change over from wheels to twin pontoons for long overwater hops. Top speed was 90 miles per hour, cruising range 10 hours. It is doubtful if any airman today, including the original Army pilots, would attempt to fly from Reykjavik to the United States in an exact duplicate of these ships. Yet our boys did it.

Lieut. Smith, leader of the flight, is now Col. Smith, U. S. Army Air Forces. Lieut. Arnold is an executive of Eastern Air Lines. Lieuts. Nelson, Harding and Ogden are in civilian aviation; and Lieut. Wade, now Major Wade, is on active duty in the office of the Chief of Army Air Forces in Washington.

THE group captain of the R.A.F. Bomber Command, who has made many day and night raids over Germany, was a passenger on a Dutch freighter, part of a convoy en route to the United States. Six hundred miles off the European continent, they were visited by a Focke-Wulf four-engined landplane bomber which picked out a tanker and practically blew it out of the water. There was a bit of admiration in the group captain's voice as he described the accuracy of the enemy bomber. And as an afterthought he said, "Our gunners got him though. I felt very sorry for poor Jerry." Americans have but one complaint against the British. If they would only get mad!

THE young naval aviator was very proud of his new custom-built car. It slid over the highways so easily and smoothly that he lost all sense of speed. That is what he tried to tell the highway patrolman who intercepted him in a small community and told him his license was suspended for a month on the charge of driving a mile a minute. A few days later the young pilot found himself in his fighter plane approaching the same village. Down went the nose, and down the main street he roared. At that very moment, his commanding officer stepped onto the street from the corner drugstore. Fast as it was going, the C.O. was able to read the markings on the ship.

The young officer now was confronted with charges of violating the federal air navigation laws as well as a number of Navy regulations. He had no alibi, no excuse, nothing but the truth to tell with an indirect appeal to public antipathy toward speed cops.

"I just thought I'd show that cop that 60 miles an hour really wasn't fast" was the conclusion of his brief official explanation.

AND out in a pretty little town in Nevada, there are still a few who refer to the time an Army plane came right down the main street on a level with the second-floor windows. We will confess to those people that we had just cleared a 10,000-foot mountain range by inches and below us was the beautiful valley with the town in the center. As the mountain sloped away from us we lost altitude too, and thought we'd take a look at the place. The pilot, who then wore the silver bars of first lieutenant, now has eagles on his shoulders and it would be a very bad example to the youngsters of the Air Forces to reveal his present command and station. But at that time he had the black outlook of being a first lieutenant for the next 20 years (he had been one for the previous 10) and he didn't much care. So he let them have it and at the end of the street he pulled up into a *chandelle*, leveled off and we were on our way to California. That was in 1925 and luckily for him no superior officer stepped out of the drugstore as we whizzed by.

F. R. N.

Let's give him some hot licks in "A FLAT"
HOT FOOT HARRY
BUMBLING BEES

HARRY: *Very, very funny! Look, I'm choking to death with mirth!*

TINY: *Don't stop now . . . but you're away out of the groove on tires, chum!*

HARRY: *Okay, Gruesome! What's the new number? Switch to B. F. Goodrich?*

TINY: *Brother, you ain't improvising!*

WE: *Buying tires today is a far different business than it was just a few weeks ago.* Because you don't know—*nobody* knows—what the picture will be the next time you need tires. Today you've got to be *sure* of mileage—*sure* of safety. You can't take chances!

That's why it pays *double* today to stick to Silvertowns. Every one of these rugged tires is made with Duramin, the "tire vitamin" that keeps youth in the rubber. Silvertowns will wear and *wear!*

That's very important to you. And it's important to Uncle Sam, too, because it helps save rubber that may be vitally needed.

So far, Silvertown prices are still quite low. And you need not pay cash, either. All B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Stores, and many Goodrich Dealers, offer the convenient Budget Plan.

★ ★ ★

See the new **SILVERTOWNS**

(*Left*)
SAFETY SILVERTOWN. Duramin gives it longer wear, and top quality. Hi-Flex cords make it stronger than ever.

(*Center*)
DELUXE SILVERTOWN. Duramin-made. Gives the best combination of mileage, safety, comfort, and quiet running.

(*Right*)
LIFE-SAVER SILVERTOWN. No tire can stop you quicker, or keep you safer from skids. 20% more miles than *original* Life-Saver tire. Duramin-made.

Switch to
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

SOME B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY

AMERIPOL, *the first synthetic rubber used in automobile tires sold to the American public.*

CARBON BLACK TREAD, *a B. F. Goodrich development that more than doubled tire mileage.*

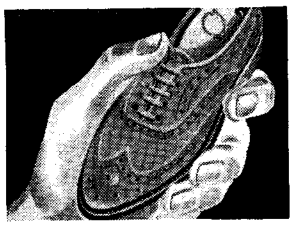
DURAMIN, *the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.*

For a Merry Christmas
and a Happy SHOE Year
FLORSHEIM GIFT CERTIFICATE
PRESENTED WITH HOLIDAY GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES
The PROM
The ARROW

The satisfaction of owning and wearing Florsheim Shoes lives long after the simple act of giving. Multiply your thoughtfulness over and over again with every step he takes. Florsheim Shoes for a Merry Christmas . . . Florsheim quality for a Happy SHOE Year!

$10
Most Regular Styles

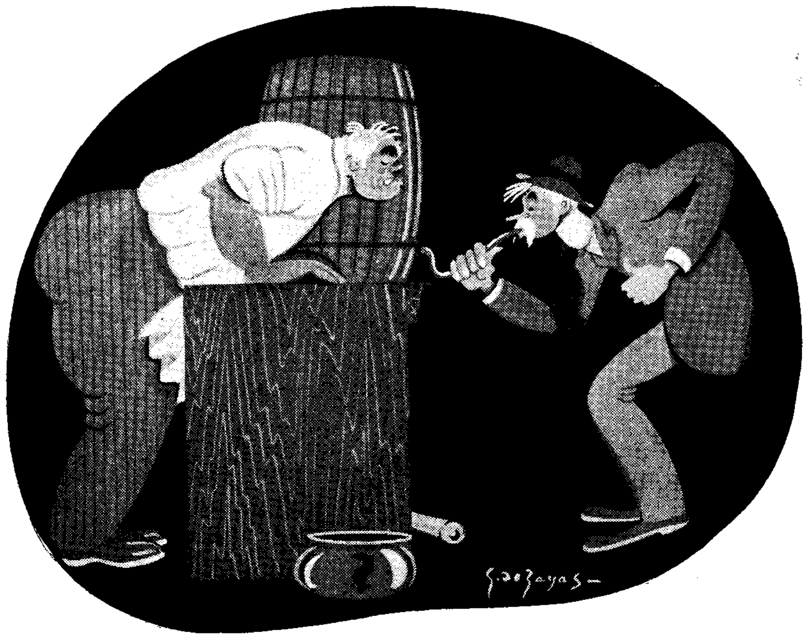
Your Florsheim dealer has special Florsheim Christmas gift certificates to make your shopping quick and easy.


This miniature Florsheim Shoe, in plaster, adds novelty to your gift . . . is a practical desk paperweight, too.

Put both in a miniature Florsheim shoe box . . . and watch his smile of satisfaction on Christmas morning.

THE Florsheim SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · MANUFACTURERS · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

During Civil War days, New York's Bowery had many low saloons where liquor was never served in a glass or mug. The customer merely placed a nickel on the bar, picked up a rubber tube attached to a barrel of whisky and drank, under the watchful eye of the bartender, all he could without taking a breath.

On many trains in the United States, the operating crews are changed on an average of every 200 miles, or about every three and a half hours. For example, one train, which runs between New York and Chicago and covers nearly 1,000 miles in 16 hours, changes its crew five times, while another, which runs between New York and Miami and covers nearly 1,400 miles in 25 hours, changes its crew seven times.

The Los Angeles General Hospital now uses paper bowls, plates and cups exclusively and, despite the fact that they will cost more than $40,000 a year, the institution expects to save considerable money through the elimination of the labor that was required to sterilize, wash and dry ten thousand pieces of crockery three times a day.—*By Ida Clemens Tuma, El Monte, California.*

Levulose, the sweetest of all the hundred or more different kinds of sugars, can be made from such plants as chicory, dahlias and Jerusalem artichokes.

The upper part of the North American continent is so wide that it has eight time zones, or twice as many as the United States. From east to west, they are: Newfoundland, Atlantic, Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific, Yukon and Alaskan.—*By Bruce E. Butt, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.*

Trunkfishes, of the family *Ostraciidae,* which are found in warm seas, are shaped like other fish, but their bodies are encased in a hard shell, like that of a turtle, and only the jaws, fins, eyes and tail are free to move.—*By Mrs. Howard H. Lane, Gainesville, Florida.*

An analysis made about fifteen years ago indicated that war raises the proportion of male babies. The study showed that, during and immediately after the first World War, only those countries which had lost a large number of men experienced a marked increase in their percentage of male births.

Until recently, Vienna's Spanish Riding School, reputed to be the finest equestrian establishment in the world, staged a performance every Sunday morning which was so impressive that it was seldom changed, yet held the public interest for more than two hundred years.

On rare occasions, the aurora borealis has been known to come within a mile of the earth and to produce an odor somewhat like ozone. This striking phenomenon of the heavens has also been observed in full sunlight.

Neither moral codes nor civil and religious laws among more than one quarter of the world's population stigmatize an illegitimate child in any social or legal way.—*By Charleton J. Robinson, Port Huron, Michigan.*

Among several African tribes, the punishment for homicide is "a life for a life," but not as it is imposed by other peoples. Before serving his prison sentence, a murderer must first produce a life for the one he has taken, by living with a female relative of the deceased until a child is born.

On the night of October 27, 1936, the play It Can't Happen Here, by Sinclair Lewis, opened in twenty-one theaters in eighteen cities in seventeen states, setting a simultaneous presentation record that has no precedent in theatrical history.—*By Hanson Kellogg, Jacksonville, Florida.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

DO AS THOUSANDS DO—*Follow the Arrow*

FOR HEATING AND PLUMBING

AMERICAN HEATING EQUIPMENT
COST NO MORE THAN OTHERS
"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

FOLLOW this sound advice for comfort, convenience and beauty in your home.

American Heating Equipment includes:

AMERICAN BOILERS AND RADIATOR HEAT
SUNBEAM WARM - AIR FURNACES AND
WINTER AIR CONDITIONERS

There are automatic and hand-fired Units in all sizes, for all fuels.

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES *are made in a wide price range, in many smart styles, in white and eleven exquisite colors.*

The products in these complete lines are famous for dependable, economical service — and, *they* cost no more than others! See your Architect or your Heating and Plumbing Contractor for full details — or write for free booklet shown below.

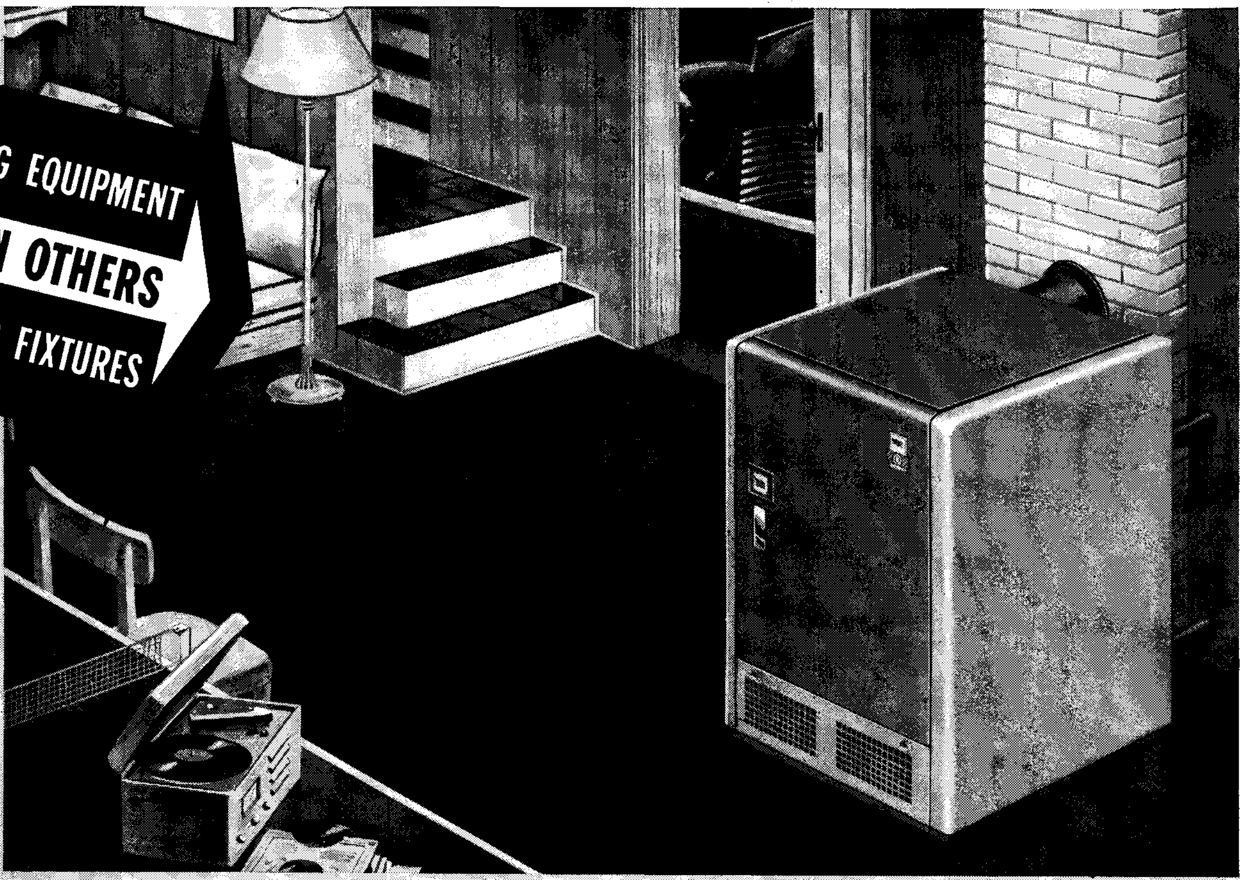
Time Payments available in accordance with U. S. Government regulations.

BETTER HEATING
AIR CONDITIONING
BETTER PLUMBING
Make Better Homes

FREE 64-PAGE BOOKLET!
Illustrated in full color, it interestingly and comprehensively tells the whole story of home Heating and Plumbing. Write to our Pittsburgh Office for your free copy.

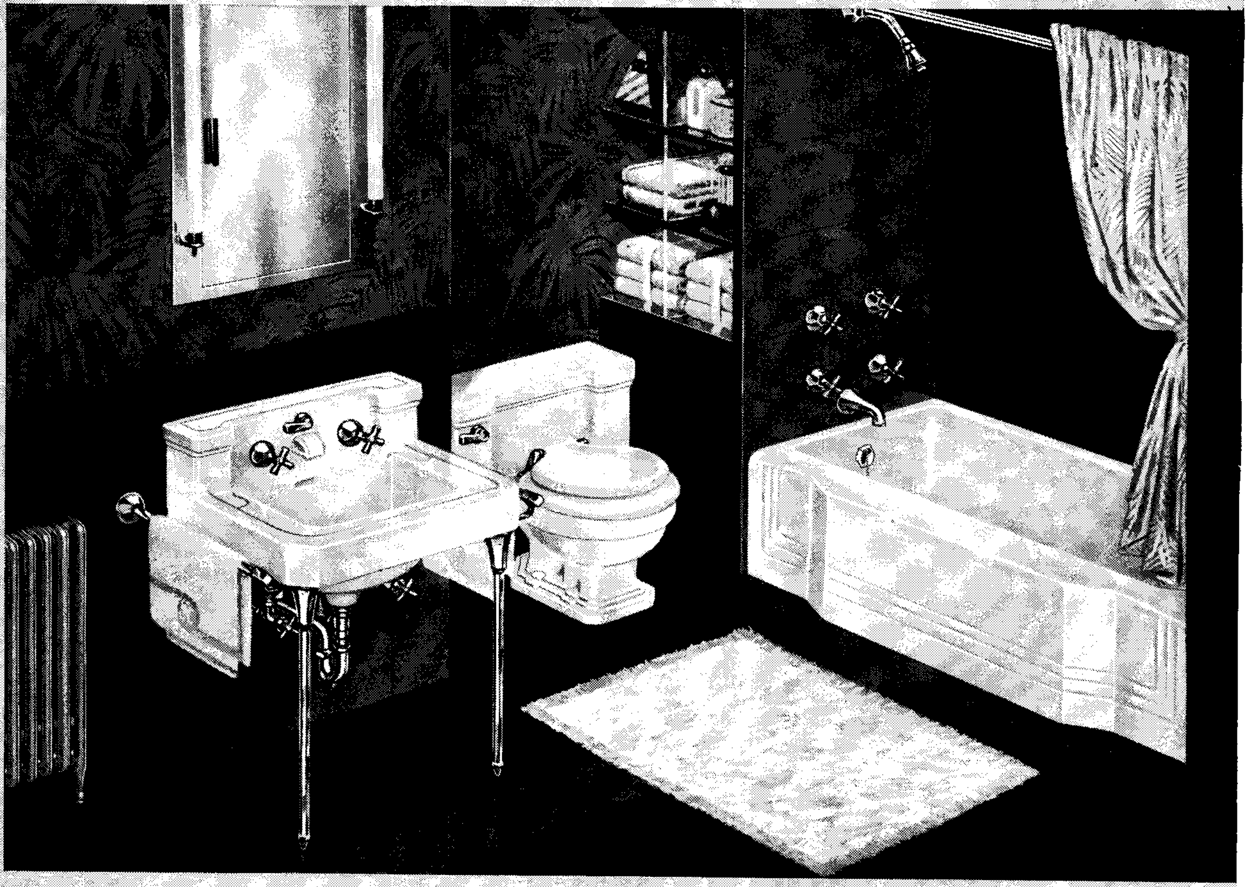
The products illustrated herein are normally available for prompt delivery. Our ability to furnish these, as well as the products shown in our catalogues, is subject to the needs of the National Defense Program.

> *Heating and Plumbing are too important to health to be entrusted to anyone but Heating and Plumbing Contractors.*
>
> Henry M. Reed
> *CHAIRMAN*



(*Above*) **BEAUTY IN THE BASEMENT** — In this simple, yet smart basement you see the completely automatic Empire Gas Boiler. Its streamlined jacket is finished in beautiful Canyon Two-Tone Red.

(*Below*) **LASTING LOVELINESS** — Known "Standard" Quality insures a satisfying investment in this smart ensemble—the Companion Lavatory, One-Piece Closet and Master Pembroke Bath with rim seat.



AMERICAN RADIATOR & Standard Sanitary
New York **CORPORATION** *Pittsburgh*

CAST IRON & STEEL BOILERS & FURNACES FOR COAL, OIL, GAS • RADIATORS • CAST IRON ENAMELED & VITREOUS CHINA PLUMBING FIXTURES & PLUMBERS' BRASS GOODS • WINTER AIR CONDITIONING UNITS • COAL & GAS WATER HEATERS • OIL BURNERS • HEATING ACCESSORIES

Copyright 1941, American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation

PHILCO

THE MODERN RADIO-PHONOGRAPH...

- No needles to change!
- Records last ten times longer!
- New beauty of tone!
- Absolute fidelity of pitch!
- No annoying needle scratch!
- Convenient Tilt-Front cabinet
- Simple, gentle, reliable record changer

RECORDED music, today, is a new and greater thrill, thanks to the inventive genius of Philco engineers! The *modern* radio-phonograph is a Philco . . . with Music on a Beam of Light, the Philco Automatic Record Changer with Stroboscope Control, the Tilt-Front Cabinet. These sensational developments have done away with the bothersome steel needle, with the annoying surface noise and expensive record wear of the ordinary phonograph. They have released hidden beauties in your records, brought you new convenience of operation, new grace and beauty in cabinet design. In addition, exclusive *radio* developments bring you glorious tone and amazing performance . . . plus Frequency Modulation at new low cost! All these are the marks of the *modern* radio-phonograph . . . and they are yours *only in a Philco!*

PHILCO 1012 PHOTO-ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH. Latest Philco phonograph developments in a handsome, hand rubbed Walnut cabinet. Gets Standard, Short-Wave and Frequency Modulation broadcasts. Exclusive Philco FM System. Philco Home Recording Unit optional. *Easy terms.*

RADIOS, RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS, PORTABLES, AUTO RADIOS *from* $14.95 *to* $550. SEE AND HEAR THEM TODAY!

Prices subject to change without notice; prices slightly higher Denver and West.

Collier's The National Weekly for November 22, 194

The Captain of the Team

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

It is not easy for a man who has spent a fifth of his life in football to wash his hands of the game. Fortunately for Shore, Mary Warren knew it, too

WHEN Shore saw them coming across the campus in a small, tight group, he was at first surprised and a little puzzled. There were Buck Burdish, the coach; Malone, the director of athletics; and Markell, the publicity man for the A.A. Remembering that Burdish liked neither of the others particularly, Shore began to have a feeling of foreboding. Only something serious could bring these three together.

Shore wondered with a kind of grim amusement if they had really found out at last, and waited for their steps on the stairs. When he heard the steps, he knew it was the pay-off.

As they opened the door, Burdish looked as he felt—grim. Markell was panting and indignant. Malone was red-faced and blustering; he carried an afternoon paper in his hand and tossed it on Shore's desk so that the big headline stared up at him.

"Shore Revealed as Author of 'Benchwarmer,'" the headline read. The subhead read: "Scarlet's Captain Betrays Teammates." Anger flashed in Shore at the subhead but he caught himself.

"Well, say something," Malone half shouted. "Is it true or isn't it?"

Shore wondered how the Express had found out about it. They'd been trying to run down the author of the column in the rival newspaper, the Dispatch, for a long time. A long weariness got the better of Shore. He had had to use his talents as an athlete to get virtually everything he wanted in his life. He had been sick of doing it a long time; he supposed it was why he had written the column, vaguely critical of the players, the team, but principally of Malone and his high-pressure ways.

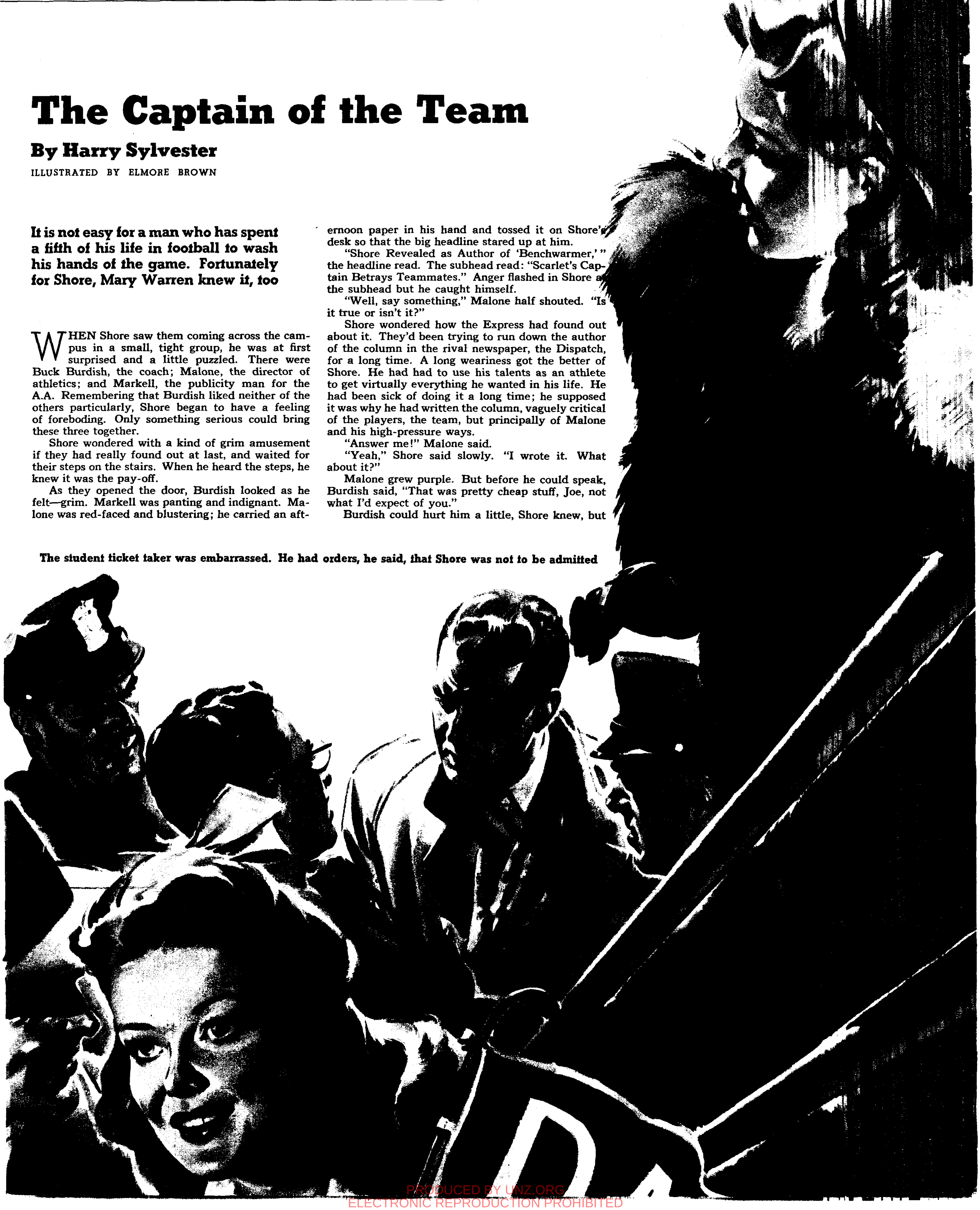
"Answer me!" Malone said.

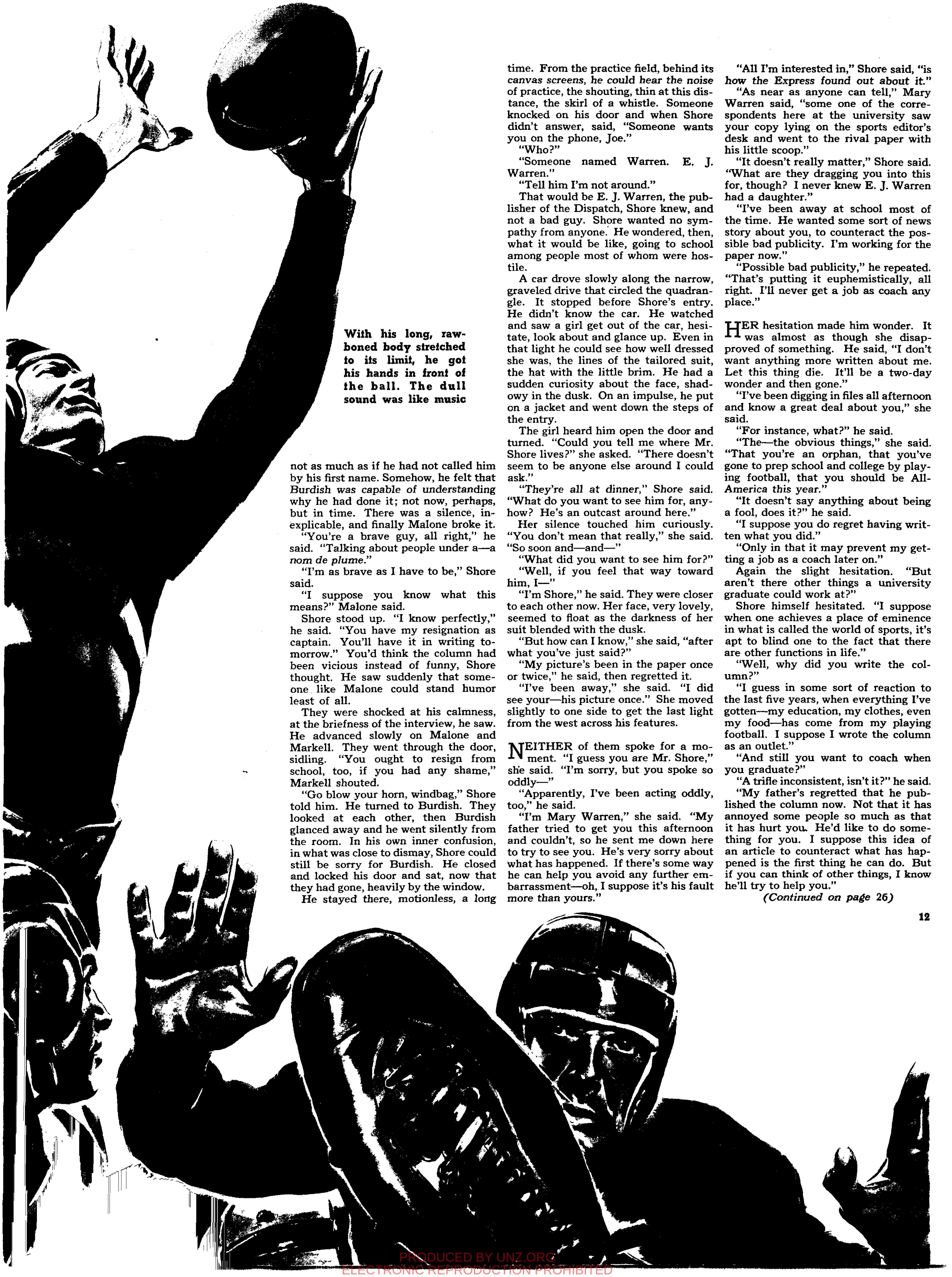
"Yeah," Shore said slowly. "I wrote it. What about it?"

Malone grew purple. But before he could speak, Burdish said, "That was pretty cheap stuff, Joe, not what I'd expect of you."

Burdish could hurt him a little, Shore knew, but

The student ticket taker was embarrassed. He had orders, he said, that Shore was not to be admitted





With his long, rawboned body stretched to its limit, he got his hands in front of the ball. The dull sound was like music

not as much as if he had not called him by his first name. Somehow, he felt that *Burdish was capable of understanding* why he had done it; not now, perhaps, but in time. There was a silence, inexplicable, and finally Malone broke it.

"You're a brave guy, all right," he said. "Talking about people under a—a *nom de plume*."

"I'm as brave as I have to be," Shore said.

"I suppose you know what this means?" Malone said.

Shore stood up. "I know perfectly," he said. "You have my resignation as captain. You'll have it in writing tomorrow." You'd think the column had been vicious instead of funny, Shore thought. He saw suddenly that someone like Malone could stand humor least of all.

They were shocked at his calmness, at the briefness of the interview, he saw. He advanced slowly on Malone and Markell. They went through the door, sidling. "You ought to resign from school, too, if you had any shame," Markell shouted.

"Go blow your horn, windbag," Shore told him. He turned to Burdish. They looked at each other, then Burdish glanced away and he went silently from the room. In his own inner confusion, in what was close to dismay, Shore could still be sorry for Burdish. He closed and locked his door and sat, now that they had gone, heavily by the window.

He stayed there, motionless, a long time. From the practice field, behind its *canvas screens, he could hear the noise* of practice, the shouting, thin at this distance, the skirl of a whistle. Someone knocked on his door and when Shore didn't answer, said, "Someone wants you on the phone, Joe."

"Who?"

"Someone named Warren. E. J. Warren."

"Tell him I'm not around."

That would be E. J. Warren, the publisher of the Dispatch, Shore knew, and not a bad guy. Shore wanted no sympathy from anyone. He wondered, then, what it would be like, going to school among people most of whom were hostile.

A car drove slowly along the narrow, graveled drive that circled the quadrangle. It stopped before Shore's entry. He didn't know the car. He watched and saw a girl get out of the car, hesitate, look about and glance up. Even in that light he could see how well dressed she was, the lines of the tailored suit, the hat with the little brim. He had a sudden curiosity about the face, shadowy in the dusk. On an impulse, he put on a jacket and went down the steps of the entry.

The girl heard him open the door and turned. "Could you tell me where Mr. Shore lives?" she asked. "There doesn't seem to be anyone else around I could ask."

"*They're all at dinner*," Shore said. "What do you want to see him for, anyhow? He's an outcast around here."

Her silence touched him curiously. "You don't mean that really," she said. "So soon and—and—"

"What did you want to see him for?"

"Well, if you feel that way toward him, I—"

"I'm Shore," he said. They were closer to each other now. Her face, very lovely, seemed to float as the darkness of her suit blended with the dusk.

"But how can I know," she said, "after what you've just said?"

"My picture's been in the paper once or twice," he said, then regretted it.

"I've been away," she said. "I did see your—his picture once." She moved slightly to one side to get the last light from the west across his features.

NEITHER of them spoke for a moment. "I guess you are Mr. Shore," she said. "I'm sorry, but you spoke so oddly—"

"Apparently, I've been acting oddly, too," he said.

"I'm Mary Warren," she said. "My father tried to get you this afternoon and couldn't, so he sent me down here to try to see you. He's very sorry about what has happened. If there's some way he can help you avoid any further embarrassment—oh, I suppose it's his fault more than yours."

"All I'm interested in," Shore said, "is *how the Express found out about it.*"

"As near as anyone can tell," Mary Warren said, "some one of the correspondents here at the university saw your copy lying on the sports editor's desk and went to the rival paper with his little scoop."

"It doesn't really matter," Shore said. "What are they dragging you into this for, though? I never knew E. J. Warren had a daughter."

"I've been away at school most of the time. He wanted some sort of news story about you, to counteract the possible bad publicity. I'm working for the paper now."

"Possible bad publicity," he repeated. "That's putting it euphemistically, all right. I'll never get a job as coach any place."

HER hesitation made him wonder. It was almost as though she disapproved of something. He said, "I don't want anything more written about me. Let this thing die. It'll be a two-day wonder and then gone."

"I've been digging in files all afternoon and know a great deal about you," she said.

"For instance, what?" he said.

"The—the obvious things," she said. "That you're an orphan, that you've gone to prep school and college by playing football, that you should be All-*America this year.*"

"It doesn't say anything about being a fool, does it?" he said.

"I suppose you do regret having written what you did."

"Only in that it may prevent my getting a job as a coach later on."

Again the slight hesitation. "But aren't there other things a university graduate could work at?"

Shore himself hesitated. "I suppose when one achieves a place of eminence in what is called the world of sports, it's apt to blind one to the fact that there are other functions in life."

"Well, why did you write the column?"

"I guess in some sort of reaction to the last five years, when everything I've gotten—my education, my clothes, even my food—has come from my playing football. I suppose I wrote the column as an outlet."

"And still you want to coach when you graduate?"

"A trifle inconsistent, isn't it?" he said.

"My father's regretted that he published the column now. Not that it has annoyed some people so much as that it has hurt you. He'd like to do something for you. I suppose this idea of an article to counteract what has happened is the first thing he can do. But if you can think of other things, I know he'll try to help you."

(Continued on page 26)

He slaps movie stars around, tells them what to eat, what not to drink and when to go to bed. And they love it, for Terry Hunt has saved many a career from an abrupt ending

TERRIBLE TERRY . . .

BY HARMONY HAYNES

HE IS a slim, muscular chap with a pleasant smile that compels you to look twice. The second look makes you conscious of brown, wavy hair, serious brown eyes, and a chin that can take it—so that you find yourself wondering just what studio is going to take credit for discovering him. He hurries with quick, light steps to the bar and sidles up to John Garfield.

"Make mine *plain* ginger ale, too," he says, looking Garfield over from head to toe, critically, analytically.

"Oh, all right," Garfield mumbles shamefacedly, and shoves his untouched highball toward the bartender.

The young man's keen brown eyes are roving over the diners in the adjoining room. He hurries in to join them and as he passes the table of Mary Astor, he reaches over and grabs the thick steak and French fried potatoes, shoves the dish into a passing waiter's hands. "Take these away," he orders, "and bring her a vegetable plate."

Miss Astor throws down her fork in disgust.

"For weeks," she wails, "I am a good girl and no one sees me to applaud, but when I step out of line just once, you have to catch me, you devil."

The slim young man grins at her with malicious glee, and passes on to the dance floor. He gracefully cuts in between the couples and taps Cesar Romero gently on the shoulder.

"Your rumba stinks," he observes in a loud whisper.

Romero reddens. "I was just going home," he explains apologetically, and releases his lovely young partner into the arms of the slim young man.

"Well, some nerve!" you exclaim. "Who does he think he is, shoving big, important stars around that way?" And the answer comes right back at you: He's Terrible Terry, the martinet of the movies! He not only shoves stars around, he slaps them around, punches them around, and runs them around, and they love it! They not only come back for more, they bring their friends.

Terry Cracks the Whip

Fifteen years ago, Terry Hunt was just a good-looking kid with a clever left hook. Today, he's Hollywood's leading physical trainer, the conditioner of our top-notch motion-picture celebrities. He cracks the whip and they jump, because they know that only by following his mandates will they keep slim, vigorous, attractive, vibrant, with the health and energy needed for their continued success in the films.

There's nothing really terrible about Terry—outside of the gym. Socially, he's a lion—Hollywood's most eligible bachelor — a handsome, successful, charming guy. Hostesses clamor for his presence, subdebs battle for his favors, stag lines are incomplete without his handsome pan.

Professionally, he's a lion, too. In his gym, stars become just overweight or underweight human beings. Remarks,

(*Continued on page 67*)

WALL-KERLEE

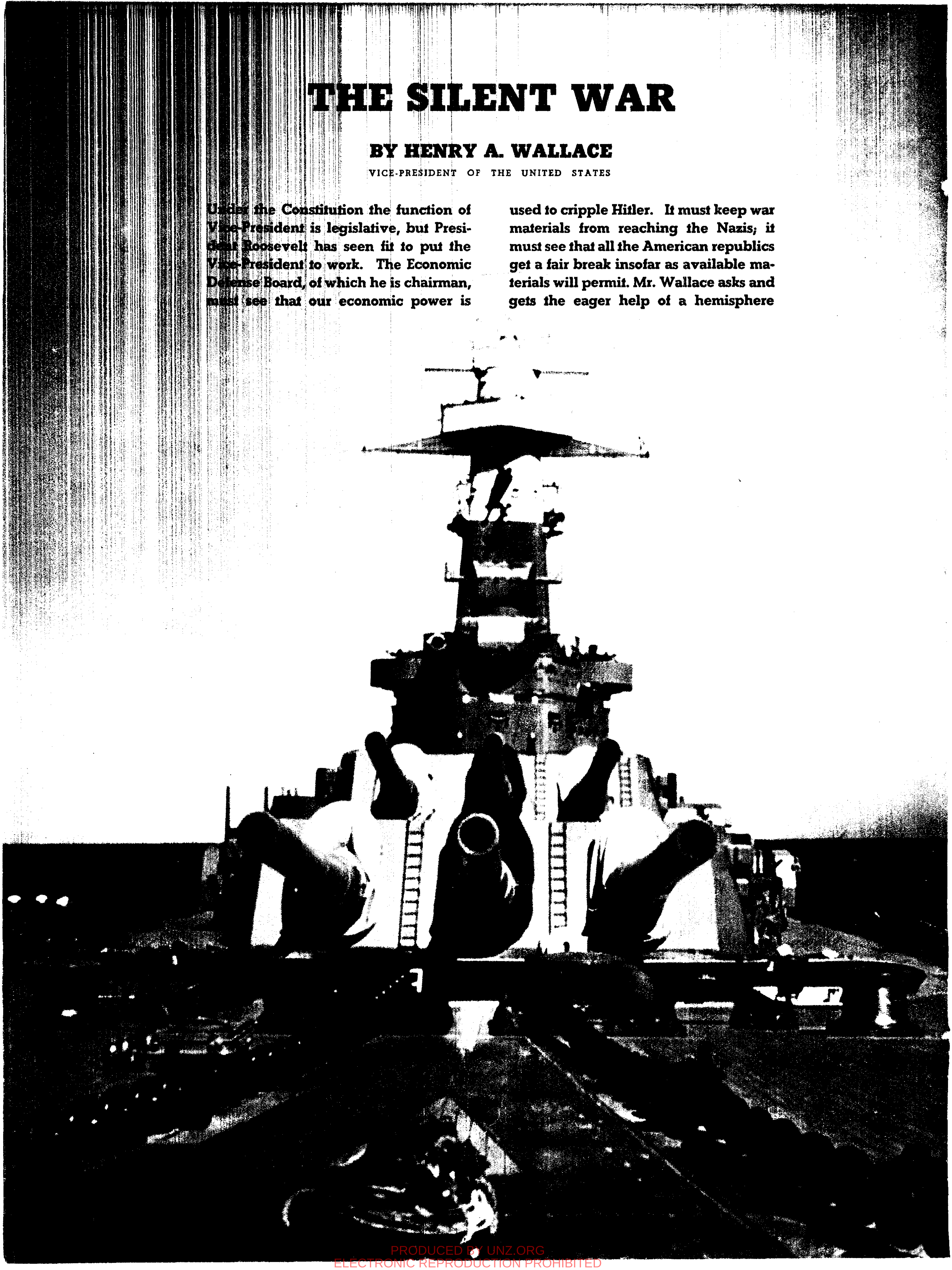
Something of a celebrity in his own right is Terry Hunt, whose job is to keep Hollywood's great in top physical shape. Here he's working on Lily Damita

THE SILENT WAR

BY HENRY A. WALLACE

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Under the Constitution the function of Vice-President is legislative, but President Roosevelt has seen fit to put the Vice-President to work. The Economic Defense Board, of which he is chairman, must see that our economic power is used to cripple Hitler. It must keep war materials from reaching the Nazis; it must see that all the American republics get a fair break insofar as available materials will permit. Mr. Wallace asks and gets the eager help of a hemisphere



LITERAL sinews of war are the materials that go into fighting machines—planes, tanks, guns, battleships (opposite page, the new 35,000-ton North Carolina). Germany must have these materials too; she cannot win without them. Our economic war will dry up her sources of these materials as we buy—and use—as much as possible of the world supply outside of the United States. Below is a partial list

NICKEL. An important constituent of armor plate. U. S. imports nearly all of its supply, mostly from Canada. Nickel is covered in a recent agreement whereby we get all of the surplus produced by Brazil

TIN. Many defense uses. All tin used in U. S. is imported from Malaya, the Netherlands East Indies and Bolivia, the latter having agreed to furnish us with her entire exportable surplus. Mexico will also supply us with tin

TUNGSTEN. Normal import is 50 per cent of U. S. consumption; domestic production is rising rapidly. Bolivia, Mexico and Argentina will supply us with tungsten. China is repaying a recent U. S. loan partially with tungsten

LEAD. Forty per cent of domestic consumption normally imported. American lead production cannot be greatly increased, but Mexico, Chile and Peru will supply the United States. Canada has agreed to sell us 225,000 tons

MERCURY. American production is normally ⅔ of domestic needs, but has been increased recently. Mexico is our principal import source of mercury, necessary in manufacturing fulminates. German sources: Spain and Italy

MANGANESE. U. S. imports normally 90 per cent from Russia, India, Africa, Brazil. Manganese is essential in making steel, and is covered in our agreement with Brazil. Cuba also sends manganese to U. S.

CHROMITE. Nearly all imported by agreement from Turkey, Africa, Cuba. Russia sends chromite under terms of recent loan and U. S. gets all the surplus of the Philippine Islands. It is covered in the Brazil agreement

OTHER critical materials for which America's sources of supply have been insured are bauxite, industrial diamonds, mica, quartz crystals, copper, graphite, platinum, vanadium, zinc, castor oil and magnesium

ONE day not long ago, a group of American and Brazilian officials met in Rio de Janeiro. They affixed their signatures to an agreement between our country and Brazil.

The ceremony got little public attention, yet it was important. For Brazil agreed to sell us her entire surplus of eleven crucial materials—bauxite, beryl ore, chromite, nickel, industrial diamonds, manganese, mica, quartz crystals, rubber, rutile and zircon. Thus, we got first call on the quantities of all these materials which Brazil does not sell to private industry within the Western Hemisphere.

Such materials are precious beyond the power of the dollar sign to express. They are essentials of war. Without them, we cannot defend ourselves; and without them, Germany cannot win.

With Mexico and Peru we signed similar agreements, covering more than a score of vital materials. Bolivia has already contracted to sell us her entire tungsten output at a price considerably below Japanese offers. She is also selling us most of her tin. We are preferred customers for Chilean and Peruvian copper and negotiations are now under way to guarantee us the entire exportable surplus of all Argentine, Bolivian and Chilean strategic materials.

Our deals for the supplies we need—which the Axis powers are equally anxious to get—have gone far beyond the Western Hemisphere. We have entered into an agreement with Turkey for a large part of her chromite, with Madagascar for graphite and mica. We are getting rubber and tin from the Malay states and the Dutch East Indies, mica from India.

This is economic war—or economic defense, as you choose. We intend to corner the markets on as many strategic and critical materials as we can get. We intend to buy them to speed up our own defense program. We intend to prevent them from being used to feed the war machines of the Axis countries.

This economic war is as important as the spectacular battles in Russia or China or Crete. It is a battle to end the battles, a war to end the war. Each time we whittle down the supplies of raw materials available to Germany, Italy or Japan, we wreck a portion of the Axis military machine.

Economic preparedness today determines military success. Verdicts on the battlefield depend less on men and courage than on machines and skills, metals and chemicals, blast furnaces and intricate tools far behind the military fronts. We are ready now to revise Forrest's famous saying that the essence of victory was "gettin' thar fustest with the mostest men." Now it is getting there first with the most and best machines.

The power-driven machine has been man's greatest hope of economic freedom and relief from starvation and drudgery. But the promise has been twisted by Hitler and his henchmen into a means for the easy and permanent mastery of all peoples whose machines are inferior to theirs. Germany, the strongest industrial nation in Europe, has attacked at will almost all the less industrialized nations around her—Austria, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Denmark, France, Poland, Belgium, Holland—and turned their citizens into cheap slave labor, toiling at the machines of the conquerors.

We did not believe it possible, but a highly industrialized nation, ruled by base men, can not only enslave captive nations but control them in a way that conquered nations have never been controlled before. The formula is simple. Their machines are taken from them, they are forbidden to buy new industrial equipment, information and education are denied them, and the threat of starvation keeps them submissive. The clock can be turned back by a thousand years to early feudalism.

The people of Europe tried with plain heroism to overcome the enormous superiority of machines and materials which the Germans had piled up. It was not enough. It will never again in the world's immediate future be enough by itself.

When Prime Minister Churchill said, "Rarely have so many owed so much to so few," he was paying tribute to the great courage of the airmen who saved England from quick conquest in the summer of 1940. But all the courage in the world could not have saved England without the machines in which Britain's defenders flew.

The planes and ships which defended England, like the planes and ships which have threatened her with invasion, were put together from materials collected from all the earth. The production of armaments today requires a complex blending of millions of tons of iron and steel, coal, oil, copper, rubber, nickel, aluminum, manganese, zinc, tungsten, antimony and scores of indispensable products. Lacking any one of these vital ingredients, the 1941-model fighting machine loses the fine perfection it must have to be efficient.

The Nazis were at the job of collecting strategic and critical materials for many years before the rest of the world realized the awful threat to its freedom. Germany originally had deficiencies in most of the key materials; the collection of adequate supplies for a total war became cardinal Nazi economic policy; and the day the Nazi agents began scouring the earth for strategic raw materials the war had begun. The Nazis bought what they needed at whatever prices they had to pay and built up stock piles against the day when overseas supplies would be cut off by British blockade. Nazi scientists worked day and night to produce substitute materials—synthetic rubber, oil, wool.

When Hitler was stocked up, he struck. He was ready and the democracies were not—because they had already lost the first phase of the economic war.

Goods Are a Nation's Strength

Much of the materials they needed the Nazis secured from nations with whom they could barter and whose economic lives they could control. But England and the United States together sold them enough iron and copper and scrap metals to carry them through months of warfare. Some of their purchasing has been done through Japanese firms which bought from us 4,350,000 tons of scrap iron and steel in the two and one half years before we embargoed them in October, 1940. Japan's purchases of mercury here in 1940 jumped 240 times over the amounts acquired in 1938, and her purchases of zinc increased 60 times. Now all three materials are on our critical list and their export is under license. We need them badly for our own defense.

To defeat Hitler, we must first outproduce him. Outproducing him means building factories and power plants to run the factories. It means trying to break all the bottlenecks in manufacturing and turning out military goods in quantities that even this industrialized nation never dreamed of. And each of these things means drawing to us—and away from Hitler—all the world's natural resources that we can lay our hands on. They mean, in other words, applying the conspicuous lesson of the present war—that goods are a nation's strength. Our dollars must be converted into goods and more goods with desperate haste.

During the past year our government had made several important moves on the economic front to supplement our aid to Britain with direct pressure against the Axis. We began controlling exports from the United States to keep key materials from the enemies of democracy. We froze dollar assets here of nationals of Axis-dominated countries to prevent them from being used against us. We blacklisted individuals and firms in Latin America with Axis connections to prevent them from using money, materials and information to impede hemisphere friendliness and defense. We moved through our patent control to prevent the publication of inventions vital to defense. Most important, we are buying up strategic materials.

Today virtually everything, from ships and shoes to sealing wax, has a military use. We are lucky, for we have in our country most of the basic supplies we require for a high-speed industrial economy. And we have plenty of food. But when we get into the extraordinary mass production of intricate weapons, we find that there are a number of things we cannot furnish ourselves.

Ben Franklin Had the Idea

The armor plate of battleships and tanks takes not only steel, but manganese, nickel, chromite, tungsten and vanadium—which we get from Latin America, Canada, Turkey, Africa and China. Airplanes use enormous quantities of aluminum, with the lightest pursuit ships absorbing 2,700 pounds, the heaviest bombers ten times that much, and most of the bauxite from which our aluminum is made we get from South America.

Radios for sending messages from the planes must have piezo-electric quartz—which we can get only from Brazil. Tubes and condensers for the radios, and spark plugs and generators for the planes, must have sheet mica—which we get from India, Brazil and Argentina. For airplane magnetos and the making of smokeless powder, we must have platinum, which we get from Colombia, Canada, South Africa and the Soviet Union. High-speed tools and armor-piercing bullets must have tungsten—which we get from China, Bolivia and Argentina. So it goes. The list is long.

One battleship will use a hundred pounds of the humble sheet mica and it must have the hundred pounds to be an effective fighting unit. The lack of a single truly vital material can force a nation to use inferior weapons, and hence, to fight an inferior fight. Benjamin Franklin's famous old jingle comes to mind:

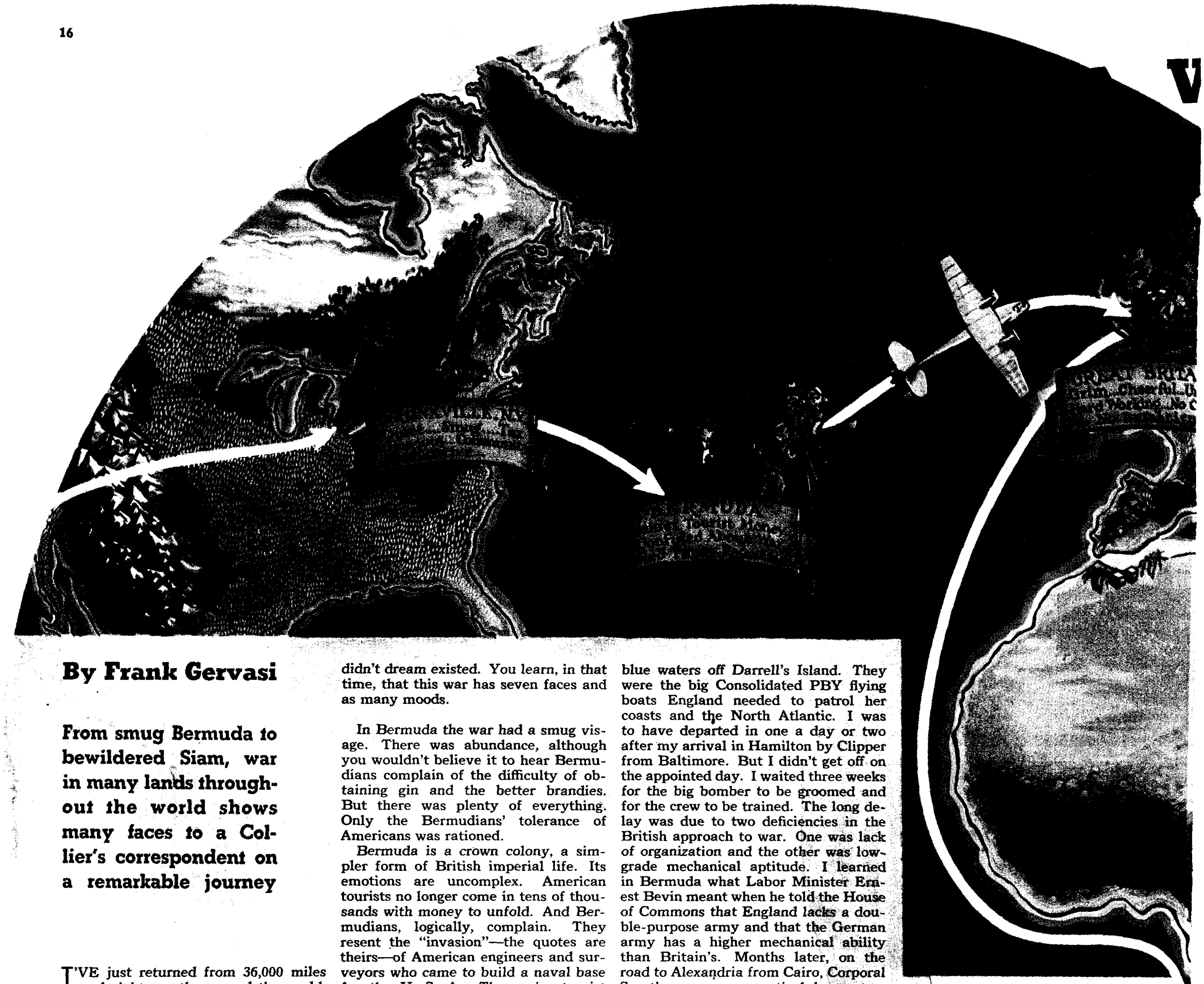
For the want of a nail the shoe was lost,
For the want of a shoe the horse was lost,
For the want of a horse the rider was lost,
For the want of a rider the battle was lost,
For the want of a battle the kingdom was lost—
And all for want of a horseshoe nail.

Germany is reported to be running short of copper, tungsten, mica, nickel, tin, oil and scores of lesser materials. Dollars spent now to keep these materials from the Nazis will inevitably weaken them. Had England and the United States started earlier to buy up the world supply of essential raw materials, construction of the present horrible German war machine might have been blocked at relatively little cost. Now we are spending many billions merely to catch up.

In our attempt to control all the basic war materials we can, the co-operation

(Continued on page 65)

V



By Frank Gervasi

From smug Bermuda to bewildered Siam, war in many lands throughout the world shows many faces to a Collier's correspondent on a remarkable journey

I'VE just returned from 36,000 miles and eight months around the world. I've returned to Suburbia. I live in that particular expression of Suburbia called Bronxville, in Westchester County, New York. It was a village when I left it eight months ago. It still had its old town hall. They've torn it down and now the place is merely another suburb, quiet, smug, income-tax conscious and worried whether the Community Chest drive will reach its quota this year. When I left it was Bundles for Britain. At the local movie they used to play The Star-Spangled Banner after the shows. They don't do it any more. They don't even play Pomp and Circumstance.

It is a shock to come out of the darkness into the light, to move from privation and death into abundance and life. Eight months is a long time. Those last eight months were longer than all of the seven years I'd spent before in Europe, watching this war being made. They were longer than all the previous months of watching the war being waged or anticipated in England and France, Holland, Portugal, Spain, Italy and then in Hungary and the Balkans and the Near East. In eight months of almost constant travel your perspective changes. Things that weren't in focus before sharpen. Things you merely suspected become realities. You become aware, in 36,000 miles of journey by land and sea and air, of forces you didn't dream existed. You learn, in that time, that this war has seven faces and as many moods.

In Bermuda the war had a smug visage. There was abundance, although you wouldn't believe it to hear Bermudians complain of the difficulty of obtaining gin and the better brandies. But there was plenty of everything. Only the Bermudians' tolerance of Americans was rationed.

Bermuda is a crown colony, a simpler form of British imperial life. Its emotions are uncomplex. American tourists no longer come in tens of thousands with money to unfold. And Bermudians, logically, complain. They resent the "invasion"—the quotes are theirs—of American engineers and surveyors who came to build a naval base for the U. S. A. They miss tourist money.

Bermudian houses grow with scrubbed white and coral countenances out of the green land. They grow with the trees and shrubs. Bermudians are loath to see steam shovels gnaw the earth where their homes had stood. They express their resentment over teacups and cocktail glasses. They envision hamburger and hot-dog stands and billboards. They are certain their horse carriages will be replaced by "smelly motorcars." They see their bit of England, their quiet respectability and, therefore, their major commodity, threatened by the invasion of the Continentals. You feel sorry for them.

You learned that they'd arrange matters so that all the materials Uncle Sam would use in the construction of the base would have to be either local or imported at a high duty and handled by local brokers at fat commissions. Bermudians told you that "We don't want you in the war, old boy, just make us the airplanes and tanks and guns." You didn't like being reminded Uncle Sam was just an old Uncle Shylock and then, in a second breath, being vehemently told that America must enter the war. But that's the way it is with people. They're slightly mixed up about this war.

Six or seven "tools of war" wallowed like winged whales on the incredibly blue waters off Darrell's Island. They were the big Consolidated PBY flying boats England needed to patrol her coasts and the North Atlantic. I was to have departed in one a day or two after my arrival in Hamilton by Clipper from Baltimore. But I didn't get off on the appointed day. I waited three weeks for the big bomber to be groomed and for the crew to be trained. The long delay was due to two deficiencies in the British approach to war. One was lack of organization and the other was low-grade mechanical aptitude. I learned in Bermuda what Labor Minister Ernest Bevin meant when he told the House of Commons that England lacks a double-purpose army and that the German army has a higher mechanical ability than Britain's. Months later, on the road to Alexandria from Cairo, Corporal Smythe gave me a practical demonstration, too, of what Bevin meant. And Captain James Roosevelt in his capacity of military observer received an object lesson in the same highly important subject in the Iraq desert. But about those bombers, in Bermuda. . . .

They Call It Tradition

The Canadian Pacific Railroad Company and the British Overseas Airways Corporation contracted to ferry the PBY bombers from Bermuda to England. They hired crack American fliers like Clyde Pangborn and expert navigators like Bernt Balchen to handle the job, at good salaries and large expense accounts. But Pangborn and Balchen didn't fly a single one of those boats. The Royal Air Force stepped in and said they'd handle this. The Royal Canadian Air Force moved in, too. The snarl of orders and counterorders was so bad the Air Ministry in London was obliged to intervene. If it hadn't the planes would have remained there until the Gulf Stream changed its course. But this was only part of the story. We call it red tape. The British call it tradition.

After we'd waited a week, a Canadian pilot friend tipped me off that we were getting away the following day. But the next morning he said it was all off. A generator had burned out. Somebody had forgotten to oil the bearings. It would take at least two weeks for a new one to come out from the Consolidated factory in Los Angeles. There wasn't a maintenance shop in Bermuda. There were no spare parts. Delays followed one upon the other. Once it was because the radio receiver was asnarl. Nobody knew how to repair it. Several ships were damaged by inexperienced pilots who practiced crash landings with the boat, as though knowing how to crash-land on the North Atlantic in winter would have done anyone any good. But it was written in an instruction book that crash landings must be practiced—and Britain didn't get the bombers.

Finally, one rain-lashed morning, I crawled, cold and slightly scared, into the belly of one of the PBY's. Just before the take-off somebody shoved a paper under my nose saying I wouldn't write anything about the flight to England. I knew more sensible censors in England would revoke it and let me write about the flight, so I signed the paper. I wasn't so sure I would see England anyway.

We bounced heavily on the black water of Hamilton Bay. We had 400 gallons of spare gas inboard, in long, round tanks, trussed on two-by-fours. We strained into the air with all the reluctance of a teakwood log. Twenty-three hours and ten minutes later we

AT WAR
SIMLA
THAILAND
CAPE TOWN
Surly
CARL ROSE

were in England. We landed "somewhere in Wales" and it was snowing and a red-faced captain of the Scots Guards and a pleasant little officer of the R.A.F. Intelligence filled us with hot tea, brandy and then lamb stew. We'd made it, and Lloyd's of London had bet Collier's heavy odds, as insurance rates go, that I wouldn't.

To be in England again was to be back in reality. The Welsh are sturdy people, close to the earth. They are thick-bodied, with large workers' hands and large, honest faces and sturdy feet. They were good to see after the snobbish colonials of Bermuda. You could see the Welsh were working harder in their mines and factories and in their fields than ever before. You could see their quiet happiness, feel their joy in work. They were grim, yes, and quietly determined, but they smiled readily enough and they joked about Woodbines (cigarettes) being hard to get. There was a shortage of tobacco. They missed their chocolate. Newsstands had signs: "No Chocolate. No Candy."

As the train to London moved through Wales you looked out the window at every station and you couldn't tell where you were. Everywhere in England it was the same. The English have adopted a national anonymity to befuddle the possible invader. They removed the signs from railroad stations or blacked them out. They've taken down road signs and all traffic indicators that might identify towns, villages and crossroads. You would need to know England well indeed to find your way about. You would need to have lived in England nearly all your life to distinguish Tunbridge Wells from a hundred other Tunbridge Wellses. Parachutists would have a tough time of it in England. Tailors', apothecaries', fishmongers' and greengrocers' shops have removed signs bearing their towns' names. Village inns have changed their identities or become anonymities. It will be useless for the Germans to look for the Golden Swan. They wouldn't know the old pub.

England Discovers Itself

I hadn't been in England since the winter of 1939. That was when they called this the Phony War and the dispatches of correspondents reflected a profound disappointment that nobody was being killed. It was a strange England then. A social revolution had begun when they siphoned the school children out of the slums and into the provinces. Mayfair learned then how miserably Lambeth lived. You heard Englishmen promise themselves that the misery many of them were seeing for the first time in their lives would be remedied. We'll build a new England, they said. Let's hope the war lasts long enough, they said, and we'll rebuild our social system and banish the dole and want and hunger. And boys from the slums were returning to the land and liking it.

But there was also disunity then in England. There was a tendency to discuss the peace rather than a will to work to win the war. They said they would muddle through and they argued about what Britain's war aims should be. All this had changed by the winter of 1941.

Lambeth and Mayfair were in the ARP together. Charlie Brickett and Lord Portdowner belonged to the same fire brigade. They dragged each other out of the debris the bombs left of their homes and they frequently messed and slept together in the community feeding centers. Each discovered in the other qualities they hadn't suspected. Old Etonians and old Harrovians learned that wars aren't won only on the playing fields by wearers of the old school tie. They discovered that lathes and drill presses and assembly lines have considerable to do with winning wars. I heard many of the landed rich say they knew the day of the shooting box and the fox hunt was gone. And there was

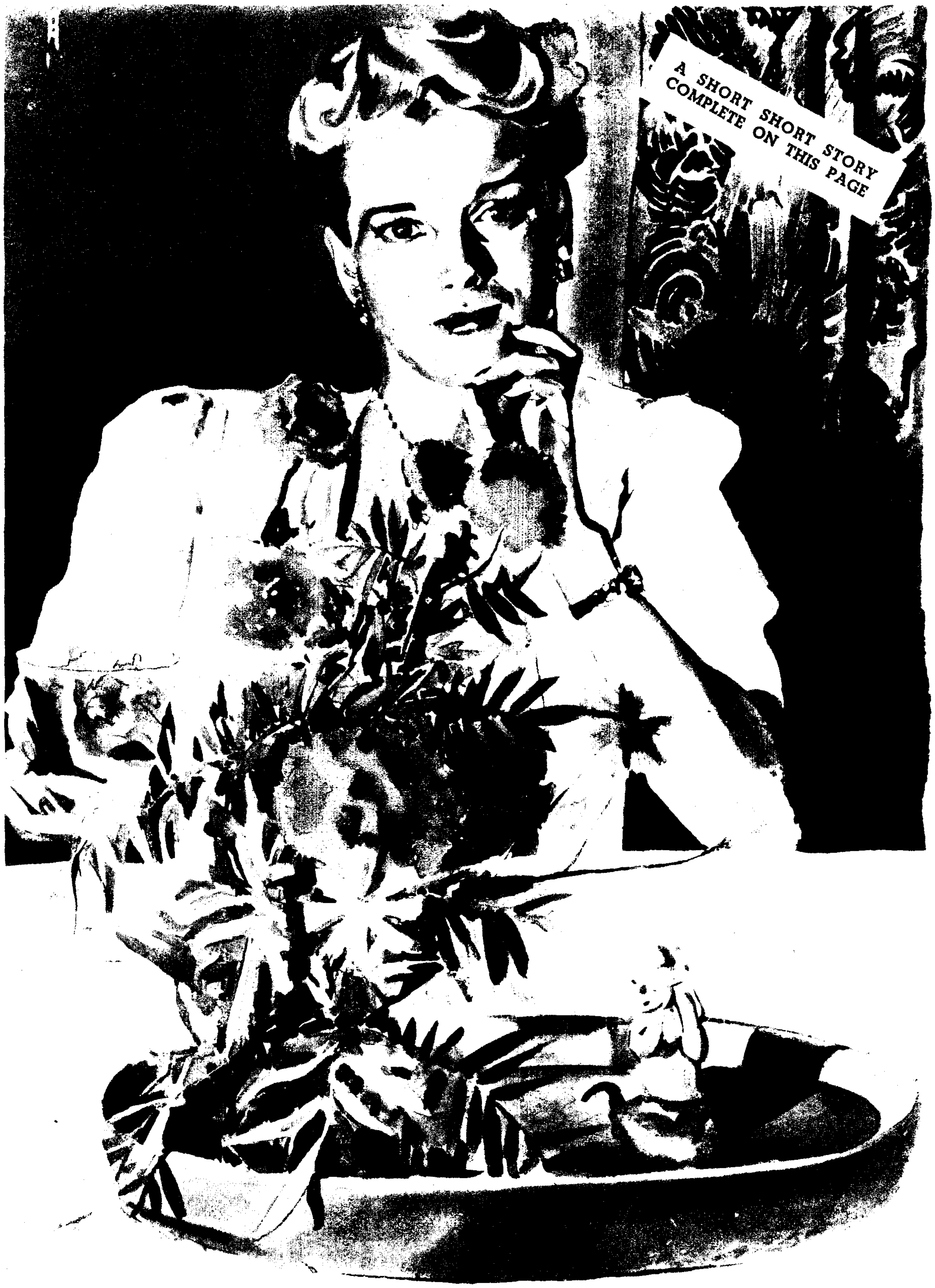
(Continued on page 60)

SUCH AS I HAVE

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

For a moment, as her eyes looked into mine, she had been afraid. Then the trapped, desperate look was gone and she was smiling


A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

I WAS sorry that I'd let a silly, sentimental impulse prod me into stopping over between trains and looking up Jim and Milly Tucker. Old friends unseen since youth, I told myself, were better kept as unamended memories.

Not that Jim Tucker had changed so much—he'd only middle-aged into the pudgy, stoop-shouldered, complacent insignificance I might have expected. Even Milly wasn't very different—outwardly.

She'd kept her clear, vivid beauty; she was still slender and straightly, confidently erect, still—my old secret word for her was in my mind again—still queenly. But for a moment, as her eyes looked into mine and recognized me, she had been afraid.

Only for a moment. Then the trapped, desperate look was gone and she was smiling, calling my name in the cool, clear, quiet voice I hadn't forgotten, giving me both her hands. But I knew that I would never stop remembering that I had seen her eyes when there had been fear in them.

Of course I could guess why it had been there. She knew that I must know why she'd married Jim, and she was afraid that I might say something that would let him find out why.

It made me angry, sick. I'd thought of her as a queen, brought low like other queens before her, but it had never crossed my mind that she could have learned to set value on cheap, vulgar things about her, on this smug little house, this smug, smirking little man—so much value that she could be frightened at the thought of losing them.

It was like Jim Tucker to drag Larry Winship's name out into spoken sound, so that Milly and I couldn't go on pretending to each other that it wasn't in our minds. He hadn't quit pounding my shoulder before he was asking, eagerly, about good old Larry.

I said carelessly that I never saw Larry any more and tried to turn the talk, but Jim wouldn't let me.

"No, I suppose not," he said. "Climbed too high for all of us, Larry has. Often wonder if he's got over being down on me. Can't blame him if he hasn't. They say everything's fair in love and war, but I can see that Larry had a right to be sore at me, stealing his girl the minute his back was turned."

Somehow his smirk didn't seem so silly, now. He was looking at Milly and he sucked in a slow breath that squared the stoop out of his shoulders. He was a man seeing a miracle, marveling and yet utterly persuaded of its realness.

I knew that his faded, nearsighted eyes were watching Jim Tucker play Lochinvar. He was seeing himself ride up to the church door, sweep Larry Winship's love up to his saddlebow and gallop off to a midnight Gretna Green.

"Never blamed Larry for not answering the letter I wrote him," he said. "I could guess how hard he was taking it."

I was remembering just how Larry had taken it. I was seeing him wave Jim's letter, listening to him laugh. He'd expected me to laugh with him, to congratulate him because Milly was off his hands and there was no danger, any more, of her trying to make trouble for him when his engagement to his boss' daughter was announced. I was remembering how, just before I hit him in the mouth, he'd given me a sly, sniggering hint that Milly might have had a more urgent reason than wounded pride for being in such a hurry to marry somebody, anybody.

AND I was thinking, too, about lies, and finding out that there could be something splendid and terrible in them. In lies like this one of Milly's, cheap and cowardly and shabby in its first telling, maybe, but not now, told and retold, hour after wary, guarded hour, year after year, in every speech and every silence, in things done and left undone, never forgotten, kept momently in mind against the nag of pain, the drug of tiredness, the heat of sudden, blinding anger. With all my heart I hated Jim Tucker, hated him because all the shining wonder of that lie had been spent on him, spent to keep that smirk on his silly face, to feed his vanity, to let his pygmy soul swell up and strut!

"Yes," I said. "He took it hard."

It was easier to look at Jim's delighted grin than to see Milly's eyes trying to thank me. Thank me! I got away from them, somehow, as quickly as I could, but I didn't get away from Jim. I had to let him drive me to the station in his car, a car that might have been created in his image, as small and cheap and smugly commonplace as he was. He drove through empty streets at twenty miles an hour with an air of high, desperate adventure, too intent for talk. I was glad of that. Having to listen to him would make it worse for me, I knew, whenever I thought of Milly.

I got out quickly when we stopped in front of the new, ugly station, but as I shook hands something in Jim's face kept me from hurrying away. He wasn't smirking now.

"Guess you know why I talked that way about—about Larry." His voice checked on the name, as if there were grit in his throat. "Wanted to make sure you wouldn't accident'ly say something that would let Milly catch on that I knew about—about—"

His face had changed again. Somewhere else, not long ago, I had seen that same look—wistful, frightened.

"I don't know if I could stand it if Milly was to find out that Larry answered that letter I wrote him and told me—told me—" he stopped. "When there's only one thing you can give a woman like Milly—only one thing that's good enough to give her, I mean—it—it kind of scares you to think of not being able to—to keep on giving it to her."

"I know," I said. And I did know. I could even understand, suddenly, how Milly might have been afraid, not of losing, but of not having gifts, worthy gifts, to give.

Fashions with a Future

By Aimee Larkin

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Two of Mainbocher's mannequins take time out to show you how well his now famous sweater costumes look at a party. Yellow cashmere cardigan and black pull-over to your left, beaded with gold and pearls and worn with a long black wool skirt. Beige cashmere cardigan to your right, lined with brown Persian lamb and worn with brown day-length wool dress

Another Mainbocher mannequin steps out of a fitting room wearing a red wool coat lined with black Persian lamb. As practical for your morning walk with Fido as it is beautiful for a formal evening wrap

Mainbocher, who designs clothes for the Duchess of Windsor and who recently moved his Paris workrooms to New York, shows you how to be well dressed on any budget

WHEN Wallis Simpson became the Duchess of Windsor she wore a wedding dress designed for her by Mainbocher of Paris. It was a pretty blue dress, fitted smooth in the middle, shapely and full above, very flattering indeed to the duchess' fine figure. And in a remarkably short time there was no shop in this wide land where Wallis Blue was not a featured color. Copies of the duchess' gown could be had in a full range of sizes, and at all prices from an aria down to a very brief song. So universally becoming to the feminine figure is a dress cut and fitted in this fashion that variations of it are still to be found in your wardrobe today. And that, ladies, is how many of our best fashions are born—designed by a skillful designer, worn by a woman in the spotlight, copied and adapted into a general fashion.

Paris, the most prolific source of such fashion instigation, is now lost—for the duration—to fashion. But Mainbocher and the duchess are not. Mainbocher, who was born Main Bocher in Chicago, and who, after a wandering career as artist, musician, soldier, fashion editor, settled down to be one of the top-ranking Paris dressmakers, a year ago moved shop to New York, where he is busily designing the same kind of ladylike, beautifully made clothes he did in Paris. And the duchess, on her trip to the United States and Canada, packed along a dozen of his creations. Since they both prefer simple, wearable clothes that are the kind best suited also to you and to me, that is a very good thing. They can work things out between them, and smart manufacturers will then see that we benefit immediately from the results.

Take, for example, the simple daytime dress, with enough zip to it to double for bridge and informal evening parties . . . the kind of dress you rate a necessity. The duchess has one in black wool jersey, with front fullness

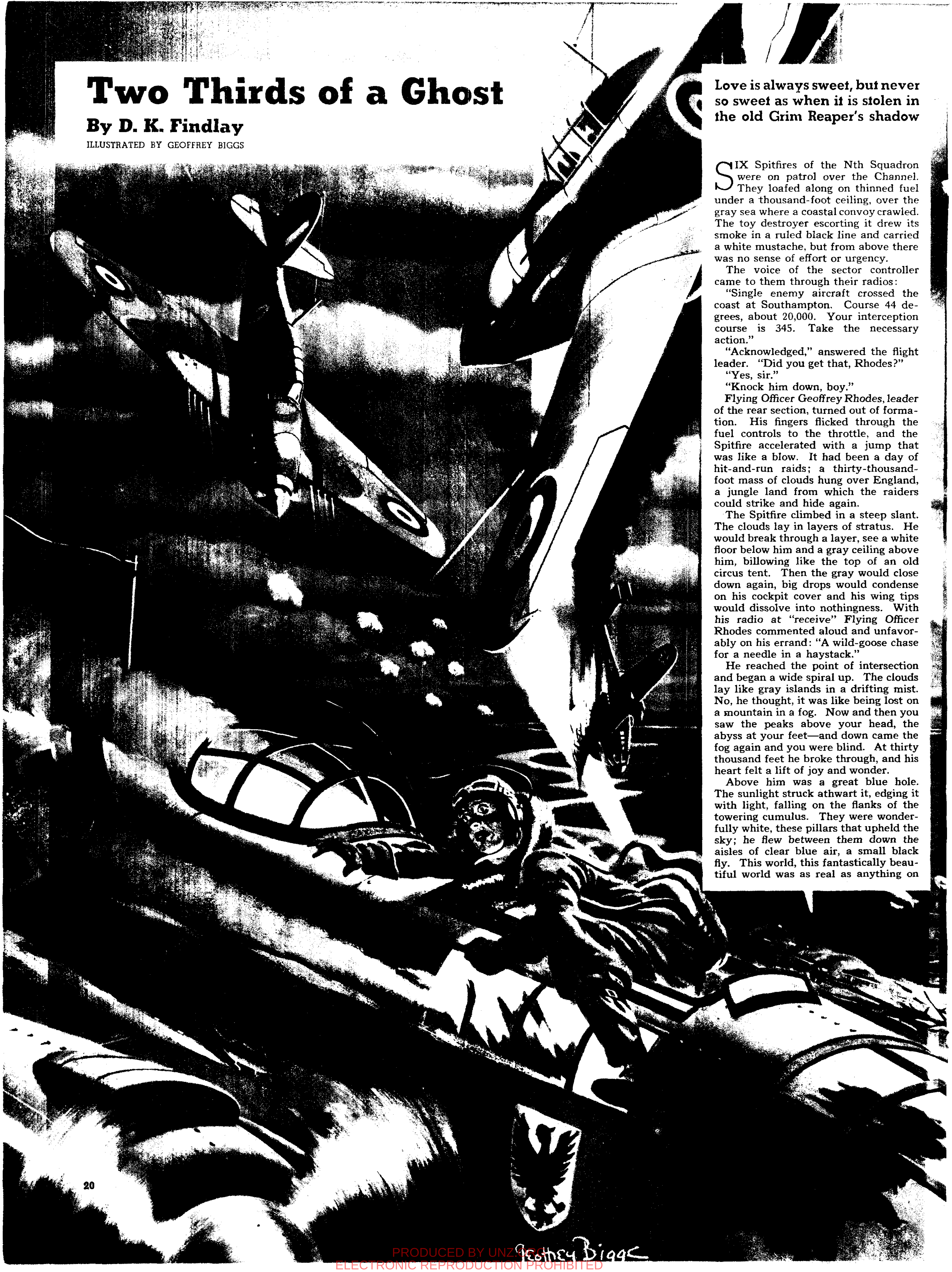
(*Continued on page 54*)

Two Thirds of a Ghost

By D. K. Findlay

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

Love is always sweet, but never so sweet as when it is stolen in the old Grim Reaper's shadow



SIX Spitfires of the Nth Squadron were on patrol over the Channel. They loafed along on thinned fuel under a thousand-foot ceiling, over the gray sea where a coastal convoy crawled. The toy destroyer escorting it drew its smoke in a ruled black line and carried a white mustache, but from above there was no sense of effort or urgency.

The voice of the sector controller came to them through their radios:

"Single enemy aircraft crossed the coast at Southampton. Course 44 degrees, about 20,000. Your interception course is 345. Take the necessary action."

"Acknowledged," answered the flight leader. "Did you get that, Rhodes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Knock him down, boy."

Flying Officer Geoffrey Rhodes, leader of the rear section, turned out of formation. His fingers flicked through the fuel controls to the throttle, and the Spitfire accelerated with a jump that was like a blow. It had been a day of hit-and-run raids; a thirty-thousand-foot mass of clouds hung over England, a jungle land from which the raiders could strike and hide again.

The Spitfire climbed in a steep slant. The clouds lay in layers of stratus. He would break through a layer, see a white floor below him and a gray ceiling above him, billowing like the top of an old circus tent. Then the gray would close down again, big drops would condense on his cockpit cover and his wing tips would dissolve into nothingness. With his radio at "receive" Flying Officer Rhodes commented aloud and unfavorably on his errand: "A wild-goose chase for a needle in a haystack."

He reached the point of intersection and began a wide spiral up. The clouds lay like gray islands in a drifting mist. No, he thought, it was like being lost on a mountain in a fog. Now and then you saw the peaks above your head, the abyss at your feet—and down came the fog again and you were blind. At thirty thousand feet he broke through, and his heart felt a lift of joy and wonder.

Above him was a great blue hole. The sunlight struck athwart it, edging it with light, falling on the flanks of the towering cumulus. They were wonderfully white, these pillars that upheld the sky; he flew between them down the aisles of clear blue air, a small black fly. This world, this fantastically beautiful world was as real as anything on the earth beneath. "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples—" he recited aloud; it was a favorite quotation.

He dropped down into the stratus again. His code call came through the earphones. "You are in touch," said the voice, laconically.

It was nice to know, thought Flying Officer Rhodes, who could see nothing whatever. Some airdrome or observation point had telephoned to Sector Control that there were two aircraft overhead.

He closed his throttle to listen and heard nothing but the air shrill. Something huge and black loomed and hung just over his head—the breath went out of him in a gasp. He wondered, as he rolled his aircraft over, who got the worst fright, he or Jerry. The other aircraft had also turned away. He got a glimpse of it, a short burst of fire at a fading tail. It was Messerschmitt 110, a two-engined fighter with a crew of three, probably carrying light bombs. Its cannon and machine guns would disintegrate him if it could catch him but his nimble Spitfire could turn inside any circle the other could make.

"Enemy sighted," he said into his mike and dived on its track.

HE CAME into a pool of clearer air and the cloud on his right sparkled with fire and the pool was ruled with the lines of tracer bullets. Some of them found the Spitfire's armor—he heard the crash and rattle as he whipped back into cover.

Through the dim defiles of gray clouds they stalked each other. He would shut off his engine to listen, but the engine sound was deceptive, muffled and dispersed by the overcast. Once he squirted his eight guns at something that seemed to be darker than just cloud. They had lost height. At ten thousand feet he came suddenly into a wide band of clear air with an even white floor. Black against the white, a long way off, was his raider, homeward bound. He dived on it but the range was too great. He opened fire at five hundred yards and fired every bullet in the Spitfire's guns. The Messerschmitt disappeared into the clouds.

"Ay tank Ay go home now."

Led by radio, he plumped into his home field and reported to the squadron intelligence officer. He had seen a Messer, he said; he had a headache and a stomach-ache, and he wished that someone would invent glasses which would make the inside of a cloud look less like the inside of a codfish. The intelligence officer said that naturally he would have a headache if he spat out his oxygen tube when he got into a fight. And the controller wanted him.

He walked across to the administration building, feeling wretched. The controller did not usually require the fighter pilots to report to him. Probably the damn' Messer had blitzed a village on his way back—the thought did not help him to feel better.

The heart of the administration building was the operations room. It was arranged like an operating theater in a hospital. In the center, fiercely lighted, was a table map of England. About it sat girls of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, knitting. Occasionally one of them listened into the phone at her elbow and moved a colored block on the map. Around the gallery sat more telephonists and intelligence officers.

The controller's office was just off the operations room. It was quiet and businesslike with clerks and green filing cases. There was a desk with a microphone and a loud-speaker built into the wall.

"Flying Officer Rhodes, Nth Squadron, reporting, sir."

The controller, like a gray-haired hawk, gave him a glance and flicked through a sheaf of papers.

"Yes, Rhodes. You were detached from Channel patrol—15 hours—interception errand. Reported 'enemy sighted.' Go on, please."

"Made contact with enemy aircraft over Aldershott, approximately 30,000 feet. Enemy aircraft was a Messerschmitt 110. We exchanged fire from time to time. Visibility was almost nil because of the clouds. I broke off the combat at 10,000, being out of ammunition. When last seen the enemy was flying due south above some cloud."

"Any distinguishing marks?"

"None that I could see, sir."

"Did you damage him?"

"Don't know, sir. Afraid not."

"Last seen, flying south. Then I think this is to your address, Rhodes. A Messerschmitt 110 crashed near Tangmere a few minutes ago. The crew was taken prisoner. What's the matter—are you hurt?"

Rhodes face had puckered. He had winced.

"No—sir."

"Sit down, man! Sergeant, bring some water."

A sergeant brought a paper cupful and threw it in his face. He sat down with his head between his knees.

He heard the voice of the controller, no longer the gold-tabbed unapproachable, say in ordinary, worried tones: "I wish to the devil we could make you boys realize that you can't forget to take oxygen."

"Didn't forget, sir. Flask smashed by gunfire."

"I see. And instead of peeling off at once, you continued the combat. More perseverance than sense. However, good work. Report to your squadron doctor." The controller picked up his cap and went out.

With his head down, Rhodes stared at the sergeant's feet. Then at the sergeant's legs, then incredulous, up the W.A.A.F. uniform to the sergeant's face. She stood there, still holding the paper cup in her hand, looking at him incuriously. There was no lipstick on her mouth; her fair hair had been pulled tight to hide the luster and wealth of it.

"Have dinner with me tonight, sergeant?"

"The controller told you to report to your squadron doctor."

"You're beautiful. Even in uniform. It's a miracle! When will you have dinner with me?"

"Not tonight or any night," she said, and turned away.

THE relations between the R.A.F. and the W.A.A.F. are cordial but where the two work in propinquity, rules are strict. One night a week, there was an informal dance at a near-by town where the two forces could meet socially. Rhodes immediately sought out Flying Officer Cecille, a reckless, saddle-colored item from New Zealand who was continuously falling in love.

"What happened at the hop last week, Cissy—anything special?"

"Not unless you count Danny Ingles falling asleep on Mrs. Major Carrhart's shoulder. She just gave him a resigned shove. 'In the old days, it would be drink,' says she, 'now it's probably just altitude.'

"You didn't fall for anybody? Nothing hit you over the heart like a ton of brick?"

"Nary a brick. Mostly local stuff there."

"Honest—she might have been a W.A.A.F."

Cissy looked virtuous. "Well, you don't expect me to get excited about that splendid body of women, do you? They're serious—they pull pilots out of burning planes. Besides, they wear uniforms. You leave them alone until the war's over, my lad."

THE peace of summer and Sunday hung over the English countryside. The air had a shimmer in it and drifts of scent. He turned into a sunken lane lined with six-foot hedges, left his car behind the two-seater parked there, and went on on foot. The lane led him to an acre of lawn and a mellowed brick house. The house was asleep in the silence and deserted. He walked around it. There was a rose garden and the gleam of a river. A girl in a white dress was sitting on the terrace.

For a moment she looked startled. He sat down beside her.

"I'm sorry I was fresh," he said. "For a week, I've wanted to tell you, and finally it got so that I took my courage in both hands and asked the controller where I could find you. And he said at home probably. So I've come eighty miles to tell you I'm sorry I was fresh."

"And to start in being fresh again?"

"But on a proper basis."

Her skin had the freshness-of-the-morning look. Her eyes, he saw, were not blue at all but the lively brown of sherry. The point had been bothering him.

"I didn't think you were fresh. I thought you very quick for a man who had run out of oxygen."

"Let's start from the beginning. My name is—"

"Geoffrey Rhodes. You come from British Columbia, which you always say is God's back yard. You know a lot of Shakespeare and you quote him with improvements of your own. 'Come the three corners of the world in arms—and we'll pin their ears back.' 'Once more unto the breach, dear friends—and we come shooting.' Your favorite bad word is—"

Rhodes stared at her with a red astonished face. "You must be a witch!"

"Your best friend is Cissy Cecille who says, 'Hell's bells and tiger sweat!' After you have been in a fight, you start yelling for each other."

"How do you know all this?"

"From your radios. It comes in over the loud-speaker in the controller's office. When you forget to switch over from 'send' to 'receive', we hear everything you say."

"That's awful," he said, subdued. "We never think of the other end of the radio except when we're reporting. Otherwise it's just a phone to the other lads."

"Sometimes you are very funny. Especially when you are on high patrol and nearly frozen and you think the controller has forgotten to let you down. But when your voices come in against the gunfire"—the smile was gone from her voice—"I don't listen. It is indecent to listen when you are fighting for your lives. Anything I hear, I would try to forget at once."

"Today," he pointed out, "is our day

(Continued on page 33)

The Hurricanes struck from the rim of darkness. The bomber turned over, its engines aflame

The Story Thus Far:

LONELY and unhappy, following the death of his only son (killed while flying with the Royal Air Force), John Sidney Howard, a retired English barrister, leaves England and goes to placid little Cidoton, a French village where, in days gone by, he had spent many pleasant vacations.

Among the guests at his hotel are Mrs. Cavanagh, an Englishwoman, and her two small children: Ronald and Sheila. Mrs. Cavanagh's husband lives in Geneva, where he is employed by the League of Nations. He feels that, come what may, he must not desert his post. . . .

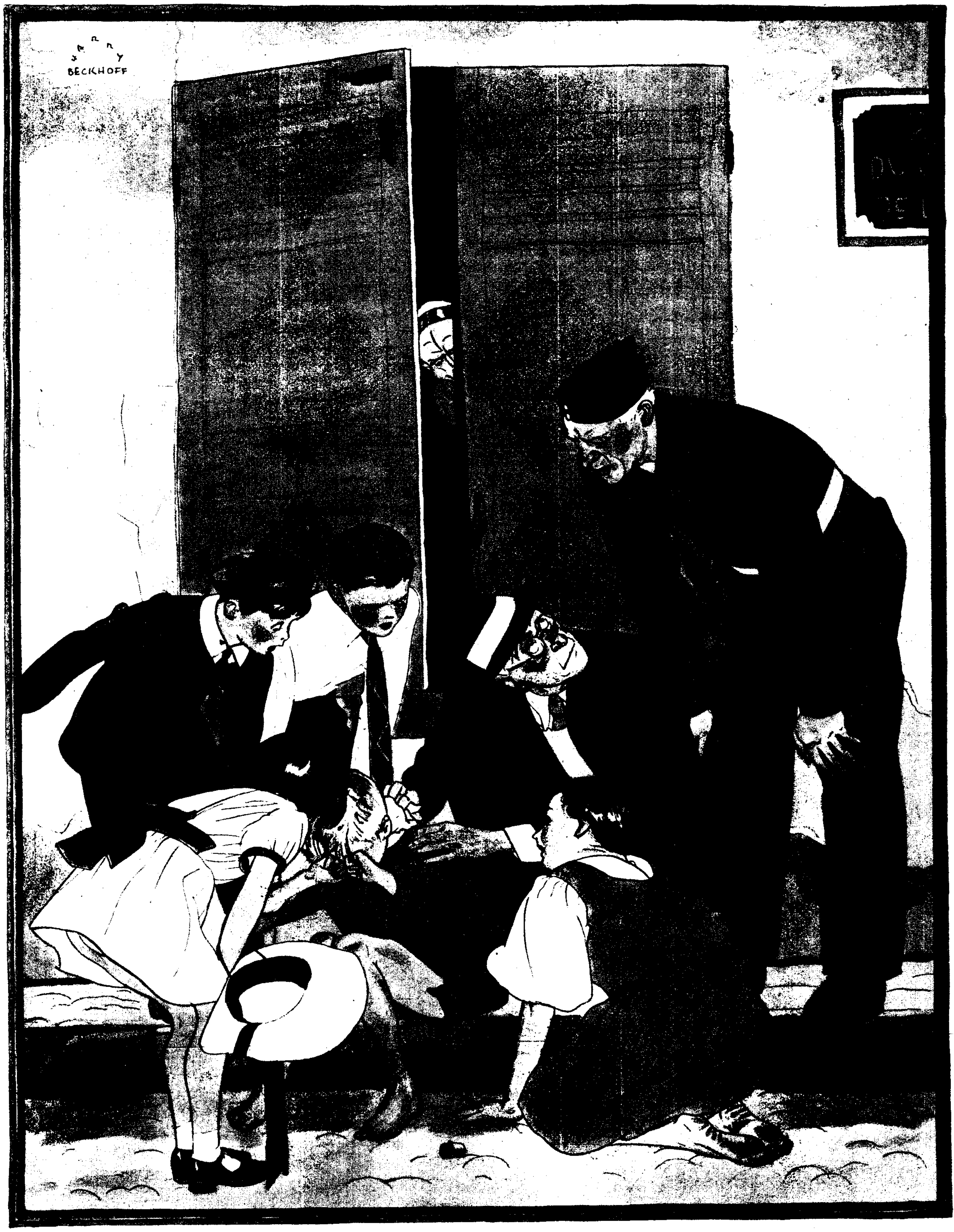
Howard decides to return to England. Cavanagh—alarmed by the approach of the Germans, who are driving into France—asks him if he will take the children to England; and Howard promises to take them. . . .

The journey toward the Channel proves to be a difficult one. In Dijon, little Sheila becomes ill. A kindly hotel maid assists Howard in caring for the child. Then, as Howard prepares to move on, the maid implores him to take her brother's little daughter, "*la petite* Rose"—whom her brother had sent to her from London—back to England. Howard is nearly seventy; he is far from strong, physically; he knows what the care of another child will entail. Nevertheless, when he leaves Dijon, little Rose is a member of the party.

The army takes over the trains. At Joigny, the old man piles his charges into a bus bound for Montargis. The bus starts down a crowded road. Fifteen miles from Montargis, German planes, swooping down on the road, spray machine-gun bullets and drop bombs—and the bus is put out of commission.

There being no vehicles available, Howard decides that he and the children must walk to Montargis. They start, under a blazing sun. Walking slowly, painfully, they presently reach a wrecked car. In the car are two dead persons—a man and a woman. Near the car is a small boy—five or six years of age.

Howard speaks to the boy, asks him what his name is. The boy—gray-faced, terrified—does not answer. Howard goes through the dead man's pockets; he finds the man's identity card. According to the card, the man is Jean Duchot, of Lille. Howard, having read the card, stands there in perplexity. The boy, he realizes, is utterly helpless. After a time, the old man takes the little fellow's hand and, with the other children beside him, moves off down the road.



"They're throwing stones at this child," Howard said. He showed the corporal the cut on the boy's neck

MORE traffic overtook them, and now there was noticeable a greater proportion of military lorries mingled with the cars; the dust they made was very trying to the children. With the heat and the long road they soon began to tire. Howard did what he could to cheer them on, but they were obviously tiring. There was a farm not very far ahead; he turned into it and asked the haggard old woman at the door if she would sell some milk. She said there was none, upon which he asked for water for the children. She led them to the well in the courtyard, not very distant from the midden, and pulled up a bucket for them. Howard conquered his scruples and his apprehensions and they all had a drink.

They rested a little by the well. In a barn, open to the courtyard, was an old farm cart with a broken wheel, evidently long disused. Piled into this was a miscellaneous assortment of odd rubbish, and among this rubbish was what looked like a perambulator.

He strolled across to look more closely, the old woman watching him, hawk-eyed. It was a perambulator in fact, forty or fifty years old, covered in filth, and with one broken spring. But it was a perambulator, all the same. He went back to the old lady and commenced to haggle for it.

Ten minutes later it was his, for a hundred and fifty francs. She threw in with that a frayed piece of old rope with which he lashed the broken spring.

He bought a little bread from the old woman and put it with the cases in the pram. Rather to his surprise nobody wanted to ride but they all wanted to push it; he found it necessary to arrange turns. "The youngest first," he said. "Sheila can push it first."

Rose said, "May I take off my shoes? They hurt my feet."

He was uncertain, revolving this idea in his head. "I don't think that's a good idea," he said. "The road will not be nice to walk on."

She said, "But, monsieur, one does not wear shoes at all, except in Dijon."

It seemed that she was genuinely used to going without shoes. After some hesitation he agreed to let her try it, and found that she moved freely and easily over the roughest parts of the road. He put her shoes and stockings in the pram, and spent the next quarter of an hour refusing urgent applications from the English children to copy her example.

PRESENTLY Sheila tired of pushing. Rose said, "Now it is the turn of Pierre." In motherly fashion she turned to the little boy in gray. "Now, Pierre. Like this." She brought him to the pram, still white-faced and listless, put his hands on the cracked china handles and began to push it with him.

Howard said to her, "How do you know his name is Pierre?"

She stared at him. "He said so—at the farm."

The old man had not heard a word from the little boy; indeed, he had been secretly afraid that he had lost the power of speech. Now for the first time he was reminded of the gulf that separated him from the children, the great gulf that stretches between youth and age. It was better to leave the little boy to the care of the other children, rather than to terrify him with awkward, foreign sympathy and questions.

Evening was coming upon them, and it was time for them to find a lodging for the night.

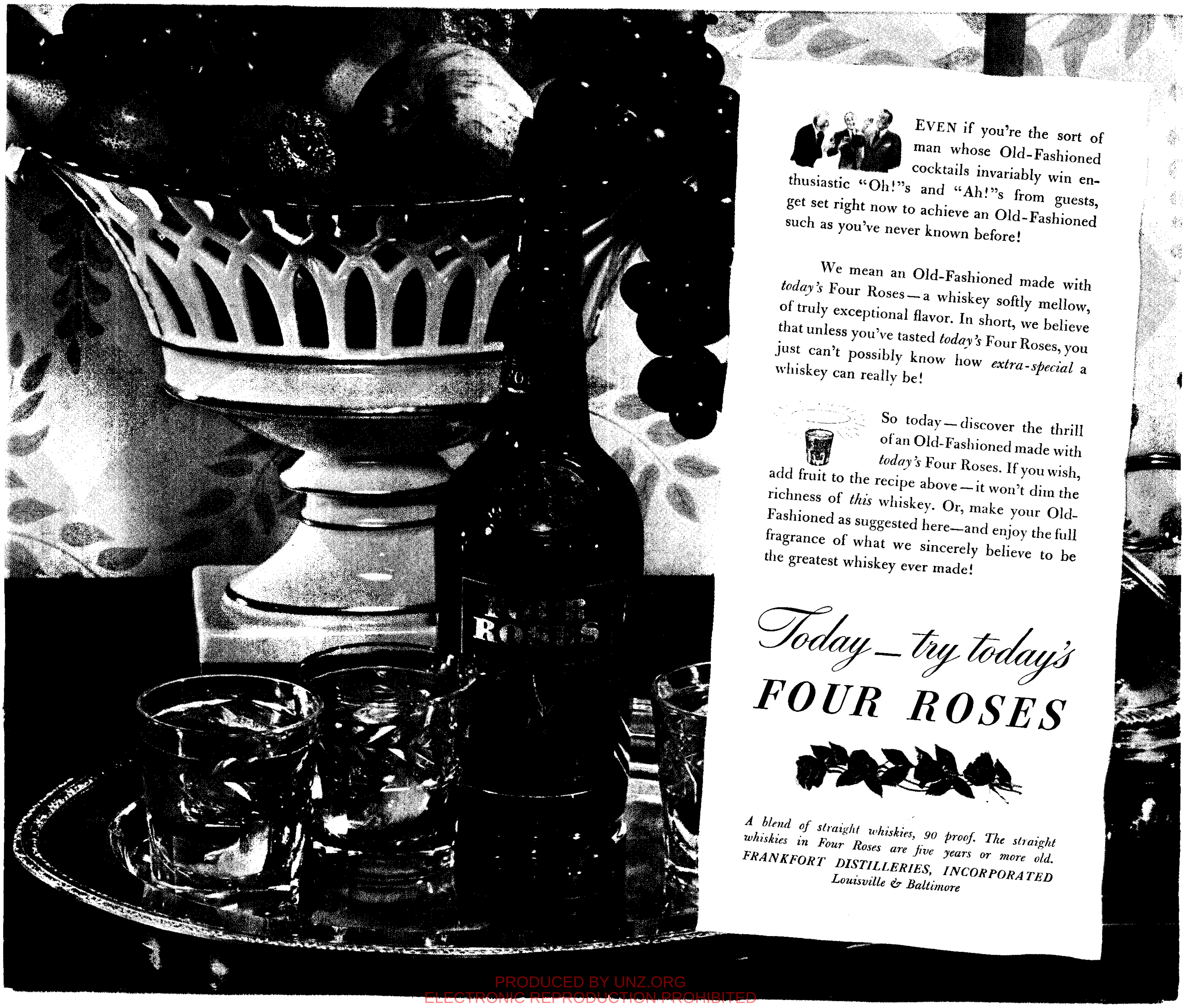
(Continued on page 39)

For the most glorious Old-Fashioned you've ever tasted, use ½ lump sugar, 2 dashes bitters, 1 twist of lemon peel.

After adding a few drops of water, muddle sugar, bitters and lemon peel with wooden pestle.

Add cube of ice—and pour in 1½ jiggers of *today's Four Roses*. Then serve—and get set for more compliments than you've ever heard before!

You're about to make an Old-Fashioned discovery!



EVEN if you're the sort of man whose Old-Fashioned cocktails invariably win enthusiastic "Oh!"s and "Ah!"s from guests, get set right now to achieve an Old-Fashioned such as you've never known before!

We mean an Old-Fashioned made with *today's* Four Roses—a whiskey softly mellow, of truly exceptional flavor. In short, we believe that unless you've tasted *today's* Four Roses, you just can't possibly know how *extra-special* a whiskey can really be!

So today—discover the thrill of an Old-Fashioned made with *today's* Four Roses. If you wish, add fruit to the recipe above—it won't dim the richness of *this* whiskey. Or, make your Old-Fashioned as suggested here—and enjoy the full fragrance of what we sincerely believe to be the greatest whiskey ever made!

Today—try today's
FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are five years or more old.
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED
Louisville & Baltimore

● *Actual color photograph—Frank Brown shows a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.*

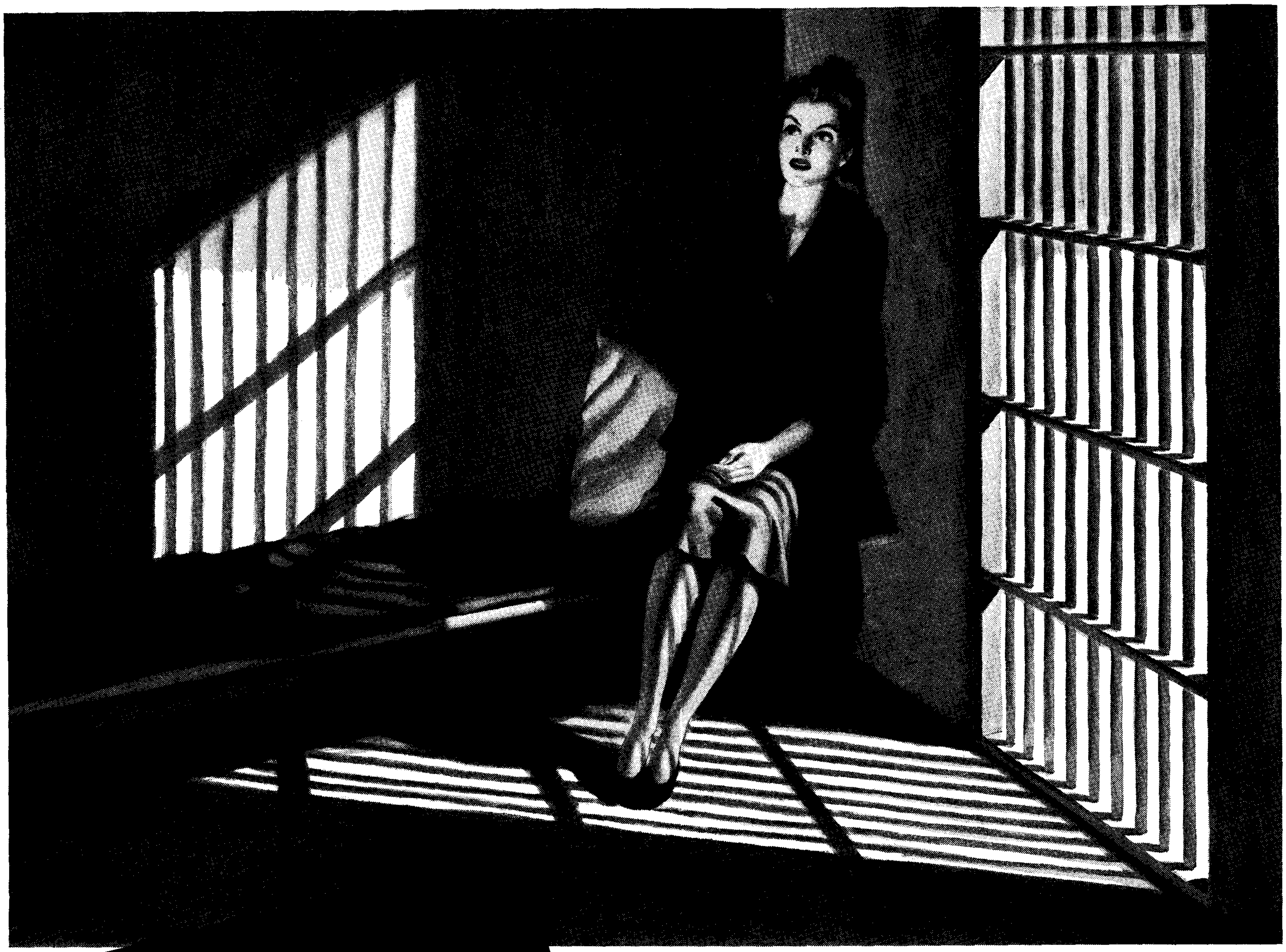
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

"YOU'D EXPECT the milder, better-tasting tobacco to cost more—and it does!" says Frank Brown, tobacco warehouseman of Stoneville, N. C. "But that's the kind of leaf Luckies want, and Luckies pay the price to get it!" ● Smokers . . . in any cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts. The better the tobacco, the better the smoke! That's why independent tobacco experts prefer Luckies by a majority of 2 to 1 over all other brands combined. ○ As auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, they see the kind of leaf Luckies buy, and the prices paid . . . and to these men, Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco! Isn't that what you want in *your* cigarette—fine tobaccos?

Copyright 1941, The American Tobacco Company

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1



"Now, at last, Caroline Crale has the opportunity to pay the debt she owes"

The Story Thus Far:

MEREDITH BLAKE, an amateur chemist, serves tea to a small group of guests at his English country house. Hours later, after everyone has gone, he notes that a bottle of coniine (a poison) has disappeared.

Meredith Blake's guests had been: his brother, Philip; Amyas Crale and his wife; Elsa Greer, a house guest of the Crales; and Angela Warren, Mrs. Crale's half sister. Any one of them could have stolen the poison. The following morning, Crale dies, shortly after drinking some beer given to him by Caroline, his wife; and subsequent analysis proves that the beer *had contained coniine!* Since the evidence is strong against Caroline Crale—she is arrested, charged with the crime. A year later—after having been convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life—she suddenly dies.

Sixteen years after the trial, "Carla" Crale (Mrs. Crale's daughter, who, at the time of the tragedy, had been very young) employs Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian criminal investigator, who is in London, to dig up what he can pertaining to the case and, if possible, learn the truth. She has, it appears, read a letter addressed to her by her mother, in which the convicted woman asserts her innocence.

Poirot begins his investigation at once. He soon learns that, at the time of the murder, Amyas Crale had been painting Elsa Greer's portrait; and that (known to his wife) he had been infatuated with the girl. He learns, furthermore, that, with the exception of Meredith Blake and one or two others, everyone feels sure that the verdict of guilty had been a just one. All of the principals in the celebrated affair are co-operative; and a few—the Blake brothers, Elsa Greer and others—go so far as to set down in writing every detail they can recall of the case.

Especially damning is the testimony of Cecilia Williams, who had been Angela Warren's governess at the time Crale died. Miss Williams, an old maid, is positive that, after the murder, she had seen Mrs. Crale polish a beer bottle with her handkerchief; then press her husband's hand to the bottle!

Nevertheless, the little Belgian reserves judgment. Anxious to clear up some dubious points, he invites a number of important witnesses to meet him at Meredith Blake's home. Everyone accepts the invitation; everyone arrives—everyone except Elsa Greer (who has become Lady Dittisham).

Then, in the midst of some desultory talk, the butler appears—and announces her ladyship.

Conclusion

ELSA DITTISHAM came in with that faint, bored insolence that was a characteristic of hers. She gave Meredith a slight smile, stared coldly at Angela and Philip, and went over to a chair by the window a little apart from the others. She loosened the rich pale furs round her neck and let them fall back. She looked for a minute or two about the room, at Carla, and the girl stared back, thoughtfully appraising the woman who had wrought the havoc in her parents' lives. There was no animosity in her young, earnest face, only curiosity.

Elsa said, "I am sorry if I am late, M. Poirot."

"It was very good of you to come, madame."

Cecilia Williams snorted ever so slightly. Elsa met the animosity in her eyes with a complete lack of interest. She said: "I wouldn't have known *you,* Angela. How long is it? Sixteen years?"

Hercule Poirot seized his opportunity: "Yes, it is sixteen years since the events of which we are to speak, but let me first tell you why we are here." And in a few simple words he outlined Carla's appeal to him and his acceptance of the task.

He went on quickly, ignoring the gathering storm visible on Philip's face and the shocked distaste on Meredith's.

"I accepted that commission. I set to work to find out—the truth."

Carla Lemarchant, in the big grandfather chair, heard Poirot's words dimly, from a distance. With her hand shielding her eyes she studied five faces surreptitiously. Could she see any of these people committing murder?

Could she—if she tried hard—visualize one of them killing someone? Yes, perhaps; but it wouldn't be the right kind of murder. She could picture Philip Blake, in an outburst of fury, strangling some woman—yes, she *could* picture that. . . . And she could picture Meredith Blake threatening a burglar with a revolver—and letting it off by accident. . . . And she could picture Angela Warren, also firing a revolver, but not by accident. With no personal feeling in the matter—the safety of the expedition depended on it! And Elsa, in some fantastic castle, saying from her couch of Oriental silks, "Throw the wretch over the battlements!"

All wild fancies—and not even in the wildest flight of fancy could she imagine little Miss Williams killing anybody at all!

Hercule Poirot was talking:

"That was my task—to put myself in reverse gear, as it were, and go back through the years and discover what really happened."

Philip Blake said, "We all know what happened. To pretend anything else is a swindle—that's what it is, a barefaced swindle. You're getting money out of this girl on false pretenses."

Poirot did not allow himself to be angered. He said:

(Continued on page 69)

Do You Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?

With Love
Helen

When you find that you're forgotten by the girl you can't forget, here's a tip . . . Use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!

YES, SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE DENTAL CREAM INSTANTLY STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH

YOU'LL GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND, WAKE-UP FLAVOR, TOO!

HERE'S WHY: Colgate's has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath.

BESIDES, Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently . . . makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting liquids, powders and other pastes for Colgate Dental Cream!

Play Safe! TWICE A DAY—AND BEFORE EVERY DATE—USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

MAKES TEETH SPARKLE
QUICK AND FOAMY
DELICIOUS TASTE
POLISHES SAFELY
CHILDREN LOVE IT
COMBATS BAD BREATH

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

RECOMMENDED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Captain of the Team

Continued from page 12

Shore started to say that there was nothing they could do for him. Then, looking at her in the dim light, he hesitated. "I was thinking of going some place out in the country for dinner," he said. "I'd like you to come along, if you think you can classify that under something your father can do for me."

"I can't classify it that way," she said, "but I'll go along."

"You can leave your car here," he said. "Mine's over by the gym." He took two steps in that direction and stopped. "I guess it isn't, at that," he said. He could feel her glance of curiosity.

"No, I'm not crazy," he said. "I don't really own the car. It's one of the—what do they call it?—perquisites of my office. I'm allowed to use it so long as I'm a good boy and score touchdowns. Now that I'm in disgrace, I don't imagine they'll let me play with it any more."

Again her own hesitation before she spoke: "We can use mine. If you don't mind?"

"I do mind," he said, "but now that I've asked you to dinner there's nothing else to do but use yours."

THE rapid motion of the car, the sound of the wind blowing against the corners of the convertible, made him quiet. Or he attributed his quietness to them, as though unwilling to recognize its real source, the girl next to him.

They stopped at a fashionable little place in a village about fifteen miles away. There were always a few undergraduates there with their dates for dinner, but Shore had forgotten this until he stood inside the place with Mary Warren. One freshman with heavy-rimmed eyeglasses stared at Shore, speechless, his mouth open.

"I suppose this is how the angels felt after they had fallen," he said. He tried to grin but only smirked. "If you can stand it, I can, though."

"It doesn't bother me," she said.

When they were seated around a corner, out of sight of most of the eyes, Shore looked at her. He had not seen her in a clear light and now, looking at her, he smiled.

"I didn't know you were so good to look at," he said.

"And I've been thinking all the while you had been blinded by my fatal beauty, even in the dusk!"

He was able to laugh. "It's nice to have a sense of humor," he said. "If I had one, it would save me now. Do you think it's possible to acquire one?"

She didn't look at him. "As much as you need," she said slowly.

"I didn't know E. J. Warren had a daughter," Shore said again.

"I've been away," she said. "I finished at Oxford the summer before the war started. Then I stayed there doing volunteer work until a few weeks ago. My father hasn't been too well and I had to come home."

"I sometimes wonder why he let me run that column in his paper. Of course, there was nothing vicious in it, but it was pretty critical of things connected with football."

She looked at him a moment before answering. "Don't you really know?" she said levelly.

He shook his head.

"I had a brother who was killed playing prep-school football six years ago," she said.

Shore felt embarrassed for some reason obscure to him. "I'm sorry," he said.

They finished their dinner without talking a great deal. Leaving the place, he felt as though he had known her a long time. It wasn't until they were outside that he realized, with a satisfaction which was curiously grim, that, going toward the door with her, he hadn't even noticed the other undergraduates. . . .

She wanted to drive him to the campus, but he made her go to her home. As he said goodby to her, a silence fell between them. Why it did, neither of them was sure. The reference she had made to her dead brother didn't wholly account for it, Shore knew. Suddenly he was grateful to her; only later would he know why. When he kissed her once she neither resisted nor responded. He dropped his arms from her straight shoulders. "You're a very nice person," he said, and turned away.

Walking back to the campus, he felt quietly happy.

Going to his classes the next day he was undisturbed by the glances, the silence that greeted him wherever he went. The campus daily made the most of what had happened. There were even interviews with some of the prominent members of sororities, who said unanimously they were never going to date Shore again. It was all just a touch late to bother him, he thought.

He saw Mary Warren every night that week. She was always pleasant and he was in love with her before he quite realized it, but he did not kiss her again. He knew he was grateful to her before he knew that he loved her, because she had given him a detachment he had never had before, so that in class, on the campus, at the eating places, he was only vaguely aware of the quietly hostile tide of people around him.

It wasn't until the Saturday of that week that he was bothered. He knew better than to ask Mary to go to the game with him. He had stopped wearing his sweater with the varsity monogram on it; and now he bought a ticket to enter the stadium. He was stopped at the gate. The student ticket taker was embarrassed but he had two special policemen behind him. He had orders, the ticket taker said, that Shore was not to be admitted to the stadium.

FOR the first time since the afternoon the story broke, Shore felt angry; bewilderment was strong in him, too, and he had a sense of being hunted. People staring at him, some angry, a few in sudden sympathy, made him turn, words choking him, and stride away.

He went to his room and turned on the radio. The team had been undefeated in its first five games and they were expected to win this sixth game without too much trouble, by two or three touchdowns.

But at the half neither team had scored. The announcer mentioned discreetly once or twice that the home team seemed to miss its captain and fullback, Shore. Shore wondered if they did. They ought to be angry enough at him to ride over anything. Some colder part of him knew, though, on what fine timing the synchronization of a good football team depended, and Carroll, the sophomore fullback who had taken his place, was obviously trying hard. It would be just that his handling of the ball, his movements in the intricate attack Burdish had designed, were not timed right.

Tension increased in Shore as the second half went along, still without a score. All during the fourth quarter he paced the floor. He thought he detected errors in the way Boudreau, the quarterback, called his plays. With the running attack working well, Boudreau had begun to pass. It didn't make sense. Then suddenly, it did make sense, because after the fourth pass, the game ended in a scoreless tie.

When Shore saw Mary Warren that night, she remarked his tenseness. When he shrugged, she smiled faintly. "I suppose what happened to your team bothered you today," she said. And when he didn't speak, she even made the excuse for him: "You must still feel close to them."

He shook his head, more in doubt than negation. "Somehow, if they had even elected or appointed another captain," he said, "I wouldn't feel so bad. But they haven't and it's as though their playing without a captain was a rebuke to me."

Mary didn't speak. She seemed preoccupied the rest of the evening and when he took her home he asked her why. Her head turned slightly, she looked out past him to where the autumn moon caught the glassy surface of a fishpond.

"Look," Shore said, his voice suddenly husky. "I've been a campus big shot for a couple of years. Not that it means anything. But there have been a lot of girls. This thing is different."

"I think you're a pretty nice person myself," she said, "considering I've known you about a week. . . ."

She hesitated.

"So what?" Shore said.

"I like you perhaps more than one should on such brief acquaintance," she went on slowly. "It's just that I'm disturbed that you should take football so seriously."

"If you'd earned your way with it for about a fifth of your life, you might feel differently about it. Not that I'm justifying my attachment for it," he added.

She nodded. Slowly her hands rose, touched his shoulders and she raised her head. "I wouldn't want you ever to go back to it," she said.

"On account of your brother?"

"Partly that," she said. "I'd like you to be able to outgrow a mere game."

"I would have in time," he said. "The column was a sign of it."

"But now, too, you must," she said. Her head came up a little more and his heart lifted suddenly as he saw that for the first time her lips were willing.

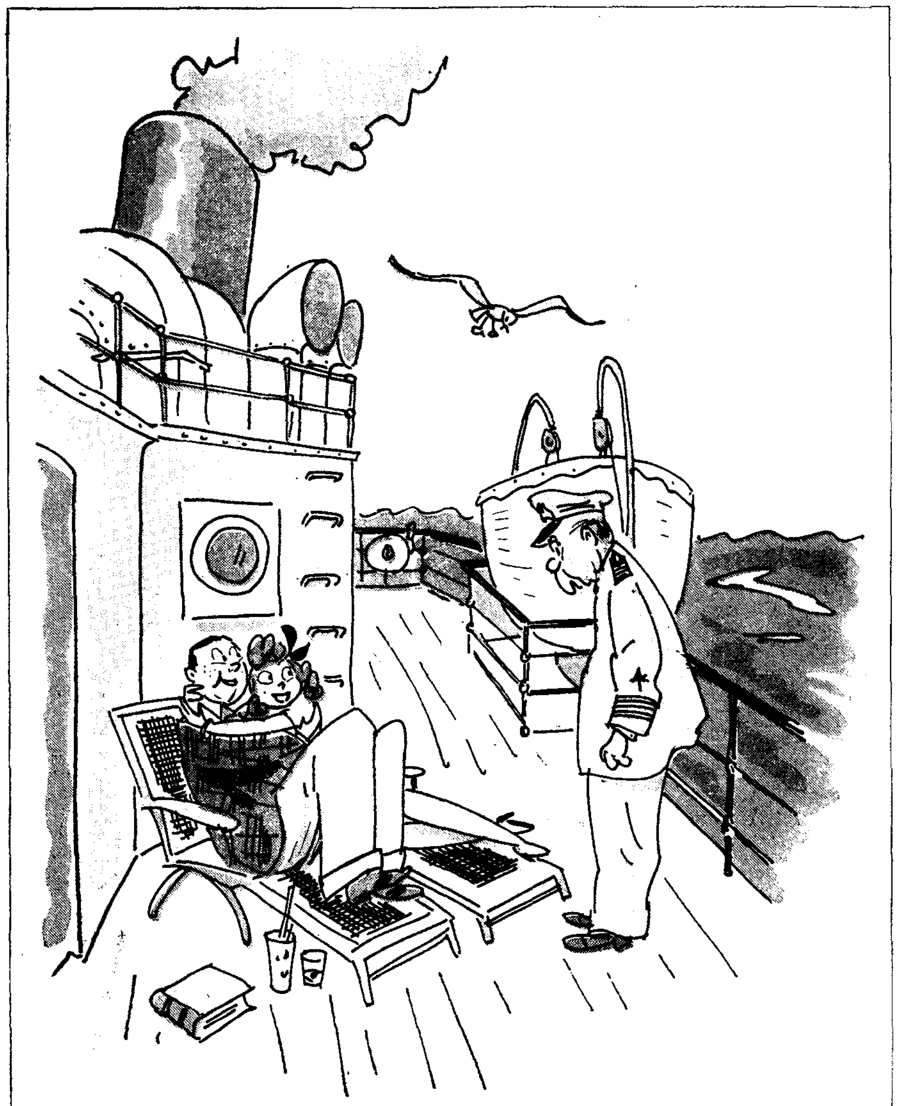
THE latter part of the next week there were first rumors that the team didn't look so well in practice. Then more and stranger rumors that Shore was going to be permitted to come back and play.

The third day, a Friday, after the rumors first appeared, Malone issued a statement saying that even if Shore wanted to play, he, Malone, wouldn't let him.

The team lost that Saturday and Shore tried to tell himself that it didn't matter. He had seen E. J. Warren at his home and Warren had offered him a job on the paper, whenever he cared to take it. He took long drives with Mary in the afternoons of the week following. He liked the autumn colors on the mountains, but he didn't like them so much, he knew, that he must drive through them every day. He finally knew that he was just trying to be away from school during the hours of football practice.

The team tied again the next Saturday and Shore, going through the motions of indifference, still could think how keenly those on the team must feel it. Because this was supposed to have been one of the school's great teams, bound for the Rose Bowl.

There was only one game left, the traditional game with State. On the Sunday afternoon after the second tie game, Shore was in his room alone when there was a knock on the door. When he opened it he was surprised to find Burdish there. At first he hardly recognized



"Once more around the world, Captain"

REAMER KELLER

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

HOW TO ACQUIRE GLAMOUR in 6 easy lessons

June: Hello, serious! How's the book? Got a new thriller?

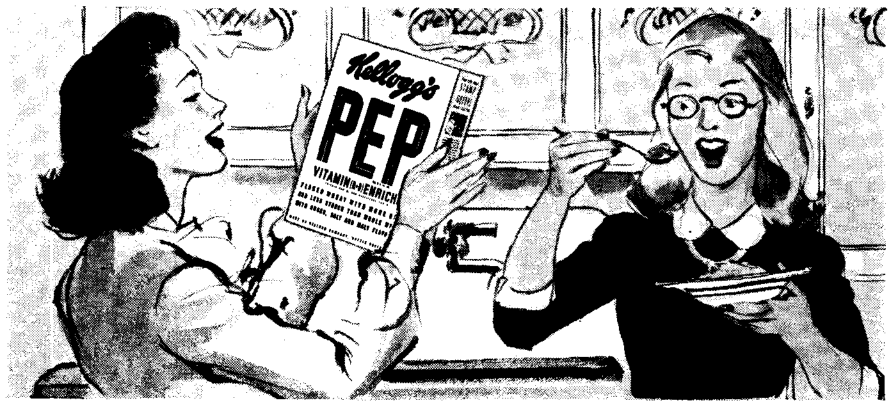
Nancy: Oh, it's nothing much. Just a little thing I sent for.

HOW TO ACQUIRE GLAMOUR in 6 easy lessons

June: Wow! "How to be a glamour girl!" Well, of all the . . .

Nancy: Stop it! You're a spite cat, June. A girl's *got* to have a *little* something these days.

June: I'll say she has! And you're going to start getting it! Glamour, my grandpa! The way you've been moping around and picking at your food! I'll bet you're not even on speaking terms with vitamins. What you need is more "pep appeal"!



June: And here's where we make a start toward getting more vitamins. You've got to have them all, and right in this delicious cereal—called KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the most important ones—vitamins B_1 and D.

Nancy: Hey! Stop the sales talk! This is the most gorgeous cereal I ever tasted. And if getting the other vitamins can be as much fun as this, hold everything! I'm going to have PEP every morning!

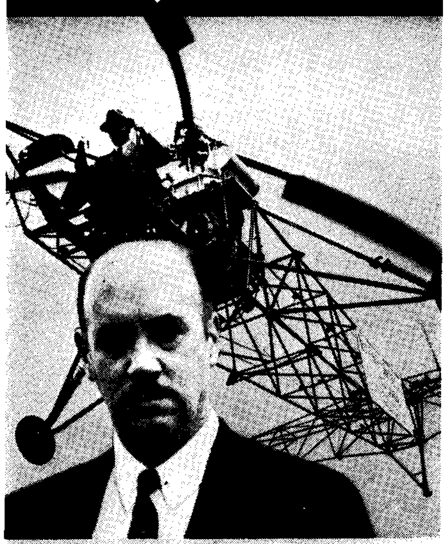
Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

LONGINES
the most honored watch in Aviation



IGOR SIKORSKY, one of our foremost flyers and a gifted original airplane designer, has made many contributions to the science of aeronautics. His recent world's record in sustained flight, made in the Helicopter he designed, may open the way to an even greater expansion in the airplane industry. Mr. Sikorsky's new record was officially timed by Longines Watches, official timepiece for the National Aeronautic Association.

Longines
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

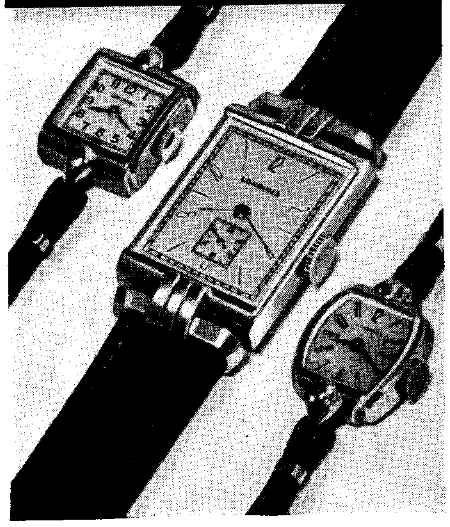
Aviation today owes much to those pioneers who, with daring ocean flights, focused the attention of the world on the ultimate possibilities of the airplane. And practically all of them—Byrd, Chamberlain, Post, Earhardt, Pangborn, Balchen, Mattern, Hughes and others—used Longines Watches for navigation. Following the trail they blazed, Pan American, Royal Dutch, and American Export Airlines laid down their far-flung ocean routes, and again Longines Watches served their navigators.

The Longines aviation watches used then and now are the products of Longines research and development. The skill, experience and workmanship necessary for the construction of complicated aviation watches of extreme accuracy have contributed to the betterment of all Longines Watches.

Longines jewelers now show the 75th Anniversary Longines Watches from $44*, also Wittnauer Watches at $27.50* upward, products of—

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH CO., INC.
New York, Montreal, Geneva
*Federal tax included

LONGINES
75th Anniversary Watches
WORLD'S FAIR SERIES, EACH WATCH $65.*



him, for Burdish was bundled up in a furry topcoat that went round him almost twice like a blanket and the high collar was pulled up around his face.

He had never disliked Burdish and now Shore's impulse was to laugh. "Who you hiding from, Buck?" he said.

"Oh, it's not funny," Burdish said. He came into the room and Shore closed the door behind him. He took off his coat without looking at Shore. Still with his eyes some other place in the room, the coach sat down.

"You know, Buck," Shore said, to put him at his ease, and also because it was true, "I'm sorry if what I wrote in that damn' column hurt you, because I've never had anything against you."

"You didn't hurt me," Burdish said, "and you didn't hurt the team. If anything, you made them better players. Why, sometimes you were funny enough to make me laugh in spite of myself."

They both refrained from mentioning Malone's name. "I guess you know why I'm here," Burdish said.

Shore looked at him and tried to think of something noncommittal to say. "I want you to play in this last game," Burdish said.

A curious thrill leaped in Shore, as though he had glimpsed some strange, wild glory. It died and he was aware of his mind growing devious. "You're going to go against Malone?" he said.

"I may lose my job anyhow," Burdish said, "after what's happened to what should have been an unbeaten team."

"Do you think the other players want me to? We haven't spoken on the campus."

"They're afraid of Malone," Burdish said. "But we haven't elected another captain."

Shore said nothing.

"I'm going to say something," Burdish went on, "and if I hurt you it will be unintentional. You don't want to play in that game." He paused. "Football coaches are supposed to be stupid in spite of the fact that they design each year a new pattern out of different men to play the most intricate game in the world. . . . But I can put two and two together, and I've seen you with old man Warren's daughter."

"So what?" Shore said, but quietly.

"So that I know about her brother and I know how smart she is, and the honors she took at Oxford and the way she doesn't like violence, specifically football."

"You know even a little more than I do," Shore said, still quiet.

"I'm not trying to talk against her and I'm not denying what in the classroom they'd call the validity of her position. All I'd like to say is that there is a time in life for violence, and a time that isn't for it. A time to fish and a time to dry the nets."

HE PAUSED again, closely watching Shore's face, which had begun to work slightly. "This is the last time for you," he went on. "You're probably through with football after this. I don't think you're going to coach or play pro, although you could do either. These others on the team, most of them coming back next year, are pretty bewildered. If they could pull themselves together for this last game it would mean a lot. There's only one thing that can do that for them."

He had a lot more to say, but he never had to say it. Shore had risen and was pacing the room, running his fingers through his hair.

"Oh, all right," he said, "all right. I'm probably in lousy shape, but I'll play." He turned suddenly on the coach. "But what about Malone? Supposing he turns on the heat?"

"Malone leaves tomorrow morning on a three-day speaking tour downstate. He won't be back until Thursday morning. By that time we'll be over any contact work we'll have before the game. And I don't know but that public opinion can be turned against him. We'll have secret practice the days you're out, barring the newspapermen and threatening with dismissal any manager or player who mentions that you're going to play."

"And Markell, that windbag?"

"That's what gave me the idea," Burdish said. "Markell is confined to his home with mumps. He can't talk, which with him is like not being able to eat."

Shore smiled. "If I could start now," he said, "it wouldn't be so bad."

"Listen," Burdish said, his own excitement showing for the first time, "I'll have the rest of the backfield and a center over in the gym in an hour. You can run signals and no one will be allowed in."

On the way over to the gym an hour later, Shore stopped to call Mary Warren. She wasn't home.

The next morning he had a note from her. It said simply that she thought they had been seeing perhaps too much of each other and so she was going away for a week to think some things over. She would be back Saturday and pick him up at a certain corner early in the evening.

That afternoon, behind the locked and guarded doors of the practice field, and while the resting varsity looked on, Shore, playing with the scrub, ran for three touchdowns against the second team.

THE tension that had developed by the time Shore stood dressing in the locker room Saturday was all but unbearable. The story hadn't broken until the previous day, and the very suddenness of it had put it on the front pages of some papers, in eight-column streamer heads on the sports pages of others.

He had not heard from Mary all week and the irritation resulting from this had put an edge on his physical condition that was razor sharp. He had written a note the previous night and it would be waiting for her when she got home today. He told her why he was going to play football again, or why he thought he was going to play it, and he told her that he loved her a great deal but that if she didn't want to meet him that night as she had planned, he would understand, although he would also always regret it.

And now they were starting to go out after Burdish had talked to them. A rough hand pulled Shore aside and under the noise of cleats on concrete, big Klitowski, the tackle, said, "I didn't like what you wrote about me not being able to throw a reverse high-body block, you lug, but I want you to know I am going to block like hell for you today."

Shore nodded, his hand suddenly hard on Klitowski's arm. And then the cold sunlight and sound. . . .

It was the first time in ten years State's players were picked to win. They were big, sullen men in red jerseys, and they mobbed Shore on the first play and when they got up, all knees and elbows, one of them called him a rat and someone else said he was a yellow highbrow, and then Shore knew the way it was going to be that day.

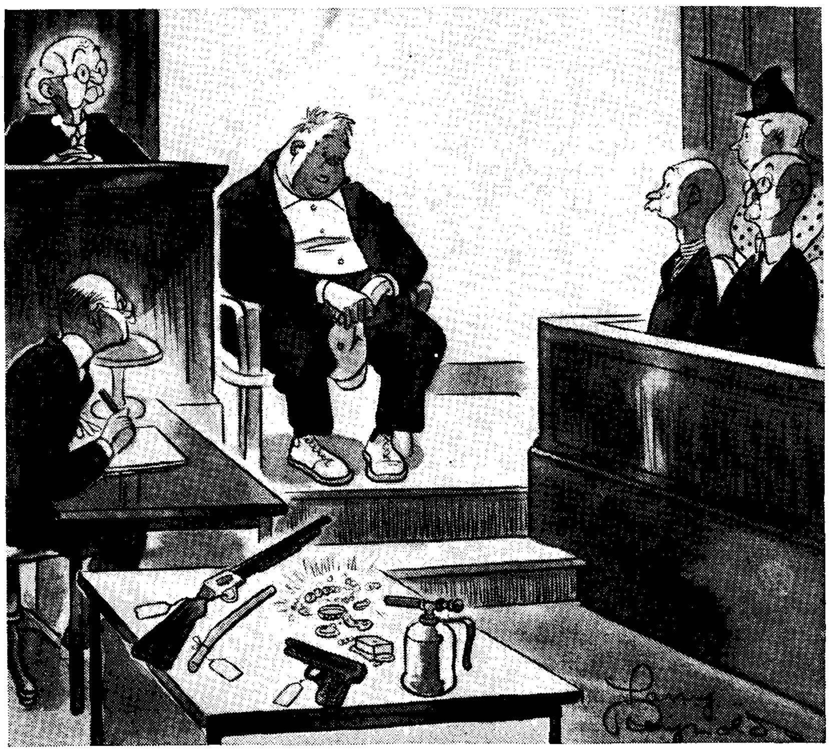
By one of those curious, illogical transpositions of opinion which sometimes seem to afflict men of action, especially when working as a group or team, it was as though Shore had hurt the men in the red jerseys rather than his own men by what he had written. It was simply that whereas his own team had forgiven him, other players throughout the country had not. There was little logic to it, but there it was.

They were still not timing their plays too well during that first quarter, and State was on its toes, shoving them back but not being able to do much with its own slow-breaking attack. Shore was tired even in the second quarter. It seemed to him that he had never played in a game so vicious. What it was, he finally realized, half-stunned under a pile-up, was that his mind as well as his body had gotten away from the need to endure and resist violence.

When they sat silently in the dressing room between halves, he knew they were all disappointed in him. And when Burdish spoke to them, singling out every man but Shore for criticism, it was worse than if he had been told off more bitterly than the others.

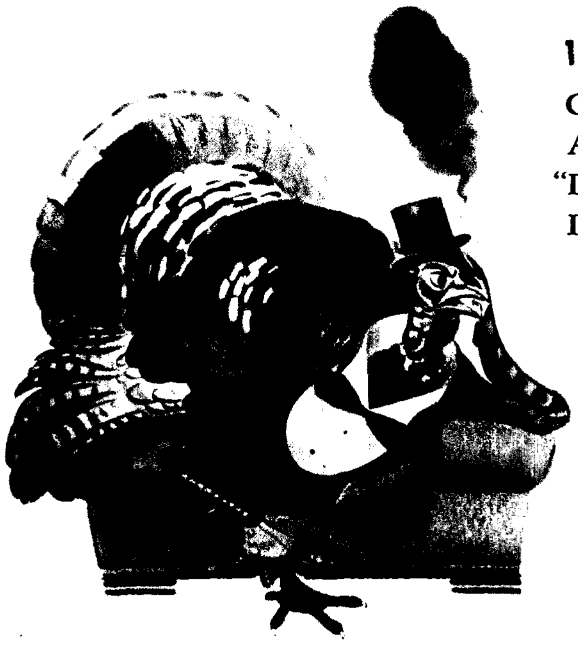
He came back forty-five yards with the kickoff that opened the second half. The safety man tackled him from behind and as he was falling another red

BUTCH By Larry Reynolds



"There ain't nothin' else to do nights. The town ain't got adequate recreational facilities"

YOURS... FOR A "HAPPY BLENDING"!



1.

Gus Gobbler sat brooding
And spoke of his plight,
"I wouldn't mind roasting
If they'd stuff me just right."

2.

"Cheer up!" cried Friend Thelma
"Take the frown off your face,
Ma Johnson has bought you;
As a cook...she's an ace!"

3.

With rare skill and "fixin's",
With no fuss or muss,
Ma blended a dressing
Quite worthy of Gus.

Happy Blending's the secret
Of great whiskey, too—
And that is why CALVERT
Will captivate *you.*

4.

Like turkey and trimmings, mince pie and ice cream,
Happy Blending makes CALVERT the whiskey supreme.
So on Thanksgiving Day, serve this finest of blends—
Your palate will thank you, and so will your friends.

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

Calvert
SPECIAL
Calvert
RESERVE

THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1941, Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

This we have, this we

IMPORTANT: *It may happen that here and there a Goodyear dealer this fall will be unable to supply you instantly with your size Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather tread tire. If this should occur, please be patient. Do not blame him if his stock is momentarily low. There is a reason for it. This advertisement attempts to tell you what it is.*

THERE IS THE RIGHT of a man to stand on his own two feet, and with his own hands and talents carve out a place for himself and his family.

There is the right of a woman to look hopefully ahead, to raise up her brood in dignity and self-respect, undictated to save by her own mother-wisdom and conscience.

There is the right of a boy to lead the hale, free life of boys, flying kites when the wind blows, playing cops and robbers when he wants, going to school when he must – and out of it all somehow shaping a future to a good pattern.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE O

There is the right of a small child to its chance for health and love and laughter, to a good start toward who-knows-what fine and useful life in years to come.

Simple things, aren't they, these things that spell America and add up to freedom!

So simple, so wholesome, it seems daft that somewhere bombs scream down to blast them, tanks lunge to crush them, bullets fly to drive from the minds of men the idea that these *are* their rights, inalienable.

But the bombs do fall, the tanks do roll, the bullets do fly – and in such a world our only shield seems to be more bombs of our own with bombers to carry them, more tanks and the cannon to arm them, more bullets and faster guns to fire them.

So it is that from Goodyear factories meant for building things to enlarge life and make it better, now must flow in a swelling tide the things our country needs if we are to hold what we have.

Skills and facilities developed that a peaceful world might have better tires, floor coverings, soles and heels, transmission belts and a thousand like useful things, now focus on the making of barrage balloons, bomber wings and tails, bullet-puncture-sealing inner tubes and fuel tanks, gas masks, rubber tank track treads and a host of other Goodyear-made defense products.

This is no choice of ours – like yourself, we would far rather spend our days making this a land where life can be richer, liberty enjoyed, where the pursuit of happiness can go steadily on.

But when the decision lies between helping our government prepare for impregnable defense of such things, or running the risk of having them swept away, there is no option and we feel as we know you do.

That is why, for the time being, some Goodyear dealer may not have in stock the particular size and kind of Goodyear tire you want – simply because, that which we in America have, we intend to do our part to hold.

Compared with holding it, what else matters?

All-Weather—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

NOT EXACTLY A SHORTAGE

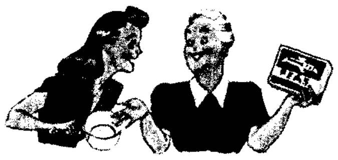
If you should have to wait a day or so to get the tire you want, it is due not so much to a rubber "shortage" as to a demand "longage" — plus the necessity of building up a national rubber-stock pile. In the first six months this year the industry has produced 4,000,000 more auto tires for renewal purposes alone, than the past ten years' average, for the same period, and our sales of the world-famed "G-3" All-Weather have for months been rising to new highs.

GOODYEAR

GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Peas that win plateful of honors

You'll search far before you find peas so sweet, so tempting, so worthy of gracing your table! Thousands of housewives have cooed over them ... thousands of husbands smacked their lips! And no wonder—



Peas raised in the specially prepared soil of the Birds Eye farms must have a pedigree *that* long! And, at the peak of bursting ripeness, the finest, soundest peas have been selected as carefully as pearls!

Then into the quick-freezer! We catch sunshine-bred goodness on the fly . . . imprison it till the moment of eating! Their freshness is only four hours old. And—we've done the shelling . . . washing . . . selecting. All *you* do is the *enjoying!*

Cost? A box of Birds Eye Peas equals 2 lbs. of ordinary unshelled peas! At today's prices, there's a big saving.

Treat the family tonight! Serve Birds Eye Fried Oysters with Birds Eye Peas —garnish with mushrooms.

SPECIAL!
One Week only—Nov. 17-22
BIRDS EYE PEAS
Other Big Values
OYSTERS • SQUASH
ASPARAGUS SPEARS • STRAWBERRIES
Order your
Birds Eye Turkey—Now

BIRDS EYE
BRAND
FROSTED FOODS
FRUITS · VEGETABLES
MEATS · POULTRY
SEAFOODS
IMPORTANT
Read complete directions on bottom of package before using!

jersey hit him before he touched the ground. It was like being hit in the ribs with the edge of a board and he gasped, lost consciousness briefly, and came to a few seconds later, rolling free but with the ball gone.

State had the ball and Shore's own team was confused at the sudden change in fortune. The State quarterback called a pass on the first play and it went for a touchdown. They kicked the point after touchdown.

In the huddle now Shore could sense the sullenness of the others. They had forgiven him, and now he had failed them.

It was late in the third quarter when they took the ball on their own twenty-yard line and began a weary, bitter march up the field. It ended with Shore, on a fourth down with one to go, diving over State's goal line early in the fourth quarter, and lying there, half conscious.

Boudreau called on him to kick the point after touchdown and Shore was afraid to say he was weak and almost out on his feet. It might do something to the spirit of the others. The ball wabbled like a wounded duck and flew wide.

Walking back for the kickoff, he gained some strength. The moment found him clearheaded. He could wonder now why he had risked Mary to play this last game. His reasons before had been clear to him and seemingly valid. Now they seemed less so.

They got a break on a State fumble and Shore broke off-tackle, his knees pumping high, his body at a constantly changing, veering angle as he shifted and pivoted. He got twelve yards, and it was first down on the fifty-yard line. There were six minutes left to play.

Some of the others' sullenness had gone into him, and a kind of dull fury. He could never quite break loose but he always gained some. And he was always hurt. The game had reached a peak of savagery, and he could feel, in a kind of wonder, the welts on his cheeks from cleats. But he had them now, he knew, as they hammered it out, three and four yards at a time. State was tired. With two minutes to go, they were a yard from the goal line. Boudreau called for him to carry the ball again and Shore said no, but they thought he was modest instead of groggy. He fumbled again as he reached the line of scrimmage and a State guard recovered.

For a moment Shore thought, "This is the way it feels when the world ends." Later, the thought would seem childish, but now it didn't. State was grinning as they lined up. Their punter was back almost at the limit of the end zone. This play or the next would end it, they knew, 7-6. Wearily, just as the ball was passed, Shore charged up and into the line of scrimmage and through. He flung himself toward the punter but a State blocker caught him across the knees and he fell. Falling, he could still see Klitowski, his face a mask of fury, his long, rawboned body stretched to its limit, get his hands in front of the ball rising from the kicker's foot. The dull sound was like music. The ball bobbled and a State man fell on it for a safety, but the two points were enough to win.

They came to Shore then, his own players, in a great rush, but he pointed to Klitowski. It didn't seem to do much good, though. The crowd was all around them.

LATER, in the cold, Shore waited at the corner near the stadium where he was to meet Mary. In the dusk and shadow, the few straggling spectators could not recognize him. He knew coldly she would not come. He tried to tell himself that it had been worth it, but he knew it hadn't. With the wind blowing, he didn't hear the car pull up next to him until it was there. He looked at her in it, unbelievingly.

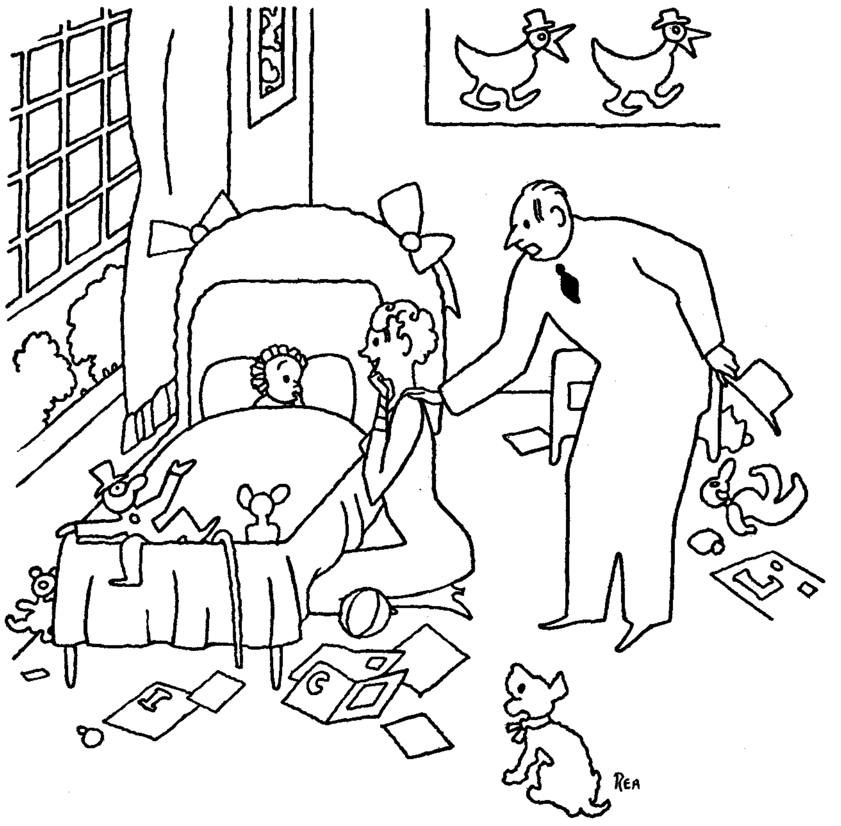
"I didn't think you were coming," he said.

"I was afraid of that," she said. "I had an awful time getting out of the parking lot."

"The parking lot?" he said. "Here?"

She nodded. "The way it was," she said, "was that if you were going to do it, I wanted to be there."

He stood there, in the cold, staring at her until she told him to get in the car. "You look as though you need taking care of," she said.



"I phoned the Postmaster General about baby, darling, but he says they have all the important people they need for stamps right now!"

GARDNER REA

Two Thirds of a Ghost

Continued from page 21

off. Today we can forget. At ease, Sergeant Harries. Tell me the rest of your name and all about you."

"Anne Hythe Harries. And this is my home. Once it was lively with people and living, but now it is deserted because it is in a militarized zone. I was sitting here thinking how it used to be and beginning to feel lonely—and I'm glad you came along. What would you like to do? We can't play tennis because there is a bomb crater where the court used to be. But there is a punt in the boathouse. Would you like to go on the river?"

"I'd love it. I'm an old sea dog when it comes to rivers."

There was a dispute over the punt pole. Geoff thought that it should be his because of superior strength, but she would have none of it. Punting she said was an art, not an effort, and she had learned it at her grandmother's knee. So he reclined among the cushions and watched.

The river led them to the green circle of a millpond, where a stone mill sat watching the water splash about its wheel. They climbed about its mossy stones and stood on its oak beams and she told him something of its history and a little of her own. Afterward they drifted back through a twilight flittered with the wings of the May fly to where the house sat darkling among its memories. They walked down the sunken lane and stopped beside her car. She looked up at the light evening sky.

"It's been a lovely day."

"You were starved for it, weren't you? To be away from cement floors and grinding boots and all the grimness."

"Yes, I wanted a day like today. Woods and water and the laughter of yesterday."

"And all the time my heart was going bumpity-bump because you are so beautiful." He took her shoulders and turned her toward him, but her eyes were withdrawn; her face was a smooth impersonal mask.

"You may kiss me if you like."

"Why do you look like that?"

"Because—I don't want to see you too clearly. I don't want to remember you."

"Why?"

"I'd rather you didn't ask me that."

"But I am asking."

"Because you are two thirds of a ghost."

"I don't understand."

"You're a pilot of an advance fighter squadron. You go on so many patrols, you fire so many rounds. There is one patrol you don't come back from—and that makes you a ghost. You passed a fighter station on your way down here. I knew the boys of that squadron, they used to spend their spare time at our home. I was stationed there last September. I saw them red-eyed and staggering, I saw them unrecognizable with burns—" her voice broke, she put her hands to her face. "The radio was worse. When you hear someone's life go out in a single broken breath—someone you've known all your life. . . ."

He let her go. Once was enough for a girl to be hurt like that.

HIS name was in orders next day, to report to some unknown place in Scotland. Cissy Cecille came in while he was packing.

"I saw the chit on the skipper's desk. 'Squadron leaders to recommend for special duty, special attention to flying ability.' I was so sure it would be me, I've been packed for days."

"I hear they're holding you for the invasion."

"I'll bet it's the Middle East for you. Heat, flies, and horrible odds. It's a lonely grave in the sands, for you, so you might as well leave me that little book with all the telephone numbers . . . They've made me section leader—I'd a damn' sight rather be going along."

THE unknown place in Scotland turned out to be a station for training night fighters. It was one of the first of such stations where aircraft and new devices were tested and theories of attack tried out. They had Hurricanes and Defiants and light bombers made into fighters, all carrying hush-hush equipment.

Rhodes became an inmate of a strange world where daylight was a pallid phenomenon to be slept through. They flew in the dark void below the stars, they let down on faith into the darkness to land on a white ribbon that unrolled for a moment and was gone again. The staring faces of dials haunted them. It was a world of taut nerves and glaring eyes and the batlike shadows of other aircraft looming suddenly on their wing tips.

"I suppose you would say we are more like ghosts than ever," he wrote to her. "But when we get a chance to think we don't feel like ghosts. If you tickle us, do we not laugh? We still hold rather hopefully to our claim on this darkened earth . . . I can remember a voyage in a punt, the greenness of woods and the clearness of water. They say we are moving south soon."

HE WAS a flight lieutenant now, leading a flight of six Hurricanes. One night he led them from a southern field over the coast to the Channel. He looked over the dark snout of his aircraft and his heart felt that familiar lift of wonder.

"'And gentlemen in England now a-bed—you're missing something!'"

War had shown them the splendors of the dawn and sunset skies but the firmament had nothing more fair to show than this. A full moon had risen. The coast of France was a blue shadow on a blue flood and the white cliffs of England were no less grand because they were so little.

The moonlight sparkled on their wings and turrets. They were like great fish swimming through the phosphorescence. Their detail came up, shadows grew between the wings and fuselage. The darkened Hurricanes struck upward with streams of tracer bullets, in a climbing beam attack passing right through the formation.

They were above them now, black silhouettes in the eye of the moon and now their air was crossed and crisscrossed with fire. Below them was smoke and spinning confusion. The formation had broken, bombers turned blindly into one another's tracks, dropping their bombs. Two were falling, bright with flames. One of the Hurricanes was down below the smoke. Rhodes had seen the flare and felt the concussion as it crashed a bomber and both had gone to pieces in the air. The pilot was dead, no use to call for a rescue launch.

The Hurricanes came swimming out of the milkiness to reform on him. There was something wrong with No. 5, something wrong in the pilot's voice as he reported.

"Are you hurt, St. John?"

"Yes—sir."

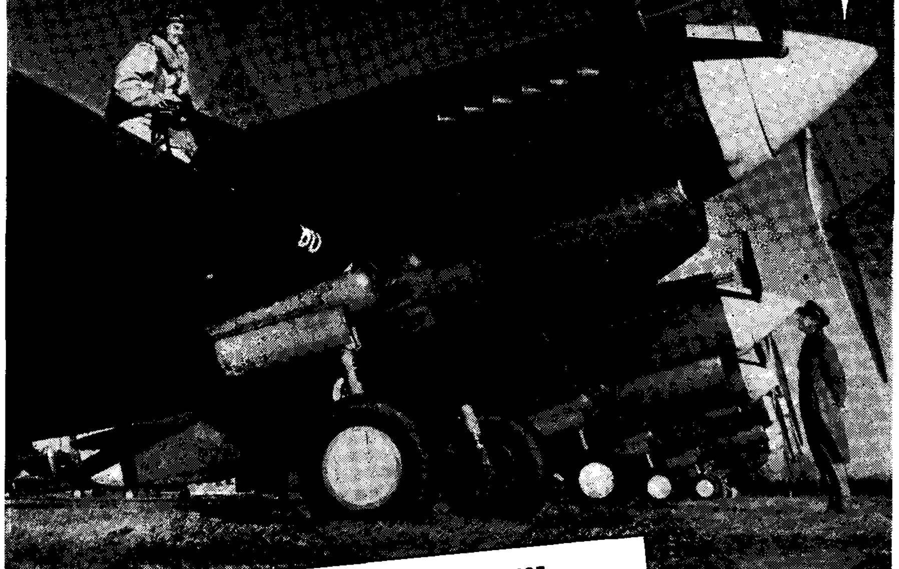
From his voice he guessed the boy

The Profile with a Point!

Every Allison-powered U. S. Army fighter is distinguished by the slender pointed nose you see in the picture below—the nose that helps make them as swift and agile in action as they look.

And this they've proved in the toughest test of all—in actual combat with the RAF—as you read in the news from the fighting front day after day.

But that's not the only good news about this advanced liquid-cooled engine. Thanks to the cooperative energy of our Army and aircraft industry, it's now moving from production lines to planes in ever increasing quantities month by month.



IN THE FRONT OF OUR AIR DEFENSE

★ ★ ★ ★ Powered by Allison ★ ★ ★ ★

PLANE MANUFACTURER	AMERICAN DESIGNATION	BRITISH DESIGNATION
Bell	Airacobra	Airacobra
Curtiss	P-40	Tomahawk
Lockheed	P-38 Interceptor	Lightning
North American	Apache	Mustang

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

GM GENERAL MOTORS

was holding desperately to consciousness through waves of pain.

"Then beat it. Your nearest field is Xover, course 340. Can you hear me? You can make it in three minutes, boy. Stick it. Go on."

"IT'S a big raid," said the group commander. He stood with the tired pilots around the illuminated map.

"Now you can see the pattern. The whole south coast is being pounded, with the greatest concentration here." He put his finger on a Channel port. "Reports from that area"—he hesitated—"are distressing. The dwelling districts have been savagely handled, civilian casualties are heavy. It is probable that the enemy is now using dive bombers. Gentlemen, that city must be relieved. The remaining pilots of A flight will join B flight under Flight Lieutenant Rhodes. Good luck."

Their Hurricanes had been refueled and rearmed. They were helped again into their parachutes by the ground crews, those shadowy shapes that were reluctant to let them go without a word. "She's ready and willin', sir." "Thirteen bullet holes in the fin, that's your lucky number." "There's a broken fairing on the cockpit edge, watch it, sir." "Good luck."

"Thanks, sergeant."

Boundary lights winked briefly for them and they were up and gone.

Dark, silver-edged clouds were moving with the wing; soon the light would be gone. Rhodes looked down and saw his old station below—the gray spread of the field, the moon-blanched buildings.

As he passed over, he turned his radio in. "'Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more—' Hi, Cissy, you old sleepyhead."

The clouds covered the moon and the lights that looked like a line of candle flames grew red and angry. As they drew near they saw that the city was burning.

It was beautiful from above—a garden of red, round fires, and every minute another bursting into bloom. It was beautiful—and given one grain of imagination, it was sickening. Among those fires were men and women, and sick people in hospitals and sobbing children. He saw a black circle blown in the heart of a fire, hiding the flames with its dust. That was high explosive, big stuff.

HIS earphones were chattering with information from the radio locators. They were reeling off the height, course and speed of aircraft approaching the coast. Without eyes to see, they were plotting their movement by the action of radio waves and fixing them within a few thousand feet. The raiders were coming in on three beams, with the regularity of trains. Wishing it was a squadron, he sent the section from B flight to cut across the beams off the coast. He called the ground batteries and the voice of the commander was hoarse and urgent:

"They're bombing as low as 2,500—we haven't enough guns to keep them off. They're murdering this city."

"There's a flight between you and the Channel now. Reduce your ranges to 5,000, leave the port area alone. Turn on all your searchlights."

The beams staggered and slid on the rolling clouds of dust and smoke. Antiaircraft shells flamed and blackened and the air was riven by the burst of high explosive and billows of heat. It was more like a rapids than air. The Hurricanes leaped and rocked.

A black dragonfly had blundered into the whiteness of a beam. Instantly other searchlights laid their long fingers on it. The three Hurricanes struck from the rim of darkness, above, astern and below. The bomber turned over, its engines aflame, and spun down through its fantastic cage of light.

"Something for you," muttered Rhodes to the battered city. "We'll get you some more."

In the darkness, he had lost his flight. He circled out over the Channel, hunting the level on which the bombers were coming in. Something passed him unseen, so close that the rush of air flipped his Hurricane like a chip on a wave. He saw that the earth had gone dark and the sky was on fire and turned himself right side up. He bumped into another disturbed patch of air, and like a hound on the scent, he turned through it and glimpsed a clot against the sky. He carried his cannon and machine guns almost into the belly of that shape and at the first burst it blew up.

The force of the explosion sent him into a spin—he was pulling out of it in a brightness lit by flaming wreckage when from the darkness behind came a rain of fire. There was a leap of light behind his eyes, a searing, paralyzing pain—and miraculously there was no more noise, only stillness, and the feeling that sleep was coming. A face was looking down at him, her head was fair against the green leaves.

"Sorry, Sergeant," he said faintly. "Too many crocodiles—I—can't—shoot—any—more—"

CISSY CECILLE stood by the hospital bed, looking down at the bandaged head. He gave him a gingerly, one-finger poke. "The things that come down in parachutes."

"That you, Cissy?"

"Sure. They called me in for a consultation. How do you feel?"

"Swell—as in seasick."

"Always the old fight—always the bum joke. And some scrap, Geoff. We heard you go over. I got that foul crack about being asleep. And such language! I thought that the controller's ears were going to drop off and hide under the desk.

"You know it's simply amazing what comes in over the radio. You might have been fighting in the next room. We could hear the shellbursts when you got into the thick of it—we could hear the machine guns going *hahahahaha*. We knew when the three of you ganged up on a bandit and knocked him down—you should have heard the thank-you's from the poor devils on the ground. Then we lost you. We could hear Mellish and Randall bangin' away and calling you between bursts. Then all of a sudden you said, 'Got you!' and there was a most appalling crash and a sort of grunt from you and down went the sergeant without a bone in her body."

"What?"

"There you were, dead on the radio, and there she was, cold on the floor. She was so beautiful I fanned her with the controller's cap. Of course, I promised I wouldn't tell. Only a cad would break such a promise."

"Thanks, cad."

Cissy looked at his watch. "The doc said ten minutes. Five minutes left. I shall now go and pinch a few nurses."

He could not see and he did not hear her come. There was a faint odor of perfume and the touch of her hands.

"Sir, you are beautiful. Sir, will you have dinner with me?"

"Hello, Sergeant."

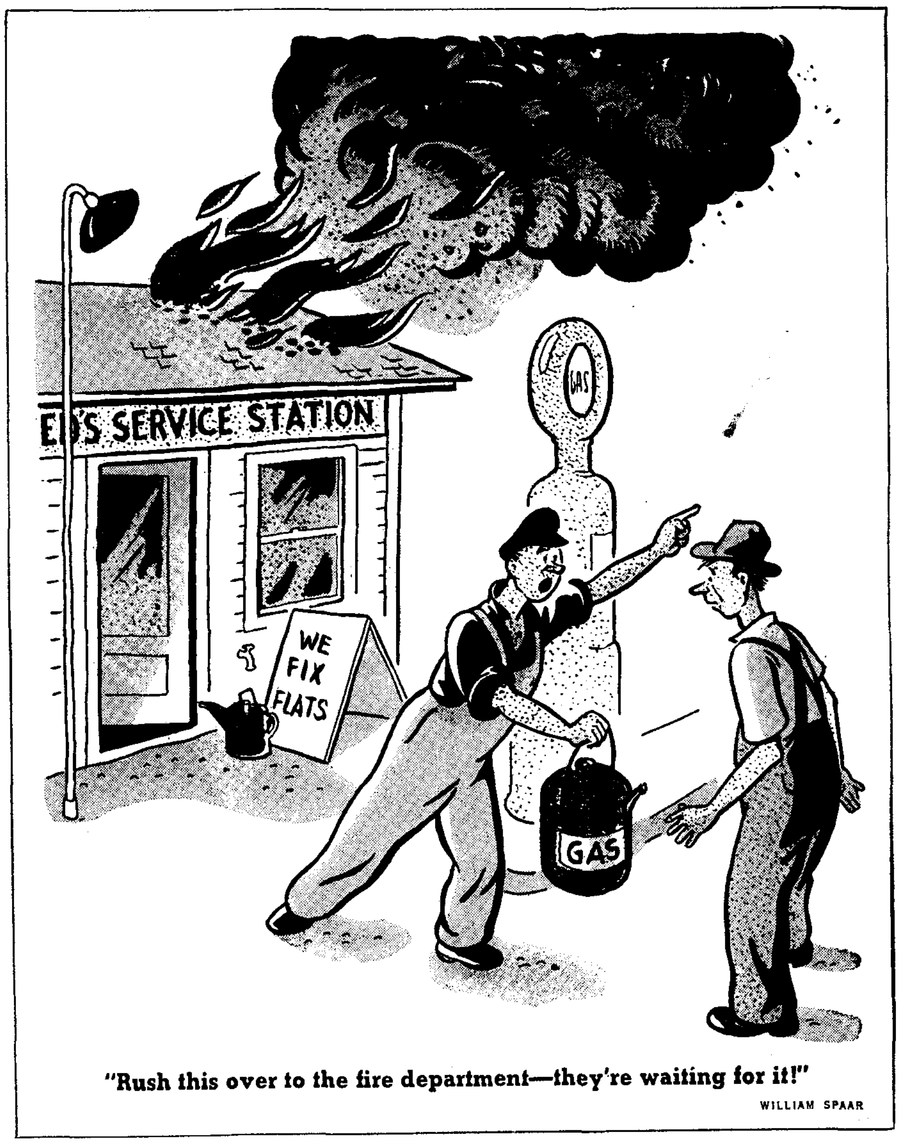
"Hello, Geoffrey."

"You were about right about this ghost business."

"Shush, please—and forgive me that. It was a relic of a bad time. The doctor says you are going to be all right."

"Yeah. What's the news on the Zambesi?"

"You remember the chief's wife who took such a fancy to you. Well, sir, there is a pair of us now."



"Rush this over to the fire department—they're waiting for it!"

WILLIAM SPAAR

IT'S TART
IT'S SMART
IT'S BACARDI

The incomparable Bacardi Cocktail is first choice of the knowing . . . always refreshing . . . always correct . . . and always welcome. But just remember . . . if it isn't made with Bacardi it isn't a Bacardi Cocktail. (Ruling of the N.Y. Supreme Court, Apr. 28, 1936.)

Here's the recipe in rhyme:

A LITTLE SOUR,
(Juice of half a lime)
A LITTLE SWEET,
(½ teaspoonful of sugar)
THE TROPIC SUN,
(A jigger of BACARDI, White or Silver Label)
WITHOUT THE HEAT!
(Ice and shake well)

Ron Superior
BACARDI

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING...
BACARDI

RUM 89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N.Y. Copr. 1941

Six Pullman passengers have their say—

A FEW WEEKS AGO we put a cameraman and a newspaper reporter aboard a Pullman train to find out exactly what different people thought about Pullman travel. Job of the cameraman: to snap unstudied, unposed pictures. Job of the reporter: to interview typical Pullman passengers and get frank answers to questions about Pullman comfort, Pullman service.

The following interviews are the result of their investigation, made on a typical Pullman operating between New York and Chicago.

PASSENGER: Walter H. Brown
Salesman, Jenkintown, Pa.

QUESTION:

How did you sleep last night?

MR. BROWN:

Like a top. I always sleep well on a Pullman. I think you have the most comfortable beds on earth. Not to mention that the sheets are so crisp they crackle—and all the blankets you need.

PASSENGER: M. W. Boyer
Sales Executive, Chicago, Ill.

QUESTION:

So you and your wife travel Pullman quite often? Do you find it comfortable?

MR. BOYER:

Oh, very. We've always been ones for liking our comfort and I guess that's the big reason we travel this way. Mrs. Boyer especially likes the little homelike touches like having clothes hangers and reading lights and plenty of shelf space in the berths. It's about as comfortable as home, I'd say.

PASSENGER: Arthur Secor
Mechanical Engineer, Pearl River, New York

QUESTION:

What did you think about the service of your porter?

MR. SECOR:

Pretty near perfect. He even polished my shoes better than my regular bootblack. I swear I don't know how he takes care of so many people so well.

PASSENGER: Mrs. Larry French
Housewife, Los Angeles, California

QUESTION:

Does it bore you to ride on a Pullman?

MRS. FRENCH:

Bore me? I should say not. You can meet the most charming and sociable people on a Pullman. There's really no nicer place in the world for friendly conversation than a Pullman lounge car.

PASSENGER: Walter Williams
Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.

QUESTION:

You say you're an old Pullman passenger? Just why do you go Pullman?

MR. WILLIAMS:

Because, as a businessman, I have to be sure I'm going to arrive *where* I'm going *when* I've promised to—regardless of weather. And on a Pullman I can really relax. I know I'm safe.

PASSENGER: Helene Petitjean
Teacher, Denver, Colorado

QUESTION:

Do you think Pullman travel is expensive?

MRS. PETITJEAN:

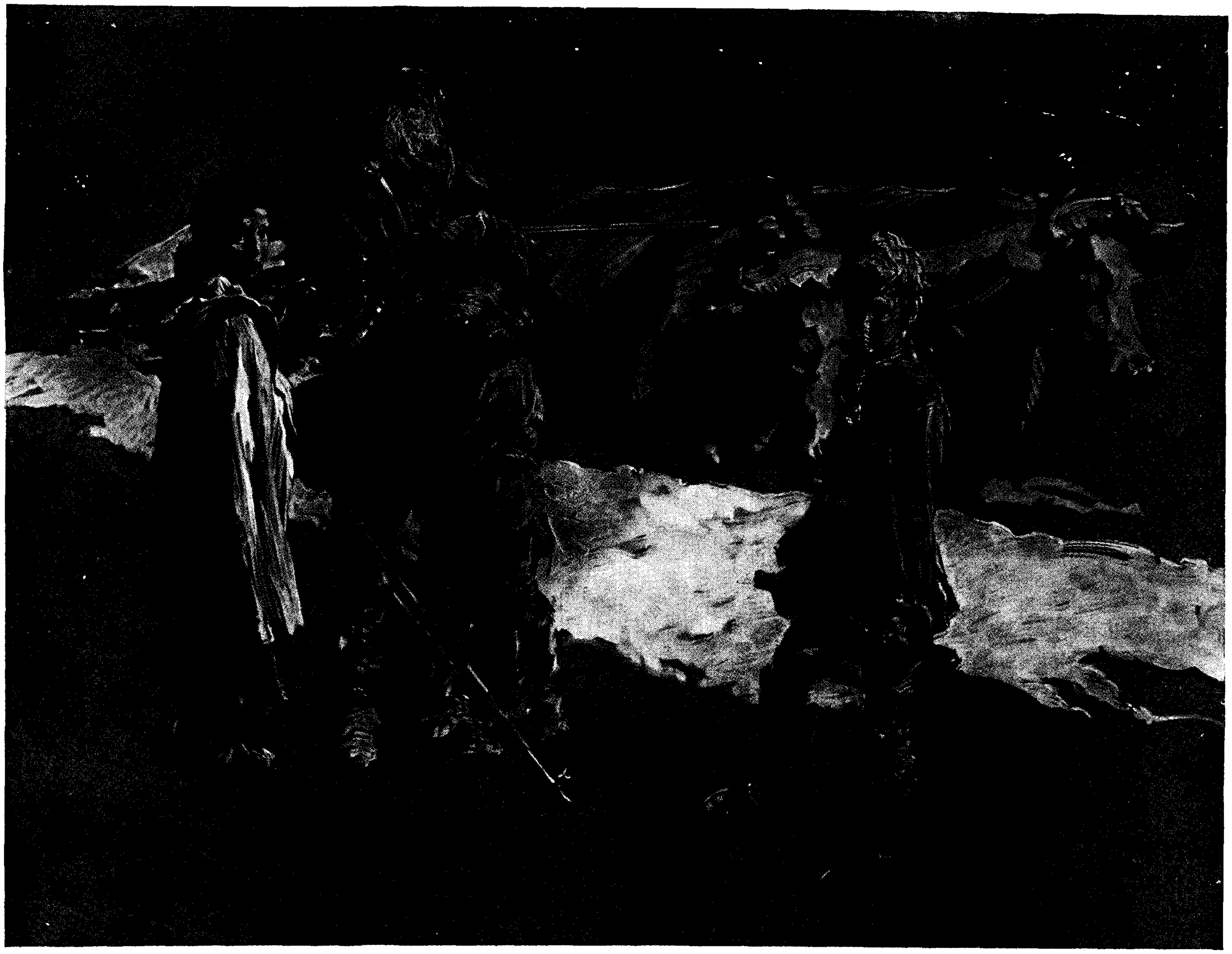
Well, I teach French for a living, but I can afford to go Pullman. What little extra it costs is more than worth it. When I travel other ways I get terribly tired out and irritated. Going by Pullman is as comfortable as living in my own house.

* * *

WE HOPE these people have convinced you that you should try Pullman the next time you go some place. You'll find it's the pleasantest way to travel.

COPR. 1941 THE PULLMAN CO.

FOR COMFORT, SAFETY AND DEPENDABILITY—GO PULLMAN



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

The boy Dan'l, stocky and sullen in his grief, told what little there was to tell

The neighbors knew that young Dan'l Frost was licked from the start, but Dan'l never did find it out

"SLAVEHOLDING," spoke up little Cicero, husband of Mis' Ditch across to the Tavern, "ain't any longer allowed in York State."

That was sure a fact. But Cicero made it sound like a challenge to the three, four other idlers in Gunsmith's shop.

"Cicero, you're plumb crazy." Solomon Broadmoor set down a stocking plane, which he had been testing on the calluses of his left hand. "Hain't you never heard tell of adopting young'uns for the young'un's own good?"

For lack of a smithy in the small settlement of Cold Brook, Gunsmith's workshop served as a forum for the discussion of guns and horses, of village affairs, and even news of the less-important world which was outside the hill-locked valley. The slab-sided lean-to with its earthen floor lay conveniently opposite the Tavern, to which one week came the northbound coach up the Hudson Valley from Albany, and the next week the southbound coach from the thin line of forts and settlements stringing down the west shore of the lake from Canada.

Gunsmith set a finished rifle up in the rack and lifted down another. He paid no heed to the discussion; folks who had time to dawdle around in midmorning were like to say naught worth hearkening to.

Beyond the focus of his attention Sol and Cicero were still arguing about old man Frost and his children. Gunsmith's mind kept picking up bits of the talk. It wasn't rightly a story so much as a kind of happening. The folks of Cold Brook had made a great to-do over it.

OLD man Frost—he was old as settlers went, rising seventy—had driven his yoke of oxen and sled down to Sandy Hill, to trade a load of potash and his winter catch of pelts against the summer needs of his wife and three young'uns. Though he hurried against the thaw that might set in and turn the frozen trail back to mire and belly-deep swamp, it was four full days before he returned with his salt, two, three lengths of cloth, a scythe blade, a small keg of powder, and suchlike.

His long whip cracking like pistol shots in the cold air to tell of his coming, he drew around the bend of the hill. He must have stared then, blinking his eyes, thinking he was snow-blinded. No home. . . . No wife. . . . Just a blackened ring where the snow had melted, and in the middle of the ring cold gray ashes.

He must have thought the children too had gone, until they came out, still frightened, from the forest. Old man Frost questioned the eldest girl, but she could do naught but cry. And the little girl just held tight a-holt of his leg and said nothing. The boy Dan'l, stocky and kind of sullen in his grief, told what little there was to tell.

As soon as their Pa had drawn out of sight, four days back, their Ma had taken with one of those spells she had, crying and angry both to-once, and drove them all out from underfoot. So the three young'uns took the hand ax, to cut a hole in the ice of the lake, and went a-fishing. With first dusk they returned, hoping that their Ma might be better. Seeing a glow, they hurried; but when they came out from the trees there was little left but embers.

They huddled together, there in the last of the chilly sunset, asking one another what had happened, and what they were going to do now. As it grew dark the boy cut them a shelter of hemlock boughs for bed and windbreak; and the eldest girl built a fire from the embers and roasted a mess of fish. Eldest had wanted Young'un to run for a neighbor; but Dan'l had pointed out there was naught that ary neighbor could do now, so they'd best wait for their Pa.

That was all Dan'l had to tell his Pa of the happening; except that of course they had kept the fire going, had been down to the lake again to fish, and had visited the trap line as their Pa had said to do.

Old man Frost listened to his son, but didn't say aught. Just unslung his powder horn and hunting bag like it had grown too heavy, and hung it over the muzzle of his rifle. He made as if to unyoke the oxen. But their stall had been in the lean-to; and there was no lean-to, no stall, nothing.

Old man Frost looked mighty tired; more shrunk in on himself than ever, his beard a streaky yellow against the whiter snow. He stood for a middling while, not taking his eyes off the ashes that had been his wife and his home.

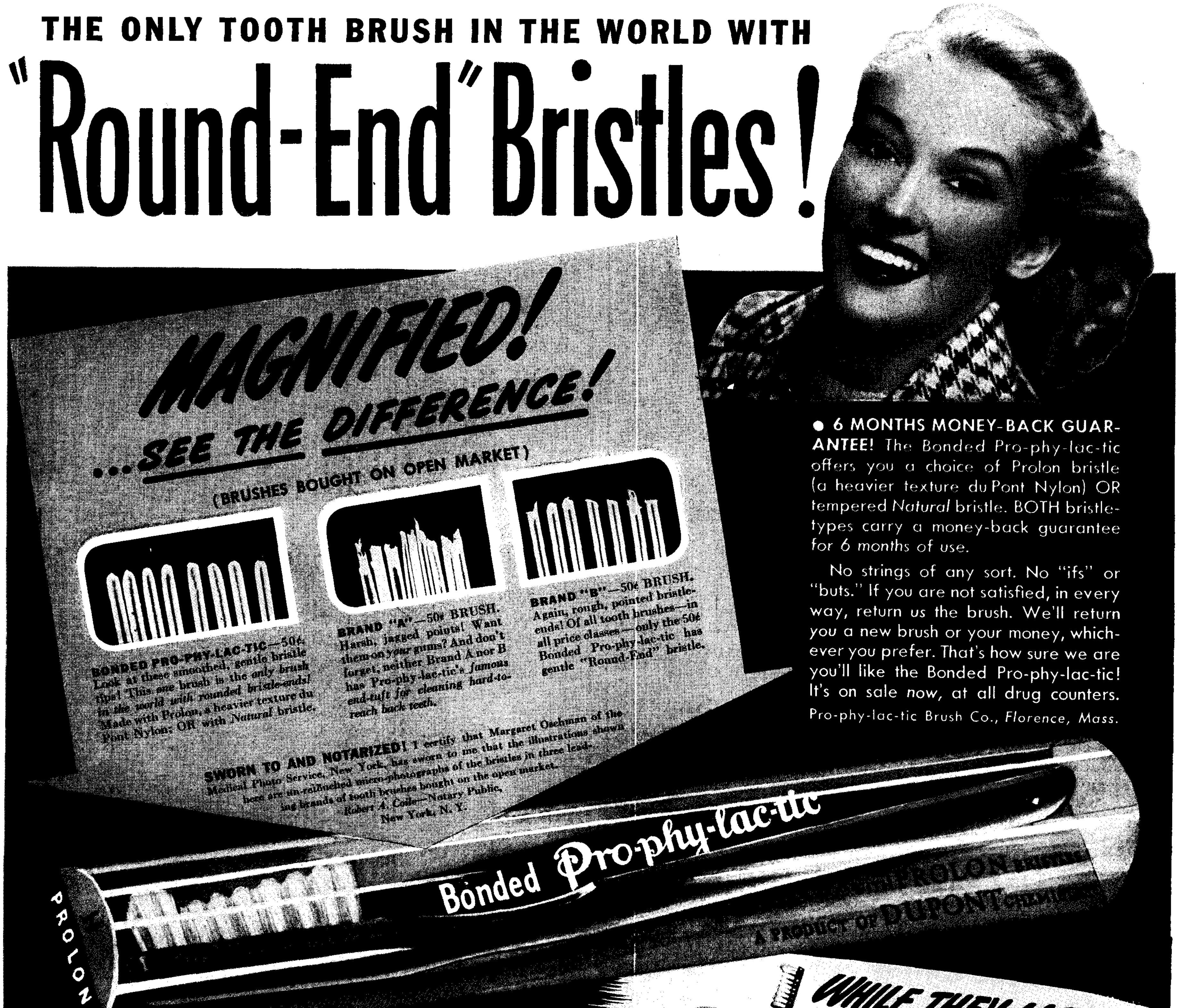
Then he sighed, slung his bag and horn again, picked up his rifle and turned about. Dan'l made to follow. But the old man said, "Stay there, son," and walked off northward into the forest.

He had not come back.

Of course the women said he'd no right to leave the children, deserting them like that. But, if he wasn't plumb crazed with sorrow, like as not it had come over him how he'd never amounted to much. And with him out of the way, he'd figure, the neighbors would take in the young'uns, and be

(Continued on page 46)

THE ONLY TOOTH BRUSH IN THE WORLD WITH "Round-End" Bristles!



MAGNIFIED! ...SEE THE DIFFERENCE!

(BRUSHES BOUGHT ON OPEN MARKET)

BONDED PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC—50¢. Look at these smoothed, gentle bristle tips! This *one* brush is the *only brush in the world with rounded bristle-ends!* Made with Prolon, a heavier texture du Pont Nylon; OR with *Natural* bristle.

BRAND "A"—50¢ BRUSH. Harsh, jagged points! Want them on *your* gums? And don't forget, neither Brand A nor B has Pro-phy-lac-tic's *famous end-tuft for cleaning hard-to-reach back teeth.*

BRAND "B"—50¢ BRUSH. Again, rough, pointed bristle-ends! Of all tooth brushes—in all price classes—only the 50¢ Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic has gentle "Round-End" bristle.

SWORN TO AND NOTARIZED! I certify that Margaret Oechmann of the Medical Photo Service, New York, has sworn to me that the illustrations shown here are un-retouched micro-photographs of the bristles in three leading brands of tooth brushes bought on the open market.
Robert A. Coile—Notary Public,
New York, N. Y.

● **6 MONTHS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!** The Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic offers you a choice of Prolon bristle (a heavier texture du Pont Nylon) OR tempered *Natural* bristle. BOTH bristle-types carry a money-back guarantee for 6 months of use.

No strings of any sort. No "ifs" or "buts." If you are not satisfied, in every way, return us the brush. We'll return *you* a new brush or your money, whichever you prefer. That's how sure we are you'll like the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic! It's on sale *now*, at all drug counters.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., *Florence, Mass.*

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
TOOTH BRUSH

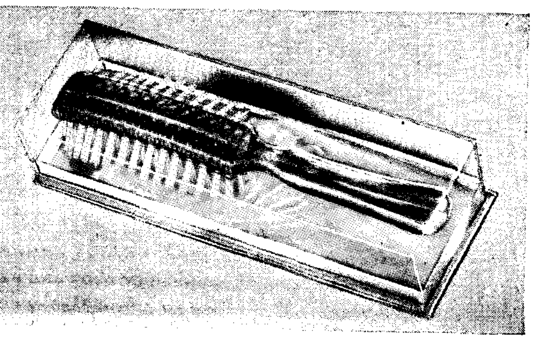
Prolon bristles (a heavier texture du Pont Nylon)
OR tempered Natural bristles

Pro-phy-lac-tic

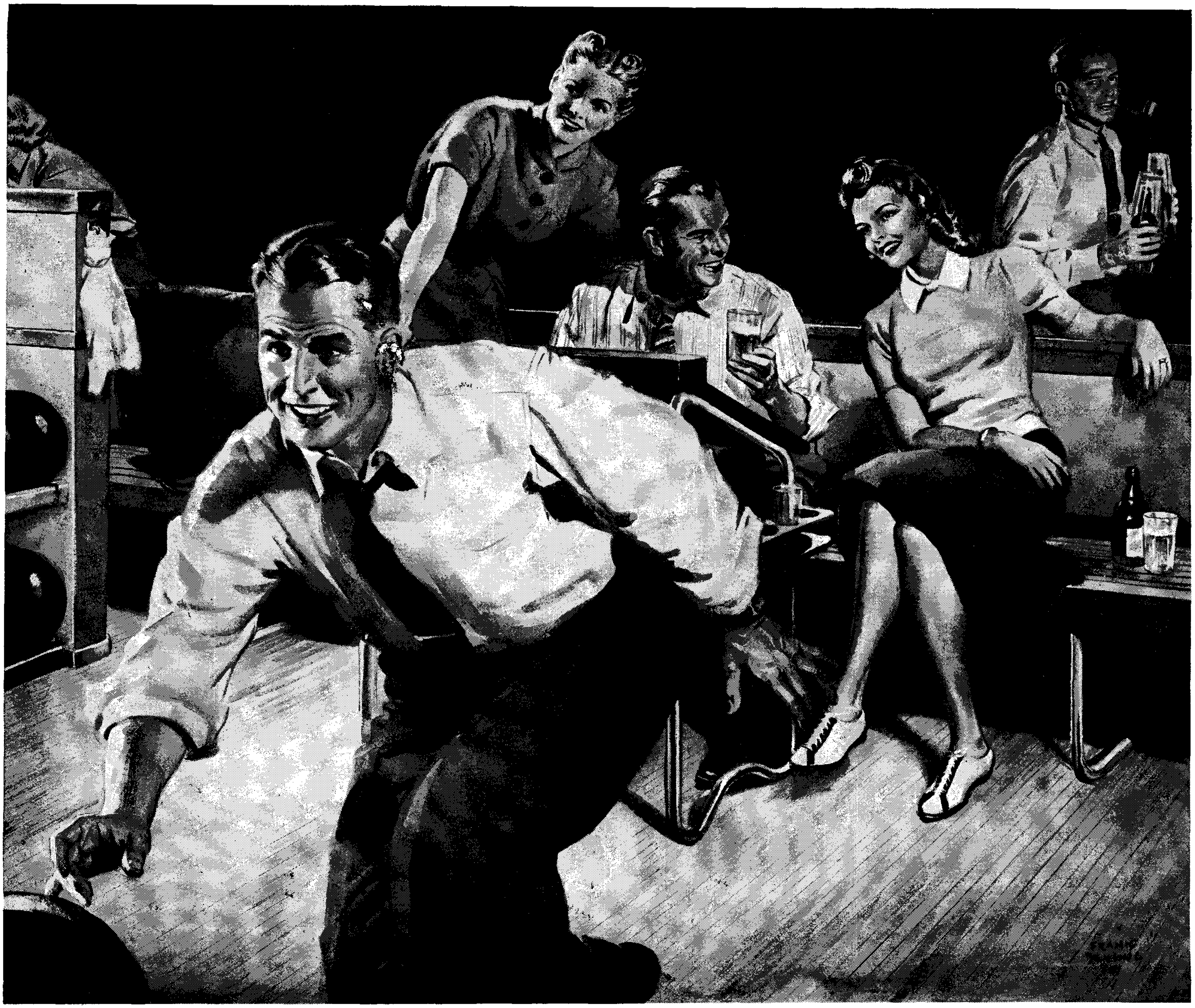
WHILE THEY LAST!
Special *"Get Acquainted"* Offer!
New BONDED 50¢ BRUSH
Giant Size TOOTH POWDER
BOTH FOR 47¢

A LINE OF PLASTIC HAIR BRUSHES!

Another Pro-phy-lac-tic triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Bristles of Prolon (a heavier texture du Pont Nylon). $1.50 to $10.00—at most good brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush* $4.00



Jewelite Brushes
BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC



Right down their alley ...a glass of mellow beer or ale!

Ham and eggs . . . Hot dogs and mustard . . . Thanksgiving and mince pie . . . Bowling and beer.

Those are pairs which destiny seems to bracket together. In the case of beer and bowling, it is hard to imagine the sport of rumbling balls and crashing pins without the accompanying pleasure of long, chilled glasses of mellow, amber beer.

Beer belongs so definitely to your hours of relaxation. Whether you bowl, hunt, fish... or just plain sit... beer and ale can be your good companions. Brewed from the farmers' ripened harvests . . . golden grains and fragrant hops . . . beer and ale are so satisfying, so delightful to the taste.

Known, from time forgotten, as man's "beverage of moderation," beer can do so much to make your playtime hours pleasanter, more restful, more relaxing.

Because beer is a beverage of moderation and so great a national favorite, it deserves to have its good name guarded well. We who brew America's beer are cooperating to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. You can help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program... described in a booklet sent free on request. Address United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. B11, 21 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.

The Pied Piper

Continued from page 22

The choice was limited. There was a farm on the right of the road, and half a mile farther on he could see a farm on the left of the road; farther than that the children could not walk. He turned in to the first one. A placard nailed upon a post, *Chien Méchant,* warned him, but did not warn the children. The dog, an enormous brindled creature, leaped out at them to the limit of his chain, raising a terrific clamor. The children scattered back, Sheila let out a roar of fright and tears, and Rose began to whimper. It was in the din of dog and children competing with each other that Howard presented himself at the door of the farm and asked for a bed for the children.

The gnarled old woman said, "There are no beds here. Do you take this for a hotel?"

A buxom, younger woman behind her said, "They could sleep in the barn, *ma mère.*"

The old dame said, "Eh? The barn?" She looked Howard up and down. "The soldiers sleep in the barn when we billet them. Have you any money?"

He said, "I have enough to pay for a good bed for these children, madame."

"Ten francs."

"I have ten francs. May I see the barn?"

SHE led him through the cow house to the barn behind. It was a large, bare apartment with a threshing floor at one end, empty and comfortless. The younger woman followed behind them.

He shook his head. "I am desolated, madame, but the children must have a bed. I must look somewhere else."

He heard the younger woman whisper something about the hayloft. He heard the older woman protest angrily. He heard the young one say, "*Ils sont fatigués, les petits. . . .*" Then they turned aside and conferred together.

The hayloft proved to be quite possible. It was a shelter anyway, and somewhere where the children could sleep. He made a bargain for them to sleep there for fifteen francs. He found that the women had milk to spare but little food. He left the children in the loft and went and brought the pram in past the dog; he broke his bread in two and gave half of it to the younger woman who would make bread and milk for the children.

Half an hour later he was doing what he could to make the children comfortable upon the hay. The younger woman came in and stood watching for a moment. "You have no blankets, then?" she said.

He shook his head, bitterly regretful that he had left his blanket in the bus. "It was necessary to leave everything, madame."

She did not speak, but presently she went away. Ten minutes later she returned, with two coarse blankets of the sort used for horses. "Do not tell *ma mère,*" she said gruffly.

He thanked her, and busied himself making a bed for the children. She stood there watching him, silent and bovine. Presently the children were comfortable and settled for the night. When they were asleep Howard trod down a little of the hay into a bed, and lay down himself, pulling his jacket around him.

He did not sleep well. Dawn came at about four, a thin gray light that stole into the loft, pointing the cobwebs strung between the rafters. He dozed and slept again; at about six he got up and went down the ladder, and sluiced his face under the pump. The growth of thin stubble on his chin offended him, but he shrank from trying to shave beneath the pump. In Montargis there would be a hotel; he would wait till then.

The women were already busy about the work of the farm. He spoke to the older one, and asked if she would make some coffee for the children. Three francs, for the four of them, she said. He reassured her on that point, and went to get the children up.

He found them already running about; they had seen him go downstairs. He sent them down to wash their faces at the pump. Then he gave them their coffee in the kitchen of the farm with the remainder of the bread, attended to their more personal requirements, paid the old lady seventeen francs for food and lodging. At about quarter past seven he led them one by one past the *chien méchant* and out onto the road again, pushing the pram before him.

They went very slowly, making not more than a mile and a half in each hour.

The road was full of refugees. Farm carts, drawn by great Flemish horses, lumbered down the middle of the road at walking pace, loaded with furniture and bedding and sacks of food and people. Between them and around them seethed the motor traffic: big cars and little cars, occasional ambulances and motor bicycles, all going to the west. All were choked with dust, all sweating and distressed, all pressing on to Montargis. From time to time an airplane flew near the road; then there was panic and an accident or two. But no bombs were dropped that day.

The heat was intense. At about a quarter to twelve they came to a place where a little stream ran beside the road, and here there was another block of many traffic blocks caused by the drivers of the farm wagons who stopped to water their horses. Howard decided to make a halt; he pushed the perambulator a little way over the field away from the road to where a little sandy spit ran out into the stream beneath the trees.

"Well stop here for lunch," he said to the children. "Go and wash your hands and faces in the water." He took the food and sat down in the shade; he was very tired, but there were still five miles or more to Montargis. Surely, there would be a motorbus there!

Ronnie said, "May I paddle, Mr. Howard?"

He roused himself. "Bathe if you want to," he said. "It's hot enough."

"May I really bathe?"

Sheila echoed, "May I really bathe, too?"

He got up from the grass. "I don't see why not," he said slowly. "Take your things off and have a bath before lunch if you want to."

THE English children needed no further encouragement. Ronnie was out of his few clothes and splashing in the water in a few seconds; Sheila got into a tangle with her bodice and had to be helped. Howard watched them for a minute, amused. Then he turned to Rose. "Would you like to go in, too?" he said in French.

She shook her head in scandalized amazement. "It is not nice, that, monsieur. Not at all."

He glanced at the little naked bodies gleaming in the sun. "No," he said reflectively, "I suppose it's not. Still, they may as well go on, now they've started." He turned to Pierre. "Would you like to bathe, Pierre?"

The little boy in gray stared round-eyed at the English children. "*Non merci,* monsieur," he said.

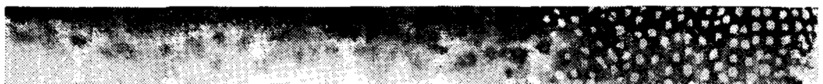
Howard said, "Wouldn't you like to take your shoes off and have a paddle, then? In the water?" The child looked doubtfully at him, and then at Rose. "It's nice in the water." He turned to Rose, "Take him and let him put his feet in the water, Rose."

She took the little boy's shoes and socks off and they went down and paddled at the very edge of the water. Howard went back to the shade of the trees and sat down again where he could see the children. Presently Sheila splashed a little water at the paddlers; he heard *la petite* Rose scolding. He saw the little boy in gray, standing in an inch of water, stoop and put his hand in, and splash a little back. And then, among the children's chatter, he heard a shrill little sound that was quite new to him.

It was Pierre laughing.

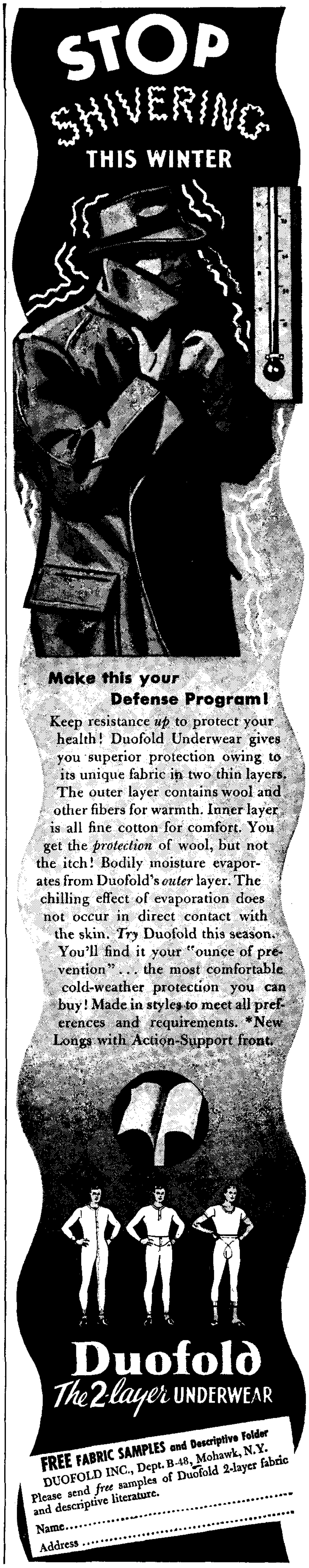
Behind his back he heard a man say, "God love a duck. Look at them happy kids—just like Brighton."

Another said, "Never mind about the muckin' kids. Look at the mud they've stirred up. We can't put that stuff in the



"Now, remember—no slugging! An' lay off wit' that elbow in th' scrimmages. Make it clean! That new referee's got an eye like a hawk!"

JAY IRVING


STOP SHIVERING THIS WINTER

Make this your Defense Program!

Keep resistance *up* to protect your health! Duofold Underwear gives you superior protection owing to its unique fabric in two thin layers. The outer layer contains wool and other fibers for warmth. Inner layer is all fine cotton for comfort. You get the *protection* of wool, but not the itch! Bodily moisture evaporates from Duofold's *outer* layer. The chilling effect of evaporation does not occur in direct contact with the skin. *Try* Duofold this season. You'll find it your "ounce of prevention" . . . the most comfortable cold-weather protection you can buy! Made in styles to meet all preferences and requirements. *New Longs with Action-Support front.

Duofold
The 2-layer UNDERWEAR

FREE FABRIC SAMPLES and Descriptive Folder
DUOFOLD INC., Dept. B-48, Mohawk, N.Y.
Please send *free* samples of Duofold 2-layer fabric and descriptive literature.
Name..............................
Address..............................

"I CERTAINLY DIDN'T THINK WE'D BE HERE TODAY... YOUR HEAD WAS SO STUFFED UP YESTERDAY."

"AHA...YOU FORGOT THAT I USE MISTOL*"

*MISTOL DROPS WITH EPHEDRINE

FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE SUFFERING THE DISCOMFORTS OF A HEAD COLD

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Copr. 1941, Stanco Inc.

radiator. Better go on upstream a bit. And get a move on or we'll be here all the muckin' night."

Howard swung round and there, before him in the field, were two men, dirty and unshaven, in British Royal Air Force uniform. One was a corporal and one a driver.

He started up. "I'm English," he burst out. "Have you got a car?"

The corporal stared at him, amazed. "And who the muckin' hell might you be?"

"I'm English. These children are English, two of them. We're trying to get through to Chartres."

"Chartres?" The corporal was puzzled.

"Charters, 'e means," the driver said. "I see that on the map."

Howard said, "You've got a car?"

"Workshop lorry," said the corporal. He swung round on the driver. "Get the muckin' water and start filling up, Bert." The driver went off upstream, swinging the can.

The old man said, "Can you give us a lift?"

"What, you and all them kids? I dunno about that, mate. How far do you want to go?"

"I'm trying to get back to England."

"You ain't the only one."

"I only want a lift to Chartres. They say that trains are running from there to St. Malo."

"You don't want to believe all these Froggies say. Tried to tell us it was all right goin' through a place called Susan yesterday, and when we got there it was full of muckin' Jerries! All loosing off their hipes at Bert and me like we was Aunt Sally! I got the old Bren going over the windshield and we went round the roundabout like it was the banking at Brooklands, and out the way we come, and all we got was two bullets in the motor generator what makes the juice for lighting. But fancy saying we could go through there! Susan the name was, or something of that."

The old man blinked at him. "Where are you making for?"

THE corporal said, "Place called Brest. Officer said to go there if we got cut off, and we'd get the lorry shipped back home from there."

Howard said, "Take us with you."

The other looked uncertainly at the children. "I dunno if there'd be room. Them kids ain't English."

"Two of them are. They're speaking French now, but that's because they've been brought up in France."

The driver passed them with his dripping can, going toward the road.

"What are the other two?"

"They're French."

"I ain't taking no Froggie kids along," the corporal said. "I ain't got no room for one thing, and they're just as well left in their own place, to my way of thinking. I don't mind obliging you and the two English ones."

Howard said, "You don't understand. The two French ones are in my care." He explained the situation to the man.

"It's no good, mate," he said. "I ain't got room for all of you."

Howard said slowly, "I see. . . ." He stared for a moment absently at the traffic on the road. "If it's a matter of room," he said, "will you take the four children through to Brest with you? They won't take up much room. I'll give you a letter for the R.T.O. at Brest, and a letter to my solicitor in England. And I can give you money for anything they'll want."

The other wrinkled his brows. "Leaving you here?"

"I'll be all right. In fact, I'll get along quicker without them."

"You mean take them two Froggie kids along 'stead of you? Is that what you're getting at?"

"I'll be all right. I know France well."

"Don't talk so bloody soft. What would I do with four muckin' kids and only Bert along o' me?" He swung round on his heel. "Come on, then. Get them kids dressed toot and sweet—I ain't going to wait all night. And if I finds them messing around I'll tan their little bottoms for them, straight I will."

He swung off back toward his lorry. Howard hurried down to the sand spit and called the children to him. "Come on and get your clothes on, quickly," he said. "We're going in a motor lorry."

Ronnie faced him, stark naked. "Really? What sort is it? May I sit by the driver, Mr. Howard?"

Sheila, similarly nude, echoed, "May I sit by the driver, too?"

"Come on and get your clothes on," he repeated. He turned to Rose and said in French, "Put your stockings on, Rose, and help Pierre. We've got to be very quick."

He hurried the children all he could, but they were wet and the clothes stuck to them; he had no towel. Before he was finished the two Air Force men were back with him, worrying with their urgency to start. At last he had the children ready. "Will you be able to take my perambulator?" he asked a little timidly.

The corporal said, "We can't take that muckin' thing, mate. It's not worth a dollar."

The old man said, "I know it's not. But if we have to walk again it's all I've got to put the little ones in."

The driver chipped in, "Let 'im take it on the roof. It'll ride there all right, Corp. We'll be walking if we don't get hold of juice."

"Cripes!" the corporal said. "Call this a workshop lorry! All right, stick it on the roof."

He hustled them toward the road. The lorry stood gigantic by the roadside, the traffic eddying around it. Inside, it was stuffed full of machinery. An enormous lathe stood in the middle. A grinding wheel and valve-facing machine stood at one end, a little filing and sawing machine at the other. Beneath the lathe a motor-generator set was housed; above it was a long electric switchboard. The men's kit bags occupied what little room there was.

Howard hastily removed their lunch from the pram, and watched it heaved up onto the roof of the van. Then he helped the children up among the machinery. The corporal refused pointblank to let them ride beside the driver. "I got the Bren there, see?" he said. "I don't want no perishing kids around if we runs into Jerries."

Howard said, "I see that." He consoled Ronnie, and climbed in himself into the lorry. The corporal saw them settled, then went round and got up by the driver; with a low purr and a lurch the lorry moved out into the traffic.

It was half an hour later that the old man realized that they had left Sheila's pants beside the stream in their hurry.

They settled down to the journey. The interior of the van was awkward and uncomfortable for Howard, with no place to sit down and rest; he had to stoop, half kneeling, on a kit bag.

IT WAS terribly hot. The van body of the lorry had sides made of wood, which folded outward to enlarge the floor space when the lathe was in use. Little light entered around these wooden sides; it was dim and stuffy and very smelly in among the machinery. The children did not seem to suffer much, but it was a trying journey for the old man. In a short time he had a splitting headache, and was aching in every limb from the cramped positions he was constrained to take up.

The road was ominously clear to Pithiviers, and they made good speed. From time to time an airplane flew low above the road and once there was a sharp burst of machine-gun fire very near at hand. Howard leaned over to the little window at the driver's elbow. "Jerry bomber," said the corporal. "One o' them Stukas, as they call them."

"Was he firing at us?"

"Aye. Miles off, he was." The corporal did not seem especially perturbed.

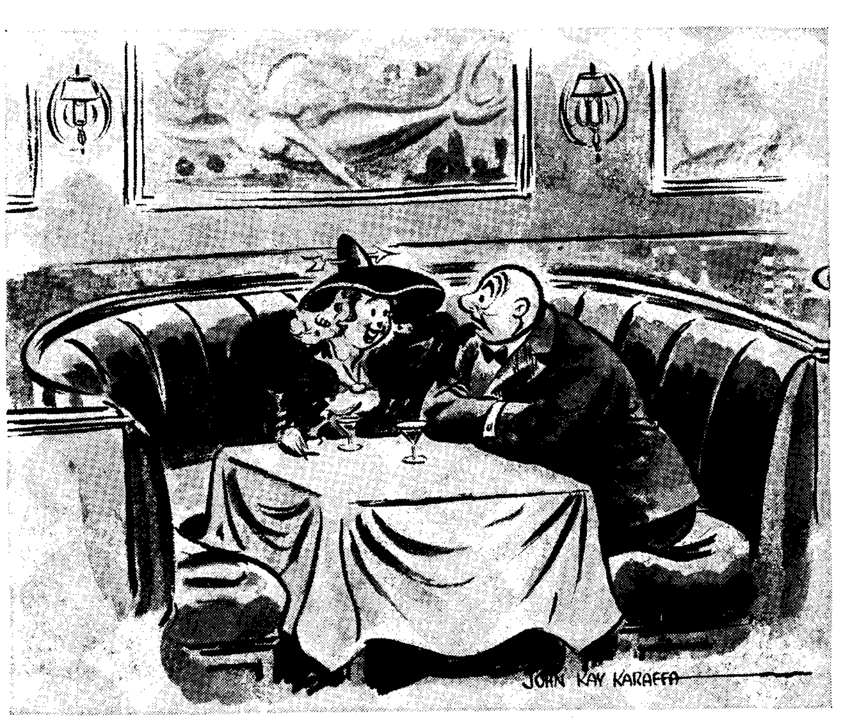
In an hour they were near Pithiviers, five and twenty miles from Montargis. They drew up by the roadside half a mile from the town and held a consultation. The road stretched straight before them to the houses, with no soul in sight. There was no movement in the town. It seemed to be deserted in the blazing sunlight of the afternoon.

They stared at it, irresolute. "I dunno's as I fancy it," the corporal said. "It don't look right to me."

The driver said, "Bloody funny nobody's about. You don't think it's full of Jerries, Corp? Hiding, like?"

"I dunno. . . ."

Howard, leaning forward with his face



"What do you do with the time you used to spend in the barbershop?"

JOHN KAY KARAFFA

More Than Ever Before
AMERICA'S ECONOMY TRUCK!

The RIGHT Chassis
6 DIFFERENT WHEELBASES

+

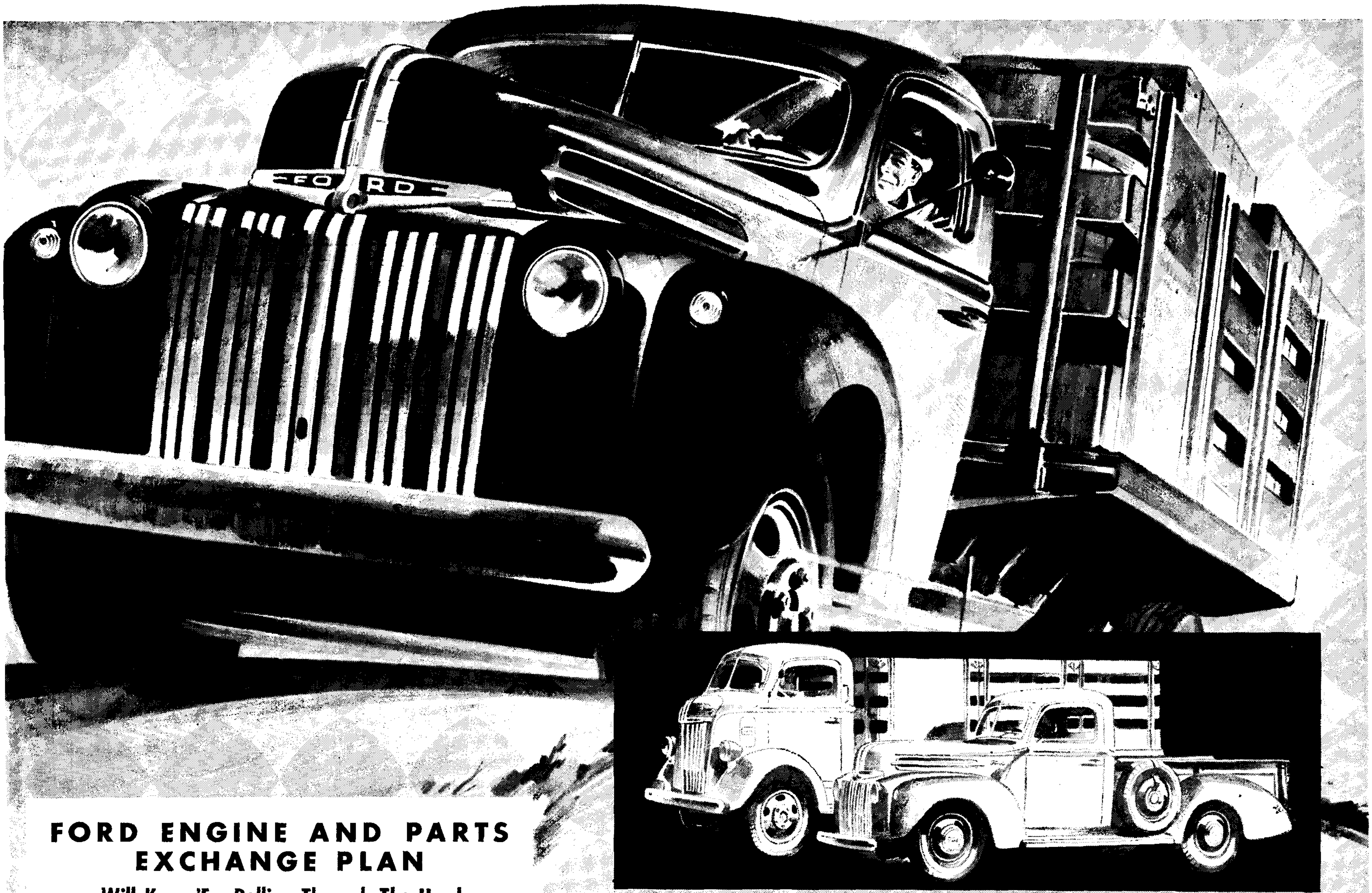
The RIGHT Body
126 CHASSIS AND BODY COMBINATIONS

+

The RIGHT Engine
4 DIFFERENT ENGINES

=

The RIGHT TRUCK
For Today's Tough Job!



FORD ENGINE AND PARTS EXCHANGE PLAN

Will Keep 'Em Rolling Through The Hard Truck Days Ahead

- As a plus value when you buy a Ford Truck, you receive the benefits of a plan that extends the life of your truck far beyond the many thousands of miles you normally expect it to serve. Under this Ford Engine and Parts Exchange Plan, many vital parts, including the engine itself, may be exchanged, when necessary, at minimum cost and without loss of valuable time. Ask your Ford dealer for details of this service that means *extra* savings to you!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Builders of Ford and Mercury Cars, Ford Trucks, Commercial Cars, Station Wagons, Transit Buses

THE NEW Ford Trucks meet more than 95% of all hauling requirements and save money in mile after mile of dependable, trouble-free operation. Truck-built from the inside out—with extra strength at all critical points—low-cost Ford Trucks are the big dollar value for 1942! You have the option of six wheelbases plus 126 Ford-built chassis and body combinations. Four great engines—the 90 hp or 100 hp V-8, the new 90 hp "6", and the super-economy "4"—offer you the most flexible power-range in the entire truck field. All the proved Ford economies . . . low first cost, low operating cost, low maintenance cost . . . are yours in a truck that's *right* for these times, *right* for your job! See the new Ford Trucks—learn for yourself why they're the best and toughest ever to bear the Ford name!

HOW TO
FIGHT HEADACHES
3 ways at same time!

HEADACHE
NERVES
STOMACH

Break Headache's Vicious Circle
this proved, sensible way

● A splitting headache disturbs your nervous system; with jumpy nerves often goes an upset stomach — all tending to aggravate the pain in your head. *That's headache's "vicious circle!"*

And *that's* why a *mere single-acting* pain-reliever may prove so unsatisfactory. It may relieve only the pain in your head and still leave you feeling dull, sickish.

Millions break headache's "vicious circle" with a product that acts *3 ways at the same time*—Bromo-Seltzer. Because Bromo-Seltzer not only helps STOP THE PAIN, but also CALM THE NERVES and SETTLE THE STOMACH.

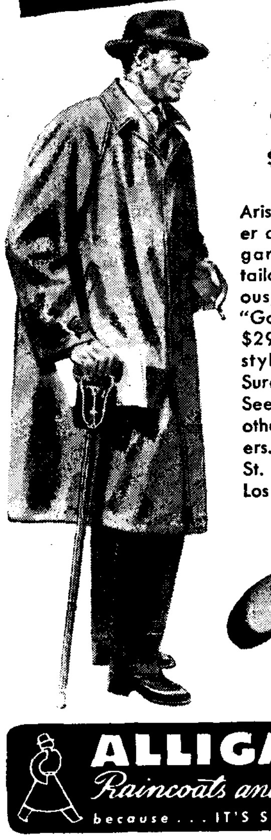
Next time you get a headache, fight it 3 ways at the same time. Take 60 seconds out for a Bromo-Seltzer.* See if it doesn't leave you feeling refreshed; more alert both mentally and physically. Get Bromo-Seltzer today!

**Just use as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.*

BROMO-SELTZER

THE WEATHER'S FINE! RAIN OR SHINE!

When you wear ALLIGATOR'S All-Weather Gold Label!



$29.50

Other Alligator Rainwear
$5.75 to $29.50

Aristocrat of all-weather coats is this striking garment, beautifully tailored of rich, luxurious, water-repellent "Gold Label" fabric, $29.50. In Weatherstyle Cloth, $25.00. Surain Cloth, $20.50. See these and many others at better dealers. The Alligator Co., St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR
Raincoats and Galecoats
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

to the trap in the partition, said over their shoulders, "I don't mind walking in ahead to have a look, if you wait here."

"Walk in ahead of us?"

"I don't see that there'd be much risk in that. With all these refugees about I can't see that there'd be much risk in it. I'd rather do that than drive in with you if there's any chance of being fired on."

"Something in what he says," the driver said. "If the Jerries *are* there, we mightn't find another roundabout this time."

They discussed it for a minute or two. There was no road alternative to going through the town that did not mean a ten-mile journey back toward Montargis. "An' that's not so bloody funny, either," said the corporal. "Meet the Jerries coming up behind us, like as not."

He hesitated, irresolute. "Okay," he said at last. "Nip in and have a look, mate. Give us the wire if it's all okey-doke. Wave something if it's all right to come on."

The old man said, "I'll have to take the children with me."

"Hell! I don't want to sit here all the bloody day, mate."

The old man said, "I'm not going to be separated from the children." He paused. "You see, they're in my charge. Just like your lathe."

The driver burst out laughing. "That's a good one, Corp! Just like your muckin' lathe, he said."

The corporal said, "Well, put a jerk in it, anyway."

The old man got down from the lorry and lifted the children one by one down into the hot sunlight on the dusty, deserted road. He started off with them down the road toward the town, leading the two little ones by the hand, thinking uneasily that if he were to become separated from the lorry he would inevitably lose his perambulator. He made all speed possible, but it was twenty minutes before he led them into the town.

THERE were no Germans to be seen. The town was virtually deserted; only one or two very old women peered at him from behind curtains or around the half-closed doors of shops. In the gutter of the road that led toward the north a tattered, dirty child that might have been of either sex in its short smock, was chewing something horrible. A few yards up the road a dead horse had been dragged half up onto the pavement and left there, distended and stinking. A dog was tearing at it.

It was a beastly, sordid little town, the old man felt. He caught one of the old women at a door. "Are the Germans here?" he said.

"They are coming from the north," she quavered. "They will ravish everyone, and shoot us."

The old man felt instinctively that this was nonsense. "Have you seen any Germans in the town yet?"

"There is one there."

He looked around, startled. "Where?"

"There." She pointed a trembling, withered hand at the child in the gutter.

"There?" The woman must be mad, distraught with terror of the invaders.

"It speaks only German. It is the child of spies." She caught his arm with senile urgency. "Throw a stone and chase it away. It will bring the Germans to this house if it stays there."

Howard shook her off. "Are any German soldiers here yet?"

She did not answer, but shouted a shrill scream of dirty imprecations at the child in the gutter. The child, a little boy, Howard thought, lifted his head and looked at her with infantile disdain.

There was nothing more to be learned from the old hag; it was now clear to him there were no Germans in the town. He turned away; as he did so there was a sharp crack, and a fair-sized stone rolled down the pavement near the German spy. The child slunk off fifty yards down the street, and squatted down again upon the curb.

The old man was very angry, but he had other things to do. He said to Rose, "Look after the children for a minute, Rose. Don't let them go away, or speak to anyone."

He hurried back along the road that they had entered the town by. He had to go a couple of hundred yards before he came in sight of the lorry, parked by the roadside half a mile away. He waved his hat at it, and saw it move toward him; then he turned, and walked back to where he had left the children.

The lorry overtook him near the crossroads in the middle of the town. The corporal leaned down from the cab. "Any juice here, do you think?" The old man looked at him, uncomprehending. "Petrol, mate."

"Oh—I don't know. I wouldn't hang about here very long."

"That's right," the driver muttered. "Let's get on out of it. It don't look so good to me."

"We got to get juice."

"We got close on five gallons left. Get us to Angerville."

"Okay." The corporal said to Howard, "Get the kids into the back and we'll 'op it."

Howard looked for his children. They were not where he had left them; he looked around, and they were up the road with the German spy, who was crying miserably.

"Rose," he shouted. "Come on. Bring the children."

She called in a thin, piping voice, "He is hurt."

"Come on," he cried. The children looked at him but did not stir. He hurried over to them. "Why don't you come when I call you?"

Rose faced the old man, her little face crimson with anger. "Somebody threw a stone at him and hit him. I saw them do it. It is not right, that."

True enough, a sticky stream of blood was running down the back of the child's neck into his filthy clothes. A sudden loathing for the town enveloped the old man. He took his handkerchief and mopped at the wound.

La petite Rose said, "It is not right to throw a stone at him, and a big woman, too, monsieur. This is a bad, dirty place to do a thing like that."

Ronnie said, "He's coming with us, Mr. Howard. He can sit on the other end of Bert's kit bag by the 'lectric motor."

The old man said, "He belongs here. We can't take him away with us." But in his mind came the thought that it might be kind to do so.

"He doesn't belong here," said Rose. "Two days only he has been here. The woman said so."

THERE was a hurried, heavy step behind them. "What's going on here?" said the corporal.

Howard turned to him. "They're throwing stones at this child," he said. He showed the man the cut on the boy's neck.

"Who's throwing stones?"

"All the people in the village. They think he's a German spy."

"Who—'im?" The corporal stared. "He ain't more'n seven years old!"

"I saw the woman do it," said Ronnie. "That house there. She threw a stone, and did that."

"My muckin' aunt," the corporal said. He turned to Howard, "Anyway, we got to beat it."

"I know." The old man hesitated. "What'll we do? Leave him here in this disgusting place? Or bring him along with us?"

"Bring him along, mate, if you feel like it. I ain't worried over the amount of spying that he'll do."

The old man bent and spoke to the child. "Would you like to come with us?" he said in French.

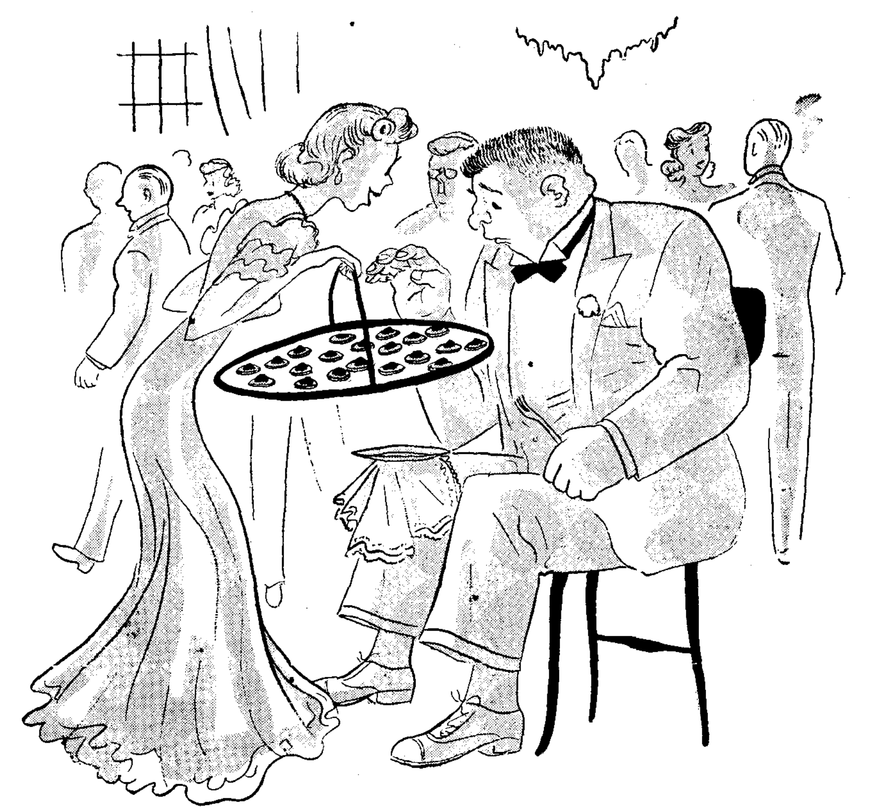
The little boy said something in another language.

Howard said, "*Sprechen sie Deutsch?*" That was the limit of the German that he could recall at the moment, but it drew no response.

He straightened up, heavy with new responsibility. "We'll take him with us," he said quietly. "If we leave him here they'll probably end by killing him."

"If we don't get a move on," said the corporal, "the bloody Jerries will be here and kill the lot of us."

(To be continued next week)



"Here you are, Mr. McCoy. I'll bet you're starved" TED KEY

GIVE HIM THE GIFT THAT HAS THRILLED MORE THAN *3 million men*

MEN LIKE THE 30% QUICKER SHAVE THEY GET WITH THE NEW SCHICK'S FASTER MOTOR. WOMEN LIKE TO KISS THE SMOOTHER CHEEKS THE 2-M HOLLOW-GROUND HEAD LEAVES IN ITS WAKE

No use guessing what to give a man this Christmas. Give him a gift more than three million men have cheered for. Give him something he's going to thank you for every morning.

Here's why men get that way about the time-saving, skin-saving new SCHICK:

It makes shaving wonderfully easy and quick. Yes ma'am, by the stop watch, that new, speedier "WHISKWIK" motor gets him down to breakfast just as the toast pops out of the toaster.

It shaves the whiskers closer! And does it without nicking, scraping or burning the skin. That's on account of the way the 2-M Hollow-Ground Head operates. It shoves a little ripple of skin along beneath it. Then just as each whisker cruises over the crest of the ripple, exposing itself at the most vulnerable angle, that lightning-fast cutter comes along and whacks it off clean down to the skin-line. Gosh! Is the whisker surprised! And is his face smooth! You'll see what we mean when he kisses his thanks.

It shaves neater! It has two little hinged whisker-catchers that hold the beard clippings. Empty at the flick of a finger.

It shaves anywhere—AC or DC. Any time—no need even to loosen a collar.

So settle the gift question now, with a new SCHICK. You'll find them at dealers' everywhere, and our money-back guarantee says this Schick will make any man happy.

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

Born in November?

Drop a birthday hint for a new Schick Shaver!

Your choice of TWO HANDSOME MODELS—*styled by Raymond Loewy*

SCHICK COLONEL—*executed in rich, ivory plastic with gold-colored trim and hinged Whisk-Its. Complete, in simulated alligator tuck-away case,* **$15.00.*** *(Or, packed in de luxe Dress Kit,* **$17.50.)**

SCHICK FLYER—*executed in burgundy plastic with silver-colored trim and hinged Whisk-Its. Packed in soft pouch,* **$12.50.*** *Standard equipment on Pan American Airways and other leading airlines.*

**Slightly higher in Canada*

Many Dealers Offer Easy Payment Terms!

SCHICK OWNERS! ***Get this 2-M Head for your shaver!***

We didn't forget you when we developed this marvelous new 2-M Head. We made it so that it can be used on any of the more than 3 million Schick Shavers now in use!

And it's yours for only $3.00 (slightly higher in Canada). You get the new head expertly fitted, and the whole shaver inspected, cleaned, lubricated, and adjusted free of charge. Simply take your shaver to your nearest dealer or to a Schick Shaver Service Office. (See list at right.)

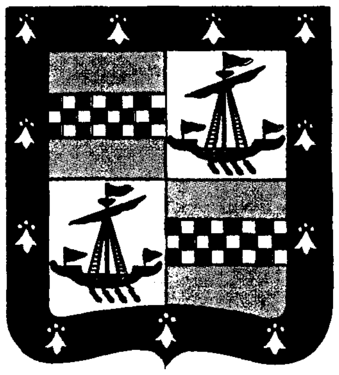
ALBANY
938 Natl. Sav. B'k Bldg.
ATLANTA
603 Rhodes-Haverty Bldg.
BALTIMORE
111 N. Charles St.
BOSTON
630 Boston C. of C. Bldg.
BROOKLYN
1007 Fox Bldg.
BUFFALO
553 Andrews Bldg.
CHICAGO
212 Palmer House
CINCINNATI
814 Schmidt Bldg.
CLEVELAND
301 Swetland Bldg.
COLUMBUS, O.
633 Hunt'gton B'k Bldg.
DALLAS
611 Southland Life Bldg.
DENVER
501 Colorado Bldg.
DES MOINES
413 Fleming Bldg.
DETROIT
906 Industrial B'k Bldg.
HARTFORD, CONN.
1202 American Ind't'l Bldg.
HOUSTON
521 Shell Bldg.
INDIANAPOLIS
703 Merchants B'k Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
702 Fidelity B'k Bldg.
LOS ANGELES
401 RKO Hillstreet Bldg.
MIAMI
218 Shoreland Arcade
MILWAUKEE
152 W. Wisconsin Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
624 Andrus Bldg.
NEW ORLEANS
1801 Canal Bldg.
NEW YORK
17 East 42nd St.
NEWARK, N. J.
810 Raymond Com. Bldg.
OKLAHOMA CITY
619 Hightower Bldg.
OMAHA
647 Omaha Natl. B'k Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA
912 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH
908 Investment Bldg.
PORTLAND, ME.
210 Bank of Com. Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE.
1413 American B'k Bldg.
PROVIDENCE
506 Turks Head Bldg.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
705 Temple Bldg.
ST. LOUIS
575-7 Arcade Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO
787 Monadnock Bldg.
SEATTLE
701 Republic Bldg.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
521 Bond Bldg.

CANADIAN OFFICES

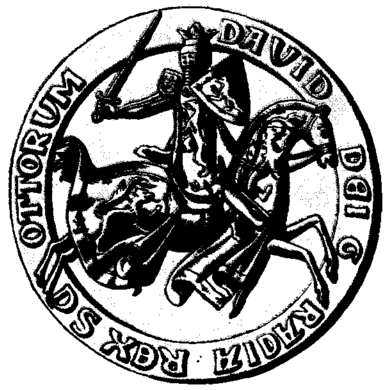
MONTREAL
1015-16 Sun Life Bldg.
TORONTO
78 Richmond St. West
CALGARY
112A Seventh Ave. West

SCHICK INCORPORATED *The New* **SCHICK SUPER SLICK SHAVER**

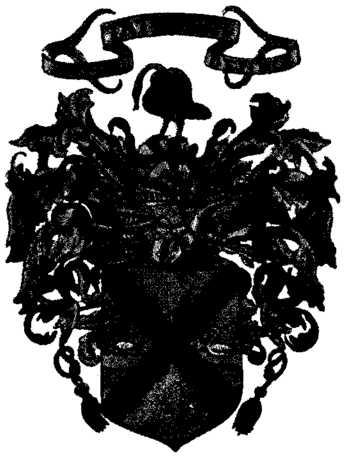
SYMBOLS DEAR TO SCOTLAND



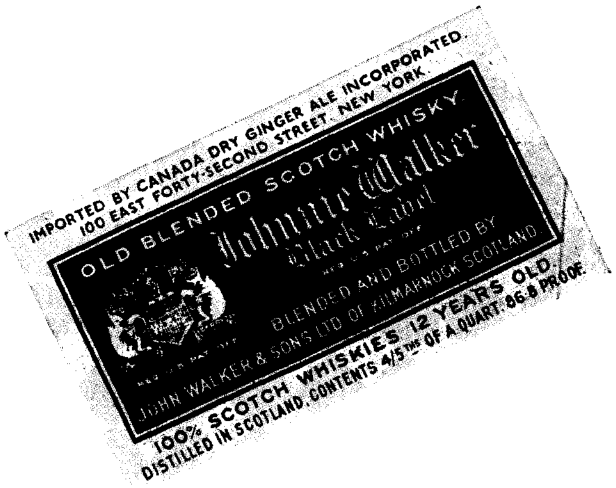
Coat of arms of a 19th century Stewart. It is distinguished from many scores of Stewart arms by a black border, as the Black Label distinguishes Johnnie Walker Scotch of 12 years age.


DAVID DEI GRACIA REX SCOTTORUM

The Great Seal of David II, ancient king of Scotland—the land whose most regal export today is the Black Label of Johnnie Walker.



The colours Or and Sable (gold and black), which add richness to this Scottish coat armour of 1674, are found in the Black Label of Johnnie Walker and call to mind its richness and rarity.



IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY GINGER ALE INCORPORATED.
100 EAST FORTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK.
OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Johnnie Walker
Black Label
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD OF KILMARNOCK SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES 12 YEARS OLD
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND. CONTENTS 4/5THS OF A QUART. 86.8 PROOF.

The proud Black Label, affixed to a rare, mellow Scotch whisky of that name by John Walker and Sons, Ltd. Name this Black Label wherever you are—it is a mark of exceptional taste.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label

12 years old
86.8 proof

BORN 1820...
still going strong

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., *Sole Importer*

Mighty Mites

By Frank Tolbert

The varsity squad of the Masons seldom exceeds fifteen players. But each one has been playing football since infancy, as sad opponents have learned

ALMOST every year, in the early days of December, Moses appears on the campus of the Masonic Home and School at Fort Worth. Moses is a gorilla-chested old East Texas Negro. He walks up the Home's red-brick drive, perhaps with the gulfbound geese honking above. And towheaded kids, in clean but unpressed coveralls, playing around the little boys' dormitory, set up a gleeful howl at the sight of the old man.

Moses is self-appointed "good-luck trainer" for the Masonic Home football team. He looks somewhat like the genie in the movie The Thief of Bagdad. The smaller boys at the Home may think of Moses as a sort of genie. For he never shows up until the Mason footballers have won their district title and are in the December playoffs for the Texas Interscholastic League championship.

Moses never reads the papers. But he always knows when the Masons have landed in the high-school playoffs. For the Home football team is the talk of the state.

From the mountain-high steppes of the North Panhandle to the Coast bayous, the tough, polite boys are renowned as the most inspired and scientific of all schoolboy footballers.

The Masons have a following comparable with the University of Texas Longhorns, the Texas Aggies or other leading Southwest Conference teams. Only the Masons' fans are more partisan.

They include the college coaches of the state, who travel far to see these 'teen-age gridiron prodigies do things they can't teach to their varsity men.

They include a Longview chambermaid. Used to the depredations of visiting football teams in the hotel, she was bowled over one morning to find all the Mason athletes making up their beds and tidying their rooms at six o'clock in the morning.

It Isn't All Superstition

Directly after his arrival, Moses pads over to the Home football field where Dr. Rusty Russell, coach and high-school principal, is working with the little squad of athletes who form the Mason squad. The boys stop their scrimmaging (they're always scrimmaging) and swarm Moses. With tears rolling out of his muddy old eyes, Moses bows his head. And each kid, solemnly, rubs a fist on the old man's close-clipped wool. This is a regular ceremony—on Moses' first day in camp and before each of the playoff games.

But Moses, a really capable trainer, doesn't narrow his "good-luck chores" to this head-rubbing routine. Once, when the Masons played Lubbock in a state semifinal game, Moses sat on the bench with the left hind leg of a jack rabbit clutched in his hand. He'd stayed up half of the previous night to kill the rabbit by the light of the South Plains moon.

Not all of Moses' activities please the Masons. He calls them "those po' little orphant childs." The Home boys don't like to be called orphans.

Once when the Masons were playing swank Highland Park High at Dallas in the state quarterfinals, Moses stalked the side lines, yowling: "Hit's de po' kids agin the rich kids!" This was very embarrassing to the Masons. They don't feel at all poor.

The Masonic Home high-school football team became a member of the "Class AA division," or top bracket, of the Texas Interscholastic League in 1932. Since then, this school, which never has more than sixty-five boys in the four high-school grades, and competes against schools with 500 to 3,000 students, has won seventy-four games, lost fifteen and tied five. It has won six district titles, gone to the state finals once and to the state semifinals three times. In practically every case the team that has eliminated the boys in the district or semifinal championships has later gone on to win the state title.

In all probability, the Masons have won more football games during the last nine seasons than any other squad in the country playing a rigorous schedule. But the team's appeal does not lie wholly in its continued success. Even during its few lean seasons, the Home teams have drawn well at the box office. The spectacle of a dozen or so fatherless kids, battling against numerically superior squads, in what Texans consider the toughest schoolboy football league, provides an annual and very thrilling gridiron drama.

Not Many, but Good

Like the Notre Dame teams of the Knute Rockne era, the Masons draw their largest body of followers from those "who never went to school" or who have no strong ties to any prep school. Like those Rockne teams, the Masons have an intelligent, unorthodox and colorful coach.

Ninety per cent of the Home high-school boys play on some sort of football team. But Dr. Russell seldom has more than fifteen who are physically ready and eligible for the "varsity."

Each of these fifteen or so is likely to have played football since infancy. He will not have to be taught any fundamentals. He may know more football than many a college sophomore player. Out of the fifteen, Coach Russell will select the eleven best boys and play them—most of the time without regard for positions. Russell likes to have two or three utility performers, and he works with these fully as much as with the so-called regulars. He likes to have a husky relief linesman who can play all of the interior forward positions. He often requires the backs to know all the secondary and end assignments.

In 1940 the Masons went as far as the state semifinals with only thirteen first-line players. A new ruling in the Interscholastic League, whittling the age limit to eighteen years, had cut six stars off the Home squad. Otherwise, Mr. Russell would have had his most powerful outfit in history.

This season, Russell has had to make still greater demands upon the versatility of his players. He has seven of last year's thirteen-man gang returning. But most of the other players were unimpressive in last spring's rehearsals. Rusty has been working with the problem of placing his seven experienced kids where they will do the most good.

The bespectacled coach holds regular consultations with his athletes in which the boys discuss one another's strengths and weaknesses with the most amazing candor and without a trace of self-consciousness or malice. They talk like scientists discussing an experiment.

Out of these discussions, Dr. Russell has cooked up the following sample of conflicting assignments for some of his players in this campaign: DeWitt Coulter, all-state tackle of last season, will handle his regular tackle duties on defense, alone. When the Masons have the ball, the giant Coulter will be the blocking back. Walter Finnigan, utility linesman of '40, will have his duties somewhat simplified. He'll play center on offense and end on defense.

Billy Cagle, a guard last year, will be a wingback on offense and center on defense. Tom Brady and J. L. Daniels will appear as offensive ends and defensive halfbacks. Such big backs as Gordy Brown and Louis Burress can handle any of the secondary jobs.

(Continued on page 75)

Ray and DeWitt Coulter are heroes to the little tykes of the Masonic Home and School because they're on the "varsity." Even the 8-year-old kids have a championship team

Coach Rusty Russell hands out gum to the tiny squad that is the terror of Texas high-school football. All of his "veteran" footballers are under eighteen years old

I THINK A MAN SHOULD WEAR Woman-Wise SHIRTS

Essley striped patterns give a lift to your dark clothes; add that extra fillip to style . . . and reflect your own good taste.

Wide variety, advanced styling and Troy tailoring. You get all three when you get Essley "Woman-Wise" Shirts.

IT'S a woman's quick, keen eye for style and smartness that forms her opinion of you men, and the clothes you wear. That's why, this Christmas, more than ever before, women are giving men Essley "Woman-Wise" Shirts. *Styled by America's leading men's fashion authority,* they show the consummate good taste and expert craftsmanship so natural to all Troy tailored garments.

Essley Shirts—$1.69 to $2.50—come in a wide variety of patterns and colors that suit every taste, flatter every appearance. See them today!

For the name of the store nearest you, write to the Essley Shirt Co., Empire State Building, New York City.

ESSLEY Woman-Wise SHIRTS

Originators TRUBENIZED* Collar
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ESSLEY PAJAMAS are cut for comfort, tailored for fit and styled for smartness.

Early American

Continued from page 36

better parents to them than he could be.

Gunsmith's thoughts followed, unconsciously, the discussion in his workshop, the retelling for perhaps the twentieth time of what happened to old man Frost. He gave a last file stroke to the frizzen steel, and pressed the trigger. The flint gave a spray of sparks now. 'Twas just the face of the frizzen steel had been hollowed with use. . . .

"Ain't that so, Gunsmith?" asked Sol Broadmoor.

Gunsmith hitched at his spectacles.

"No, Sol. Don't seem that way to me. Calculate the old man just felt like something had broke inside of him, and with his wife gone he hadn't the gumption to go back and make good."

Gunsmith tested other parts of the rifle. As he set it in the jaws of the vise his mind filled in the picture behind Sol Broadmoor's talk. A week or more after old man Frost had lit out, a neighbor, passing up through from the lake and seeing no house, had stopped—and been the first of many to hear of the happening.

"Ma's dead, burned. Pa's gone, but we're a-waiting for him," Dan'l said. And turned back, matter-of-fact, to lift a few potatoes from under the earth and straw of the root cellar.

THE first neighbor's news brought other neighbors a-running. There'd been little enough to talk of all winter long, not so much as a birth or death, scarce even the howl of a wolf. So the village soon had the rights of the happening, how the young'uns' Ma was like to have set fire to herself and the cabin in one of her falling spells. The womenfolk vowed that just as soon as old man Frost came back they'd give him a piece of their minds for leaving his family to shift for themselves. And meanwhile they'd take the young'uns back home with them.

Just who was to take which young'un? The womenfolk talked it back and forth for near on an hour. While they argued, Dan'l went right on with his tasks, leading the oxen up the hillside, snaking down a bundle of sapling poles, and notching the ends. He was building him a little shack, though the timbers had to be light and short so that he and the youngest could handle them.

When the women had it all thrashed who was to have which young'un and who wasn't, Dan'l stopped swinging his ax to say, "Nossir, ma'am. Pa said to stay. And I guess Pa knowed."

When a woman said, "Come, Viney, dear!" and tried to take her by the hand, Young'un drew behind Dan'l. And when the woman called on her husband to help, Dan'l took a firm holt of his ax and stepped out to meet him.

"Nossir, ma'am!" Dan'l said it again, slow, like he was being extra patient. "Nossir, ma'am. Pa said to stay."

Then and later there had been sharp talk among the women of how growed men had been outfaced by one small boy. But among the menfolk was a feeling to let the children be, and see how they'd make out.

Mary and Gunsmith hadn't thought to go pestering them. So it was well along into spring when Gunsmith reached down an old powder horn, washed it outside in the millstream, and carried it into the house to dry. Mary, whose eyes were the keener for her deafness, gave him a glance of inquiry. When breakfast ended Gunsmith slung the empty horn at his side and said he guessed he'd step up a ways and see how the Frosts were making out.

He found Dan'l Frost squatting on his heels, pounding a tree nail into a wooden plow with the back of his ax. The tall, thin girl was holding up the pole, and Viney the young'un was shouldering the crosspiece at the end of the handle. The two brown oxen, yoked but waiting for the yoke to be hitched to the pole, slowly chewed their cud in the warm sunshine and looked to be offering neighborly advice.

Gunsmith stepped up and unslung his powder horn.

"Don't happen your Pa drawed up more salt in his spring victualing than you can use? Seems I can do with a hornful."

Dan'l looked pleased and led the way to the log shelter. 'Twa'n't a house, but yet a mighty useful shack for a trapper. Dan'l reached under a bunk and hauled out a cotton sack of coarse curing salt. He filled Gunsmith's horn.

"There's two more bags, and you're mighty welcome to all you need, Mist' Reed, before the porcupines gits it all. 'Tain't like I can git around to copper me new meat barrels before fall. Nor three ain't apt to eat as much as five was used."

So the boy was already planning ahead to next winter, not counting on his Pa to return. Gunsmith looked around at the strings of smoked fish on peeled withes, at the dried venison up in the roof. He'd admire to know how Dan'l had killed his deer without a gun.

"Making out mighty good, seems like."

"Aim to skin me some real man-size popple now the sap is riz. Then when hoeing's done and harvest ain't yet, I'll have me logs to roll us up a barn and lean-to. Peter and Paul kin summer here—" he nodded toward the farther end of the shack—"but 'tain't nowise fit for their wintering."

It looked as if the boy had it all figured out. This was good news, something to tell Mary.

"Somewheres in the ashes there'll be your Pa's broadax, draw knife, shingle splitter and suchlike. Bring them to the forge some evening. If I ain't busy I'll show you how to put the temper back in them; it don't do no harm to be forehanded."

THAT left the reason for Gunsmith's visit still untold. When the idea had come to him, it seemed no more than plain horse sense and neighborliness. Dan'l's Pa would have seen it that way, but it looked now as if Dan'l was different.

"Seeing you loaned me the salt, son, how'd it be if I was to draw you up a load of corn and suchlike that you'll be needing?"

The boy's mouth tightened, as Gunsmith had feared it would. "No sir, Mist' Reed. Till grazing gits good, Peter and Paul c'n make out on what's left in the root cellar. And the rest of us ain't like to hunger. Pa didn't say to git to borrowing."

However, it was not a month later when Gunsmith's crafty borrowing of the unneeded salt was rewarded. The eldest Frost came down to borrow in return. She'd know that Mary made as good soap as anyone around, but no better; and Gunsmith guessed the real reason, and was pleased with himself and Dan'l. The boy had felt free to borrow from one who had first borrowed from him. Later, when Dan'l himself came along with first a hoe, and then a scythe blade and other tools from which the temper had been burned out, Gunsmith let him do most of the work, and even had him lend a hand with some gun repairs, as though in payment for the charcoal.

The small girl, garbed like her brother and just as silent, came down with Dan'l each time, as if she was his apprentice. Gunsmith would hear a tap at the door of the workshop and go out to let them in. There'd be twilight outside, but dark inside, it being early summer, so Gunsmith would go back to the kitchen for a candle, and for an ember to rekindle the forge. Then the three would work together, heating and hammering and quenching, till Young'un's eyes screwed up with sleep as she worked the handle of the bellows, and Gunsmith set himself to keep a watch on Dan'l lest in his weariness he grasp a red-hot iron or mash a finger under the hammer. And the whole while there'd be no more than two, three words between them, unless Dan'l remembered to caution, "No call to be biting your nails, Young'un."

SUMMER days lengthened, and Gunsmith, stripped to the waist except for his stiff cowhide apron, sweat running from beard to chest, welded and forged and shod from dawn to dark. Neighbors not called on to help with their beasts and broken farming tools now preferred the shade of the twin maples outside to the cramped, hot shop.

In the breathing spell before harvest Gunsmith found time to weld, bore and rifle seven new barrels. And now that he wasn't so pressed by work Mary urged him to go up to the Frost place and see for himself how they fared. Couldn't he, she asked, pretend he owed something to old man Frost, and wanted Dan'l to take out the debt in forge work? By now the boy must stand in need of tools, and it wouldn't be in his nature to come down and beg the loan of them.

For several days Gunsmith pondered the question, but he could see no way. Dan'l's Pa had been more apt to owe than be owed, and Dan'l would know it. Gunsmith could find no excuse to Mary not to go, nor yet an excuse to Dan'l for going. And then the boy came down to the shop and saved all the trouble. He was shadowed, as usual, by Young'un.

The little girl was smiling and plump as ever. But Dan'l for all his pride looked kind of peaked. His broadax and hand ax, their edges worn so round they were past filing or whetting, showed where some of his strength had gone. While he and Gunsmith set to work with forge and hammer to draw out new edges, the old man listened to the tale of their doings. Their crops, it seemed, promised well, considering. But the new cabin was hanging fire and it didn't seem that it would ever be finished.

"It's all account of Eldest," Dan'l explained. "Young'un leads off Peter and Paul, and up-swings the log. I don't no more'n git the log levered into place so it sets good than Eldest looks up from her chinking to say that's right where she aims to have another window hole or what all. And down the log has to come again for cutting."

"Womenfolk!" said Young'un, in a voice as solemn-deep as she could compass. "Womenfolk is that pernickety! I don't never aim to be a woman."

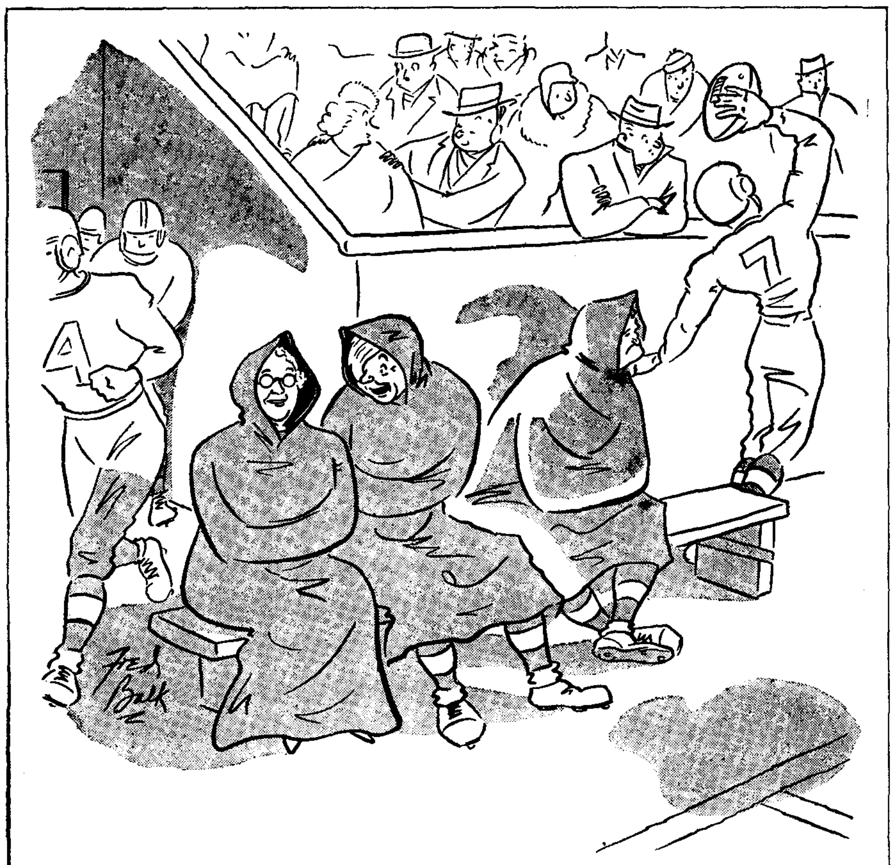
"Not aim to be a woman? Pa wouldn't hold with such talk," her brother reproved her. "When our hands gits to be six months ahead of our bellies, we'll see can we spare a swap to git ye learned how." But, as he explained to Gunsmith, 'twa'n't just any woman would serve to learn Young'un. For there must be a right and a wrong way to being a woman, same as to using an ax.

Gunsmith, silently burying a chuckle in his beard, nodded agreement, drove a wedge into the new ax handle to secure the head, rasped the wood off flush and handed it to Young'un. She tried its edge with an expert thumb, picked out a stone on the bench and started to whet.

Dan'l was busy fitting part of the old ax handle to the smaller hand ax in place of the haft they had needed to burn out. Gunsmith reached among the dust and cobwebs of the crossbeams which braced the shop against the vibration of the machinery and water wheel outside. He drew down a pod auger, gave its edge a few careful wipes with a file, and set the tool beside the boy.

"If ye'd take this in change for the salt I borrowed off ye, Dan'l, I'd be right pleased. A man don't care to stand beholden overlong, even to a friend."

Dan'l set down the hand ax to take



"You sit right here with me, Mom, and nobody'll notice you!"

FRED BALK

HOW TO MAKE YOUR NEXT PAY CHECK GO FARTHER

The story of a remarkable plan and how you can use it to stretch your dollars

DO your expenses seem to get bigger month by month? Do you wish you could find some way to make the old pay check go farther?

That problem puzzles a lot of folks these days. We don't pretend to know any easy way out, either. But there's one thing every family can do. You can plan the best way to spend each pay check—*before you spend it.*

Not long ago we made an important discovery. All of us know that some families stay out of money troubles through ups and downs. Yet they deny that they "budget." How do they do it? We decided to find out. The answer is simple. They *do* plan, if only in their minds, to do three things with each pay check.

1. Get ready to meet large occasional expenses—such as taxes and insurance.
2. Pay debts from the past—instalment payments, for instance.
3. Live on what is left.

When you have no spending plan, there's always a risk that one of these, Future, Past or Present Spending will crowd out the others. A plan helps you to keep your spending in balance. You get more of the things you want because you plan their purchase before your money is spent. You are able to pay for the things you must have because your plan keeps you from spending too much on the non-essentials.

How to look ahead

Take the first item, the Future, for example. Suppose that you have a large bill coming due in the next few months. Count the number of pay days between now and then. Figure out how much you should set aside each pay day in order to have the money when you need it. That way you can meet large expenses without worrying.

Budgeting is nothing but a common sense way of planning how you're going to spend your money while you still have it—a way to control your spending to get plenty of fun out of life while making both ends meet.

Would you like to receive a little book which will help you plan your spending? The Budget Calendar makes budgeting easy and simple. No tiresome bookkeeping is required. There are "plan for spending" sheets for every pay day in the year.

Household Finance has published the Budget Calendar as a contribution to better family money management. You are invited to ask for a copy without obligation. There will be no solicitation or follow-up.

How home money management aids national defense

Defense of the nation begins with defense of the home. Home defense means learning how to stretch every dollar till it covers taxes, contributions to charity, defense stamps and bonds, and all the things a family needs for mental and physical health. That's a big job.

We hope that this message will encourage and help folks to keep their money affairs on a sound basis—and that it will contribute to a more effective defense effort.

B. E. Henderson
B. E. HENDERSON, PRESIDENT

PERSONAL LOANS—$20 TO $300

HOUSEHOLD FINANCE Corporation
ESTABLISHED 1878
Headquarters: 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
One of America's leading family finance organizations with 300 offices in 198 cities

Department of Research CW
HOUSEHOLD FINANCE CORPORATION, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois
Please send me a copy of "The Budget Calendar" without obligation.

Name...
Address...
City.. *State*..................

ENJOY

A pipe that ALWAYS gives you a sweet, fresh smoke

— never lets stale moisture ruin good tobacco flavor.

In the SMOKEMASTER, smoke passes through a tube which is slotted lengthwise along the under side. As moisture forms, it is absorbed by an ordinary pipe cleaner under this slot. Smoke always has a clean, dry passage through the stem — never goes through a saturated filter. That's why you get full enjoyment from every smoke.

Made of aged imported briar.

$1 & $1.50 *at dealers*
Full range of models.

One of the custom-made Smokemasters, $1.50

Pat. No. 2,166,537

Pipe cleaner can be easily changed. Simply fold and insert in stem.
Write for Booklet
BRIARCRAFT, INC.
347 5th Ave., New York

Briarcraft
Smokemaster
THE PIPE-CLEANER PIPE

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster— Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

See WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

Aid to SKIN Improvement

Soothing Resinol allays "bitey" irritation of externally caused pimples and thus hastens healing. Try it today!

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

The ST. LOUIS MARKET
A Book of Facts for Business Travelers from THE BUSINESS INFORMATION BUREAU hotel Lennox St. Louis

IF YOU SELL IN ST. LOUIS SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK!

Now, in one pocket-size book, a comprehensive picture of the St. Louis market. Includes facts on retail, wholesale and manufacturing businesses. Write on your business letterhead, Hotel Lennox, 839 Washington Blvd. Over 50% of rooms $3.50 or less, single; $5.00 or less, double.

hotel Lennox St. Louis

up the auger and try its edge. He reckoned out aloud the gain he'd have from the new tool. Boring green wood with a hot iron had taken nigh on an hour each hole. Pegging the logs at door and windows was most done. But there were all the roof timbers to be pinned. And Eldest had set her heart on a puncheon floor some day, so there'd be a heap more boring and pegging. . . .

The boy and his sister were most ready to go, and there was something that Gunsmith still wanted to find out.

"Ye know, Dan'l, I was half minded to ask did you need seed in swap for more salt. But seems you had enough . . ." He let it trail off, half questioning; and so as to keep the boy a while handed him a sliver of glass to smooth down the new ax handle.

Dan'l's answer made Gunsmith frown. It seemed Sim Higgins had loaned the seed, just as he had loaned it to Dan'l's Pa the year before. And when he had drawn it up to the Frost place he had brought out a paper, a quill and an inkhorn, and asked Dan'l to set his mark. Dan'l could do more than make his mark, he could set his full name to the paper. But he had to pretend to read the writing above it, as he could only spell out print. Dan'l had liked the paper, as it made the deal businesslike, and not a favor begged from a neighbor. Whatever the paper said didn't matter, as he could pay back all this year's seed, and more, from this year's harvest.

But Gunsmith was troubled. And, when the children had picked up their tools and trudged off homeward, still troubled, he carried the problem to Mary. Setting name to paper meant law, if not lawyers. And Sim Higgins, though 'twas no use to warn Dan'l now, was the kind of man who dursen't set hands in his own pockets for fear he'd rob himself.

CORN was hardening in the ear; so, as debts mostly fell due after harvest, Gunsmith closed his shop one morning and went visiting. When he returned in late forenoon, and tied on his apron to weld a new tang to a scythe, he was more silent than usual. But smiling to himself. He hadn't cared to go troubling the folks that owed him, but Mary had been right as usual. Sol Broadmoor, as soon as he had the rights of it, had slapped his knees and guffawed. Eph Birdsell had called Phebe from her baking to hear.

"You're a hard creditor, Mist' Reed!" she had said, her eyes kind of twinkling. "But if Eph ain't to home when the call comes I'll carry the payment over in my own arms."

Other neighbors had promised willingly enough too. Just let Gunsmith send word, and they'd come a-running. Till then they'd talk lesser'n a dead Injun.

For three weeks Gunsmith worked with one eye on the road. Then Sim Higgins came spraddling along. Sim wa'n't one to walk if he could ride, so it looked to be true he'd sold his team to the sawmills at the Falls.

Luck was in Gunsmith's favor, for no one else was in the shop. And though Mary was down to Tall Rock, proving and sighting, he had only to hang a cloth from a window, as she'd arranged, and she'd see and understand.

"Morning, Sim." Gunsmith tried to make the greeting sound hearty and innocent. "You look dusty and kind of tired. If you've a mind to set a while, I'd take it right neighborly if you'd give an eye to the tools for half an hour. I got to git me along up to Dan'l Frost to see about a debt."

"Why, now, Gam . . ." Sim Higgins hesitated, shifting on his feet, then snapped at the lure: "Why, now, if I wa'n't aiming to go that way myself!"

Gunsmith hung up his heavy apron, stepped into the kitchen a moment, and returned with his old foxskin cap.

"Dan'l still owing ye for his Pa's rifle?" Sim asked sharply.

Gunsmith said nothing, and Sim's suspicions grew.

"Seems like I'd best step along with ye, Gam. Dan'l ain't got much, and first come first served." He patted his pocket complacently.

THE land which Dan'l had put to the plow was now bare again except for roots of trees and corn, and bundles of stalks. Dusty ruts showed where the old sled had drawn home a triumphant harvest. The new home was a small cabin, nigh to being finished, with clay and field-stone chimney at one end, and a lean-to for corncrib and ox stall at the side. The children must have been prouder than old gobblers at what they'd done. And they'd a right to the pride.

Eldest was podding dry beans beside the door as Gunsmith and Sim Higgins came up. At her call Dan'l and Young'un stepped around from where they'd been deepening the root cellar. From worn moccasins to her bare tousled hair, Young'un was just a small-bore short-stocked pattern of Dan'l.

Sim Higgins hadn't a word to say for the corn, the beans, the squash, the pumpkins and what all, though he looked at them close enough. Then Dan'l excused himself to get together what he owed. And Young'un led Gunsmith and Sim Higgins down to the lower pasture to visit with Peter and Paul. Sim ran his hands over the oxen's slick brown hides, and asked about them as though he was minded to buy. Though it was plain to a half-wit that neither Young'un nor Dan'l would sell; Peter and Paul being that nigh to being Frosts themselves.

When they climbed the hill again, Dan'l had piled the sled with plump skin sacks, rough woven baskets and one of Eldest's caldrons. Eldest was standing beside him in a work apron and a worn dress that Gunsmith thought he'd seen before on Mary, but trim and straight as a new-polished gun barrel.

"Hain't got a bushel measure, Mist' Higgins, but the seed's all there and we'll tally it off soon as I've drawed it down to your place." Dan'l shook a drop of sweat from his nose, and kind of stiffened up with pride. "Dunno how to thank ye, but Eldest wants you should accept a mite of maple syrup we kin spare from last spring's sugaring. And . . . and . . . if there's any time I kin help ye in return . . ."

"Now, Dan'l, that's mighty nice of you." Then Sim Higgins made pretense to be puzzled. He drew a paper from his pocket, glanced over it, looked at the piled sled and shook his head. "But, Dan'l, ye're just joking, ain't ye? Or have ye forgot what yer Pa's been owing me these six years past? Didn't say nought when yer Pa lit out and left ye, seeing ye was in trouble. But now . . ."

"Hold on, Sim!" Gunsmith raised objection. "A boy of fourteen ain't accountable. And where's the evidence it's owed ye in the first place?"

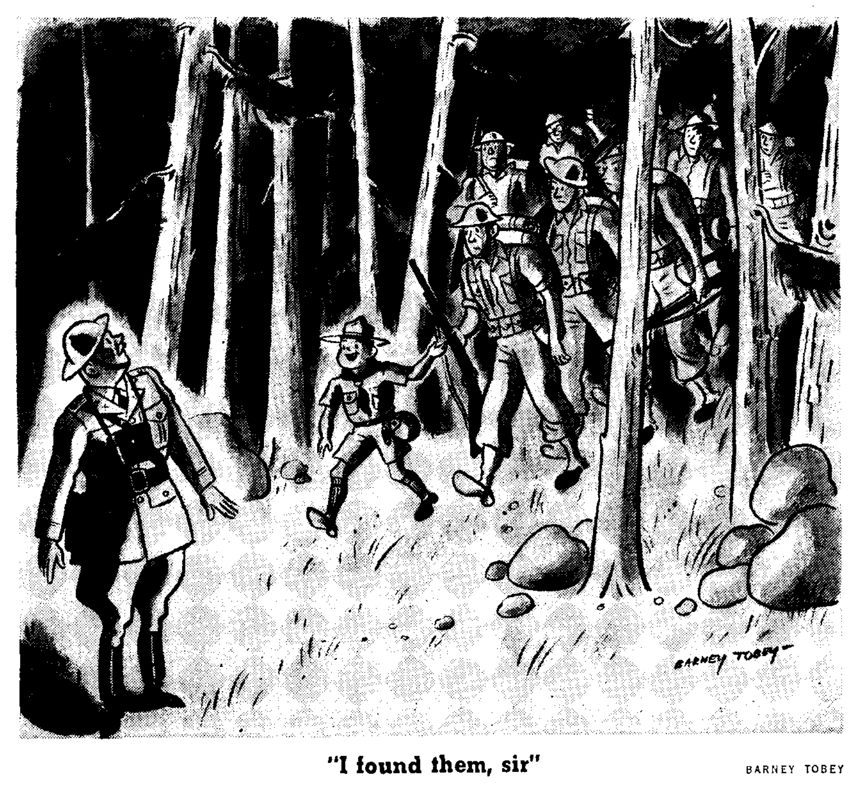
Dan'l looked frighted, but something else besides. "It's all right, Mist' Reed, I don't nowise aim to stay beholden. How much d'ye reckon to be owed, Mist' Higgins?"

Sim Higgins began to read aloud. As the long list drew to an end Gunsmith wondered how even a feckless farmer like old man Frost could have needed to borrow so much that his own good land should have raised. Dan'l would have to pay in corn for costly wheaten flour, and for molasses too, when maple syrup from the Frost's own sugar bush should have been sweetening aplenty. Gunsmith could see Dan'l figuring, as he was figuring himself, turning pecks of this and that into bushels and quarters of corn.

THEN Gunsmith thought he heard the creak of an axle way off in the distance, though no one else had ears for the sound. Mary must have seen the cloth signal in the window, and gotten around mighty quick. Sim Higgins, his puny legs a-straddle, was still tapping his paper and pretending to look sad. Neither Eldest nor Young'un so much as whispered, but kept close to Gunsmith as though for company.

Dan'l, his shoulders sagging, walked slowly to the lean-to and began to load a bushel basket with golden-yellow cobs. Three journeys he made, moving like a man dazed, and emptied the filled basket beside the sled. Each basket was taking him a bushel nearer the time his corncrib would be empty and Sim Higgins still unpaid. And all five knew it.

But the creaking was drawing nearer, and with it the sound of men's voices. Gunsmith wondered could he hold things off for a while, till the men came,



"I found them, sir"

BARNEY TOBEY

"Mr. Horton will brag about it all year!"

But His Wife Chose The A&P Super Market
. . . Where He Is Choosing The Turkey!

JUST between ourselves, Mr. Horton couldn't fail to get a splendid turkey value in the A&P "Super"! For A&P selects turkeys with the utmost care so you get the tenderest, tastiest, fresh young birds for your money. So why spoil Mr. Horton's fun by telling him folks select prizes here *every* day?

Right around the calendar you'll find delicious meats . . . tender young turkeys, juicy steaks, flavorful chops . . . at amazing savings in your A&P Super Market. Meats are always at the peak of flavor in this modern food department store . . . fresh things are always fresh, for they whisk in and out again at a great rate. Fruits and vegetables are rushed from field and orchard ***hours fresher*** . . . dairy products direct from the farms . . . baked goods oven-fresh!

The very fact that folks buy so much in the A&P Super Market keeps prices down. More than 2000 different items share one low store-keeping expense, so each item is priced way down to earth—not just occasionally but every day of the week, every week of the year.

To top it all, you'll find many fine foods exclusive with A&P. These are A&P brands with their quality guarded from ***source to sale*** . . . and many of them at tremendous savings! Try for example, A&P's famous Teas and Coffees . . . the 33 Ann Page Foods . . . White House Evaporated Milk . . . Jane Parker Donuts, Cakes and Rolls . . . Marvel "Enriched" Bread!

Buy all your food needs in your A&P Super Market and you'll save on your *entire* grocery bill. Don't wait for Thanksgiving . . . but drop in today! You'll find it fun to go A&P Super Marketing.

A&P SUPER MARKETS

A&P
ESTABLISHED 1859
FOOD STORES

SAVE UP TO
25%*
ON MANY
FINE FOODS

*Many A&P brands bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. You'll enjoy the goodness of our Marvel Bread and Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and Donuts—the 33 Ann Page Foods—A&P Teas and Coffees—White House Evaporated Milk—34 A&P Canned Fruits and Vegetables—Yukon Club Beverages—and many others.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT A&P

Pilgrim Turkey
A&P

PRIZED FOR THANKSGIVING!

CONSUMER FACTS: Pilgrim Turkeys—A&P's own brand—are all top-grade birds from the best turkey-raising regions in the United States. They are all carefully fed, carefully selected, and dressed just the way you want them. Fresh-killed for Thanksgiving, these turkeys are plump, tender birds in the bloom of youth . . . certain to please you, and, of course, sold with a money back guarantee.

© 1941—The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.

See GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK on your trip to or from California via SANTA FE, Only RAILROAD TO GRAND CANYON

Santa Fe

THE South Rim of Grand Canyon in northern Arizona is open the year around . . . and Santa Fe standard and tourist-Pullmans, daily from Chicago and Los Angeles, will take you *direct* to the South Rim of this world-famous wonderland.

Within walking distance of the Santa Fe Grand Canyon station, you will find Fred Harvey's El Tovar Hotel, Bright Angel Lodge, the start of the motor drives and trail trips, and the Rim of the Canyon itself.

So, on your California trip this winter via Santa Fe, be sure to spend a day or more enjoying the majestic beauty of the South Rim of Grand Canyon. Any railroad ticket office or travel bureau will gladly give you details.

● Mail coupon for free booklet.

T. B. Gallaher, Passenger Traffic Manager
1002 Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Send *Grand Canyon* picture booklet—free
Name..............................
Address..............................

and save Dan'l his first bitter taste of failure. He took two strides, and laid a heavy hand on Sim Higgins' shoulder.

"Now, Sim! There's more to trading than first trapping a neighbor and then skinning him. In beggaring others you've nigh beggared yourself, for there's none left hereabouts who'll trust you in trade or sale." He let Sim get the rights of that, then added: "Now take what Dan'l can afford to give, and no more. Leave him and his the run of their teeth, and seed for next sowing. He'll pay you in the end, will Dan'l, though he's no call to do it."

He knew as he spoke he might well have saved his breath.

Sim stepped back a pace to free his shoulder, and tapped the paper in his hand.

"Don't seem like ye understand, Gam. It's writ here: 'I Daniel Frost acknowledge the above debt in full. In failure to pay on demand I agree to surrender to Simkin Higgins all right and title in the twin yoke of oxen known as Peter and Paul, the same being in good working condition and free of known fault, vice or sickness.' Now that's a contract I've used the past fifteen year, and I hain't knowed it to fail me yet." He paused to enjoy his triumph. "Dan'l's just figuring out whether he can pay, or whether he'll hand over them oxen. Guess it'll have to be the oxen!"

DAN'L set down his bushel basket to stare, unbelieving. Young'un gave a kind of choke.

"No harm to checking first, son." Gunsmith took Dan'l by the elbow. "Maybe there's something you've forgot."

Together they measured the hay in the shack and the hemlock shelter, checked over the potatoes and roots and cabbage stacked in careful piles before the empty cellar, priced even the apples ripening on the tree. Gunsmith, whose repairs to guns and tools were paid for in anything from venison to cider, prided himself to value a farrowing sow to within a pint or two of peas or to price a load of potash to within ten cents of what it would fetch delivered at Sandy Hill. But the Frost farm was small, even for this valley, and the young'uns, even with Peter and Paul for the hauling, hadn't harvested enough in one season to cover six seasons or more of careless borrowing. No telling, too, but what Sim had added to what was owing.

Stopping a pace to set a value of three cents on the beans that Eldest had left beside the door, Gunsmith and Dan'l came back to where Sim, grinning gap-toothed, was awaiting them.

His eyes big, and hurt-seeming, Dan'l looked off down the hill. Then put fingers to mouth and blew a whistle. Shaky it was, but the big oxen in the lower pasture raised their heads. Dan'l blew again, a surer note. Slowly, all eyes upon them, the ponderous beasts left their grazing and slowly began to climb the hill.

Young'un ran down to meet them, and, hanging yoke-fashion about their necks, paced between them to their heavy plodding.

Dan'l was muttering, over and over, "A man can't break his given word. Nossir! Pa wouldn't hold with it. Pa wouldn't hold with a man breaking his given word . . . Pa wouldn't . . ."

"Morning, Dan'l." It was Eph Birdsell. "Morning, Uncle Gam; morning Sim." He dropped off his light wagon, and knotted the reins. "Fine yoke of oxen you got, Dan'l. Can't call to mind when I've seed a better match with more weight to their shoulders."

"Morning, folks!" Sol Broadmoor in his heavier ox-drawn rig came creaking up behind. He nodded to Gunsmith, stared hard at Sim Higgins and cautioned Dan'l: "Don't let that bandy-legged little feller git too near yer oxen, or ye'll find him trying to steal 'em away in his breeches pocket. Can't nohow trust him within sight of what he kin carry." He nigh rolled off his wagon seat bellowing at his joke.

Gunsmith wasn't listening close. His eyes were on more wagons rounding the hill, two . . . three . . . four . . . . The men must have halted just out of sight to form a kind of procession, led by a dark-complexioned man walking a pack horse. Since the trapper's rifle had been rebored it ought to be shooting as well as it ever had.

Sim wasn't looking so pert now. Not a man of the eight but he'd tricked in some wise, and the trapper with the pack horse had talked of cutting Sim's ears off so folks would know him again.

"Now, Dan'l boy!" Sim stuffed the paper hastily into his pocket. "Just yoke up and drive my oxen down to home for me, and I don't know but what I'll let ye have the yoke back."

"I've druv up to do a little business with Dan'l." Eph Birdsell was talking to the oxen. "And if Dan'l is willing, I guess Sim'll have to wait."

"Sim'll wait!" Sol dropped from his wagon, dropped light for a man who weighed two hundred and thirty, tested fair on the hog scales. His large hand patted Sim violently on the back. "Ye'll wait, won't ye, Sim?"

"Fust come, fust sarved." The trapper hitched leading rein, and settled himself cross-legged on the ground to wait. The other wagons and rigs drew up to a rough circle.

Then blamed if Cicero Ditch didn't spring up from nowheres, unless 'twas from a groundhog hole. Cicero, having no call to be here, and no concern in what went on, it was just natural he should slip away from Mis' Ditch and the Tavern. 'Twasn't in Gunsmith to feel surprised when Cicero walked up to Sim Higgins and held out his hand, and Sim put the paper into it as meek as Moses.

Cicero ran a thumbnail down the list, like he was summing the chalked-up drinks back of the taproom door. "Forty-two dollars, near as." He read on, shook his head. "Note ain't nowise legal, signed by a minor. And Sim knows 'tain't wuth so much as his ink, leave alone the paper it's writ on."

Dan'l, amazed with despair, but still obstinate, gulped out, "I got to pay! Mist' Ditch, I got to!"

"Always heard tell there's no fool like an old fool." Cicero looked at him pitifully. "But I ain't a-going to believe it no longer, Dan'l."

GUNSMITH couldn't bear what was in Dan'l's eyes. And when he looked aside, there was Eldest chilled in her heart like a winter-killed piney, and nigh as helpless. And Young'un, taking no thought for herself, but whispering into the long ears of the oxen that they wa'n't to be a-feared.

"If Dan'l hands over all he's raised this year, to the last husk of corn, he'll still be debted to Sim nigh on eight dollars." Gunsmith cleared his throat. "But seems like, if I was Dan'l's Pa, I wouldn't care to raise and train the best yoke of oxen in the countryside, and have my son pass them over to a man who couldn't drive oxen, only horses."

Dan'l's head rose a mite, courage and maybe sense coming back to him. So Gunsmith said his next words slow and distinct: "Not when Dan'l can call in what's owing to him by his neighbors."

"Now if that ain't just what I druv up for!" Sol Broadmoor did his best to look surprised. "Something minded me this morning to come pay my debt to Dan'l. Gunsmith said a while back as he didn't so much as set finger to my broken stock. So it's Dan'l I'm beholden to." He swung up onto his wagon and tugged down a sack.

"Don't that just beat all!" Eph Birdsell struck in. "I come on the very same errand. Dan'l here fixed my set-trigger so it works the best in years. . . . Brung along a two, three things that'll maybe clear the score."

The trapper sprang to his feet, and started on the knots of his packsaddle. "Fair's fair, folks, and I reckon I'm next."

While Cicero figured up the total, Gunsmith assessed the price of a new trigger guard, of the labor that had gone to cherrying out a bullet mold to fit a rebored rifle . . . of this and of that. Small tasks they were, except for the trapper's rifle, which Dan'l had done for the pleasure under Gunsmith's direction. When paid for, they called for much hoisting of sacks and baskets from ox and horse wagons.

The pile beside the sled grew hip high, shoulder high, topped Sim Higgins' head. If a load or two were thrown in that wa'n't hardly owing to Dan'l, Gunsmith made no protest. Folks who had traded with Sim, and had scores to pay off, wouldn't grudge what it cost to see him humbled. It was worth a few more loads for the story they'd have to tell, and a few more on top of those to make Sim's face turn from puzzlement to anger, from anger to well-nigh fear.

Eldest was weeping at last, but from relief. Young'un hugged Peter and Paul, kissing their soft noses. But the men shifted uncomfortably from foot to foot. How would the Frosts live from now to next harvest? How would the oxen find feed from now to next spring grazing?

"Aim to trap us a living this winter." Dan'l's courage was warming back into him. "And there's the sugaring next spring . . ."

Little Cicero tore the note into pieces. "Ye're paid in full, Simkin Higgins, and there's ten-twelve witnesses to that last deal ye'll ever make in these hills." Then his little monkey face split into two and he slapped his knees, and ho-ho-ho'ed till he seemed touched in the head. "And now I recall, Sim, ye've sold yer team down to the Falls, aiming to take these oxen in their stead. So ye'd best take up an armful from this pile and start to carry. Like to wear a mighty deep trail before ye've got all of Dan'l's harvest to cover in your barn!"

"Now if I was Dan'l," Gunsmith spoke as though to himself, "I don't know as I'd care to have this truck rotting down all winter so near to the cabin. I'd give Sim Higgins two, three days to fetch it, and then I'd draw it down load by load and throw it in the crick."

He gave that time to sink in, and watched the faces. Sim looked startled, thinking how he'd lose everything. Someone began to chuckle. And Dan'l was listening closely.

"Or I dunno but what I might drive a bargain, a hard bargain that would earn me Sim Higgins' respect." Gunsmith narrowed his eyes in thought. "Now I don't reckon I'd be too hard on Sim, seeing he don't know no better. I'd offer to draw down what's on the sled, and take what's in the pile and all else on the farm as my price. And I'd give Sim Higgins just time to say 'yes' or 'no.' "

'TWASN'T till the following Sunday that Dan'l came down to the settlement. Across the way folks were clustering outside the Tavern, waiting for meeting. Mary gathered up Eldest and Young'un, and, taking them across to greet Preacher, left the two menfolk together.

Gunsmith led Dan'l into the kitchen. In silence they drew two chairs to the comfortably warm hearth.

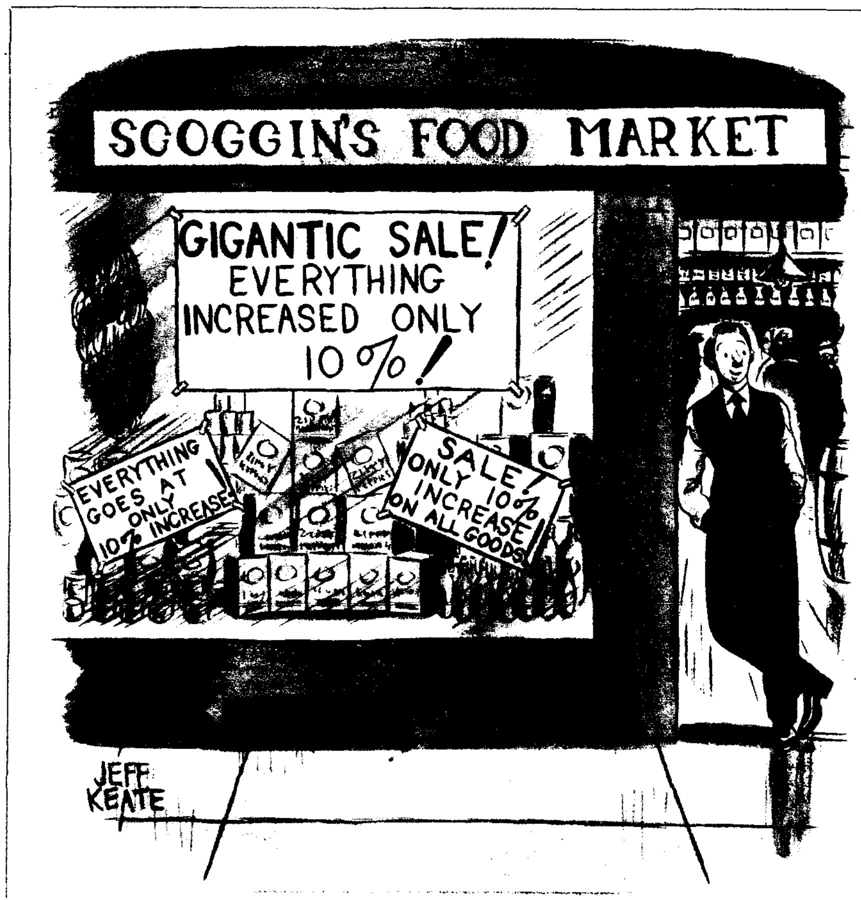
"Pa used to say good neighbors counts for more than a rich topsoil." Dan'l stirred in his seat, stretching closer to the embers. "I reckon I got good neighbors, Mist' Reed."

Gunsmith kept silence.

"Next year, if winter pelts is good, I aim to trade for a sow and breed me some livestock." Then a picture began to form in Dan'l's mind, more distant than any he had allowed himself during the pressing day-to-day toil and planning of the summer. "Eldest's li'ble to git herself a husband, being a good cook and all. And if I was to find time to go a-courting, though 'twon't be yet a while, and bring me home a wife . . . And Young'un, in five years—she's shooting up . . ."

Then Dan'l, aged fourteen, reined himself back to the difficult present.

"Young'un . . . Pa said not to bite her nails. Only," he sighed, "a man can't do but just so much!"


SCOGGIN'S FOOD MARKET
GIGANTIC SALE! EVERYTHING INCREASED ONLY 10%!
EVERYTHING GOES AT ONLY 10% INCREASE
SALE! ONLY 10% INCREASE ON ALL GOODS
JEFF KEATE

JEFF KEATE

DOG HOUSE
KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER
SIR WALTER RALEIGH

PUNGENT PIPE PUTS PA IN PICKLE

—*but he's out of the dog house now!*

THIS IS THE HARD WAY to enjoy a smoke. Ma forbids pipes in the house, so Pa sneaks over to the fireplace, lies flat on his back, and puffs up the flue. Oops! Here's Ma!

LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH! One wallop and that smelly old briar will be no more. Why hadn't someone told Pa to *clean* his pipe more often and smoke a *mild* tobacco? But wait!

"THIS IS THE EASY WAY to make a pipe popular," hollered the man next door. "Sir Walter's the mildest, sweetest tobacco you ever sniffed. Be a sport, Ma. Let Pa try some."

LOOKS LIKE THE START of a happy ending. Ma's in love with Sir Walter's mellow fragrance. And Pa's delighted with the cool, rich flavor of this choice burley blend.

New! Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

UNION MADE

Tune in... UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT ★ NBC ★ PRIZES FOR YOUR "DOG HOUSE" EXPERIENCE

SAY IT AGAIN_
MAKE 'EM LAST...
MAKE 'EM LAST...
MAKE 'EM LAST...
HOWARD SCOTT

Good Words to Remember

Take Special Care
of Your Car this
Winter. The Man
to help Make it Last
...Keep it Thrifty
... is your
Mobilgas dealer.

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

Mobiloil
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.

● AS MORE TANKS, guns, planes—and fewer cars—roll out of Detroit, we *must* make our present cars last.

It's *specially* important, with winter ahead, to give your car a Fresh Start *now*—at the Red Horse Sign!

For the crankcase, the world's favorite winter oil, new Mobiloil Arctic. *It now cleans as it lubricates!* Then, chassis, radiator, gears protected. And a tankful of fast-starting Winter Mobilgas.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC., and affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co. —General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

Give Your Car a Fresh Start for Winter

Mobiloil Arctic • Mobilubrication • Winter Mobilgas

Fighting Wings for Norway

By Brenda Ueland

Little Norway is on the shore of Lake Ontario. There young Vikings are learning to fly so that they can fight for their country. Incredible adventures lie behind them; they look forward to adventures that still lie ahead

NORWAY is building the biggest air force in her history. The camp is in Canada on the Toronto water front. The Norwegian flag flies over low gray barracks. There are a thousand Norwegian fliers there and already several trained squadrons have been sent to Iceland and to England.

A continuous stream of Norwegian boys comes to Canada to be trained to fight Germans. They are eighteen or nineteen, or older or younger. No one asks them to come, but they come anyway, through adventures like those of Ulysses and Sindbad, or those out of a nightmare. They come across the North Sea to the Shetland Islands in fishing boats, and in one instance in a rowboat.

The obstacles in the steeplechase are a Nazi firing squad if they are caught trying to leave Norway, the Nazi coast guard, Nazi submarines, Nazi airplanes patrolling the coast line like hawks. Then there are the mines strewn in the North Sea. Then the tempests. Or they may go the other way, crossing Finland and Siberia. Or they starve and fight and walk their way through Russia and Turkey and Iran and Indo-China and so get to the Philippine Islands and the United States.

The Norwegian fliers' camp, Little Norway, is a settlement of special wartime buildings thrown up between the baseball stadium and the shore of Lake Ontario. The Island Airport is just beyond. The sentry, a gaunt, red-faced young man with white eyelashes and the familiar harmless accent, tells me I can see Major Ole Reistad, the chief of the air force, in the morning at the office headquarters on Church Street.

So I go there. In the corridor seven young men are waiting, some huge and passive, some thin and alert. But every type I know well—from Minnesota. Most of them stand. The chair beside mine has a piece of paper on it, and realizing they are too polite to sit there, I lift the paper.

"Tak (thanks)," says a huge young man in a seaman's uniform, meekly, and accepts the seat.

The Norwegian telephone girl, who is pretty, red-haired and does not wear lipstick says that I am to go in and see Major Reistad. He is forty-two years old, a strong, blond man brilliantly sunburned. He is resolute, simple, does not bother with anything but the quick truth. The span of his shoulders is tremendous, his short military hair a pale gilt, and he has one of those aggressive, piratical noses with a slight bump on the bridge.

His first words are: "If you write about us, the first necessary thing is to tell the truth.

"Norway was invaded. A few were traitors; but very few. And there were some opportunists. But the plain people of Norway, the farmers, city people, were—all right."

By the words "all right" you see that he means unbending, fierce patriotism. And when he said "plain people" I knew what he meant, too. The common people of Norway have been independent landowners for more centuries than any nation in the world. There has been neither a nobility nor a peasant class; no swollen rich nor degraded poor. It is a country where a railroad conductor or a high-school teacher may be a distinguished man, or know Ibsen by heart.

This is Major Reistad's story: On April 9th the Germans swooped on Oslo. The king and government escaped northward. All along the coast the Norwegian navy fought, sinking, with the British, a third of the German battle fleet. Their tiny army was desperately trying to reestablish its lines.

Major Reistad, squadron leader of the air force in southern Norway, knew nothing of what had happened until two o'clock that morning. But because of a premonition, he had ordered his men to fit their old 1924-model Fokker planes with skis, so that they could land on snowfields farther north. In an hour and a half, German bombers came and smashed his airport. He flew northward with his old Fokkers and joined the reassembling Norwegian army under General Ruge.

And Norway Fought On

The German bombers followed, blasting them out of two airports, so they flew to ice- and snow-covered lakes in the mountains. Farmers brought them tins of gasoline that they had siphoned out of their farm machinery and automobiles. Then while the Nazis, with their tanks and clouds of bombers, were forcing their way diagonally up from Oslo to Trondheim in a bloody war that lasted 62 days and destroyed 60,000 Nazis and 15,000 Norwegians, Reistad and his men were using their antiquated planes with ingenuity.

They tried dive-bombing by aiming planes at their targets. This worked well. On one occasion they built the most fantastic airport ever made: A blizzard came and herdsmen rounded up 3,000 reindeer on a lake to trample down the snow and make it hard enough for take-offs.

After two months, the British had to give up Narvik because Hitler had invaded Flanders. General Ruge surrendered. But as a symbol that Norway would never give up, he would neither flee nor sign an armistice. He is in a German prison camp. Major Reistad and his men disbanded, swearing to meet again somewhere to continue the fight. "Where we are, Norway is."

The Norwegian government had some planes on order in the United States. It was decided to have these delivered to Canada, and a year ago the new and modern and well-equipped Norwegian air force was established.

(Continued on page 76)

Fashions with a Future

Continued from page 19

in the skirt, that is distinguished by the very simple trick of inserting two panels of black satin in this fullness and matching them with black satin gloves. Another slim wool dress in royal blue has black jet beading on the tiny tabs of the bodice that turn back at the throat to make a collar, and on the skirt just below the belt. A third of these easy-to-wear dresses the duchess wore in her native Baltimore in white crepe, trimmed with black velvet that outlines the V neck and loops at the waist to make a brief black peplum across the front of the skirt—a combination that looks like a sure-fire fashion setter.

What else is Mainbocher backing for the new season? Watch his winter opening, and you'll see. You'll also be sitting in on a typical Paris opening, for he has transferred the whole tense, excited atmosphere and setup to New York. There's the white, baroque-plaster ornamented salon, ringed with little gilt ballroom chairs and long, brown-felt-covered sofas, and crowded with ladies of wealth and fashion, who sparkle with jewels and chatter with excitement as the mannequins swing through the room. If you are looking for the bizarre, the startling, you will be disappointed. Here is elegance, simplicity, understatement in clothes.

Fur-lined Luxury

Furs, first. But restrained almost out of sight. Most of us, given a fine lot of Persian lamb, would think only of putting it where it would show the most. Not Mainbocher. A handsome, boxy red wool coat is completely lined with black Persian that shows only in the turned-back cuffs and when the coat swings open as the mannequin walks. Casual and beautiful. There's been more talk than usual this season about fur-lined coats, and this should clinch the fashion. Rabbit, burunduki, woolly lamb—plenty of low-priced furs would do a good-looking job.

Next, of all things, a fur-lined sweater, just to insist on the idea. It's a beige cashmere cardigan, lined with brown Persian, a stunning jacket over a wool dress. But also an expensive item that we'll leave in the custom-order department. It does, however, demonstrate a point Mainbocher would like to make, because it's the nearest he will come to a short fur jacket with a day-length skirt. Why, he wants to know, wear those fluffy unflattering things that make vou hump-shouldered and neckless, cut you off square and wide in the middle and leave you to freeze below?

Suits are slim, the skirts flaring only enough for ease. One is a black wool dress, turned into a suit by the addition of a beige jersey jacket, collared in Persian. The dress-with-jacket theme is a strong one this season. The jackets here are short and fitted, ignoring completely all you have been reading in the past year about longer fitted jackets on suits. These, Mainbocher refuses to make for American women.

"I played with the longer-coat idea four years ago in Paris, but gave it up for two reasons," he says gently. "First, it creases very unpleasantly after sitting, and second, the long line is too difficult for the average hips. But peplums are different: Peplums flare. You know some of that fullness is fabric, not part of the lady. You'll find peplums all through my collections, and you'll find them all through the market because American women know and demand a flattering thing when they see it."

Something else in this fashion showing that we will demand: Sweaters again. Dressed up with bead embroidery at wrist and throat. Your old college cardigan, shapely in yellow cashmere, bedecked at the neck with pearls and gold beads, going out with a slim black wool dinner skirt and a black cashmere pull-over, also bejeweled at the neck. It's a fashion with a kick in it, giving you the pleasure of feeling dressed up, yet not overdressed for the favorite hamburgers-for-two evening, sitting on a high stool beside a handsome young officer in uniform.

Missing entirely are the extremes, the exaggerations of the old-time Paris collections that made the headlines but had to be modified before they could be worn. Every dress in this collection is wearable as is, making it tough on the fashion press. It's fun to have crazy, sensational fashions to write about. Peps up the page and hands the boys a laugh. But the fashion-show audience approves and applauds, and as the last mannequin moves through the room declares it the finest collection Mainbocher has ever done.

He's gratified when you shake his hand behind the scenes afterward, and tell him so. He has worked hard and earnestly to express his convictions in these clothes. Convictions that the clothes you wear are important to your comfort and your self-assurance, as well as your good looks, and therefore worth infinite pains in the designing and the selecting of them; but that they should be subordinated to the kind of life you lead and entirely dictated by it. You are well dressed, he thinks, only when you are appropriately dressed, and this has nothing whatever to do with custom-order, nothing to do with cost.

"One of the best-dressed women I have ever seen," he says, "was my hostess at a recent dinner party. She cooked the dinner herself, but she did not for this occasion wear a silk dress and then tie an apron over it. She wore a cotton dress that was practical in the kitchen and yet charming at the head of the table. Such good sense to dress becomingly, to suit her life and the occasion, is what makes the well-dressed woman."

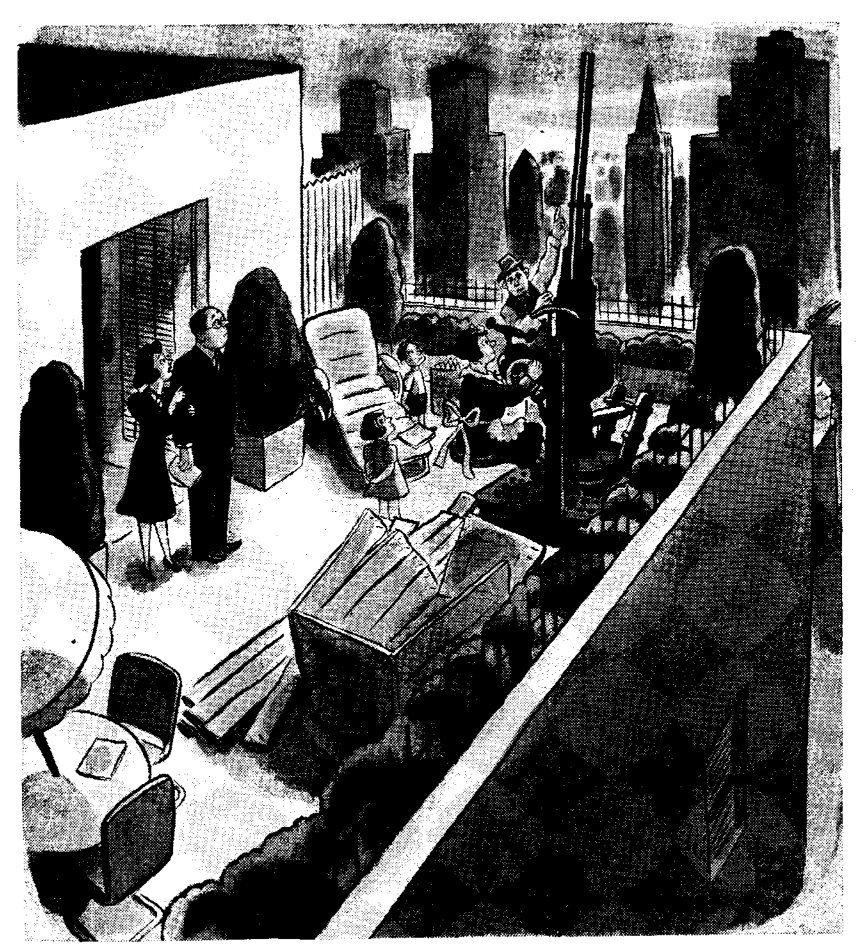
He appreciates that it is often difficult to find this exactly right dress. So he gives you some sound advice.

Looks Come Before Fashion

Go slow when you shop. If you don't find a dress that is as good or better than the favorite dress in your wardrobe, don't buy any. There is no rule of the calendar that at the stroke of a new season you must rush out and buy new clothes. Better wear last year's dress that is becoming than this year's dress that you picked up in a hurry and will hate from this day forth. Fashion changes, but not so fast that a dress isn't good for years if it is carefully picked.

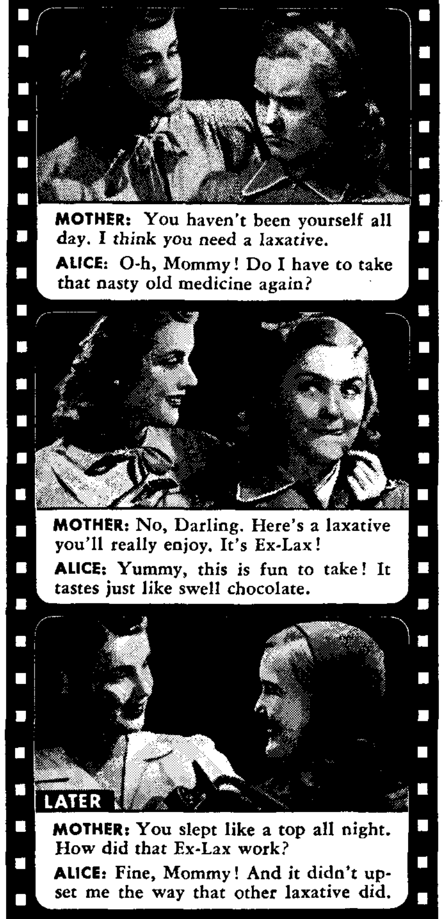
Be wary of fashions that are overpromoted. The too peasanty, the too costumey, the tricky little numbers that originated in some clever promotion girl's head rather than from your own needs. They may be fun to wear for the moment, and fun to talk about. But they'll pass promptly out of the fashion picture, leaving you with a cluttered closet and looking definitely dated if you continue to wear them.

Watch your figure. Clothes are still designed for the slim, and scaling them up to the fat-girl size won't make you look like the model. The best clothes in the world won't be becoming enough to draw eyes in your direction, unless you've kept your own eyes—with good results—on the scales.



"But couldn't you learn to operate it? Charlotte is always so busy with the children"

ROBERT DAY



EX-LAX MOVIES

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

MOTHER: You haven't been yourself all day. I think you need a laxative.
ALICE: O-h, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?

MOTHER: No, Darling. Here's a laxative you'll really enjoy. It's Ex-Lax!
ALICE: Yummy, this is fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.

LATER

MOTHER: You slept like a top all night. How did that Ex-Lax work?
ALICE: Fine, Mommy! And it didn't upset me the way that other laxative did.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild—*just right.* Take Ex-Lax according to the directions on the label. It's good for *every* member of the family. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

EX-LAX The Original Chocolated Laxative

GASSY STOMACH Get fast, *longer* relief from excess stomach acid discomforts with JESTS! Great for acid indigestion and heartburn. Taste good. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.

10c A ROLL—3 for 25c

WHATEVER YOU MAKE —*Whenever You Repair*

Glue it with WELDWOOD

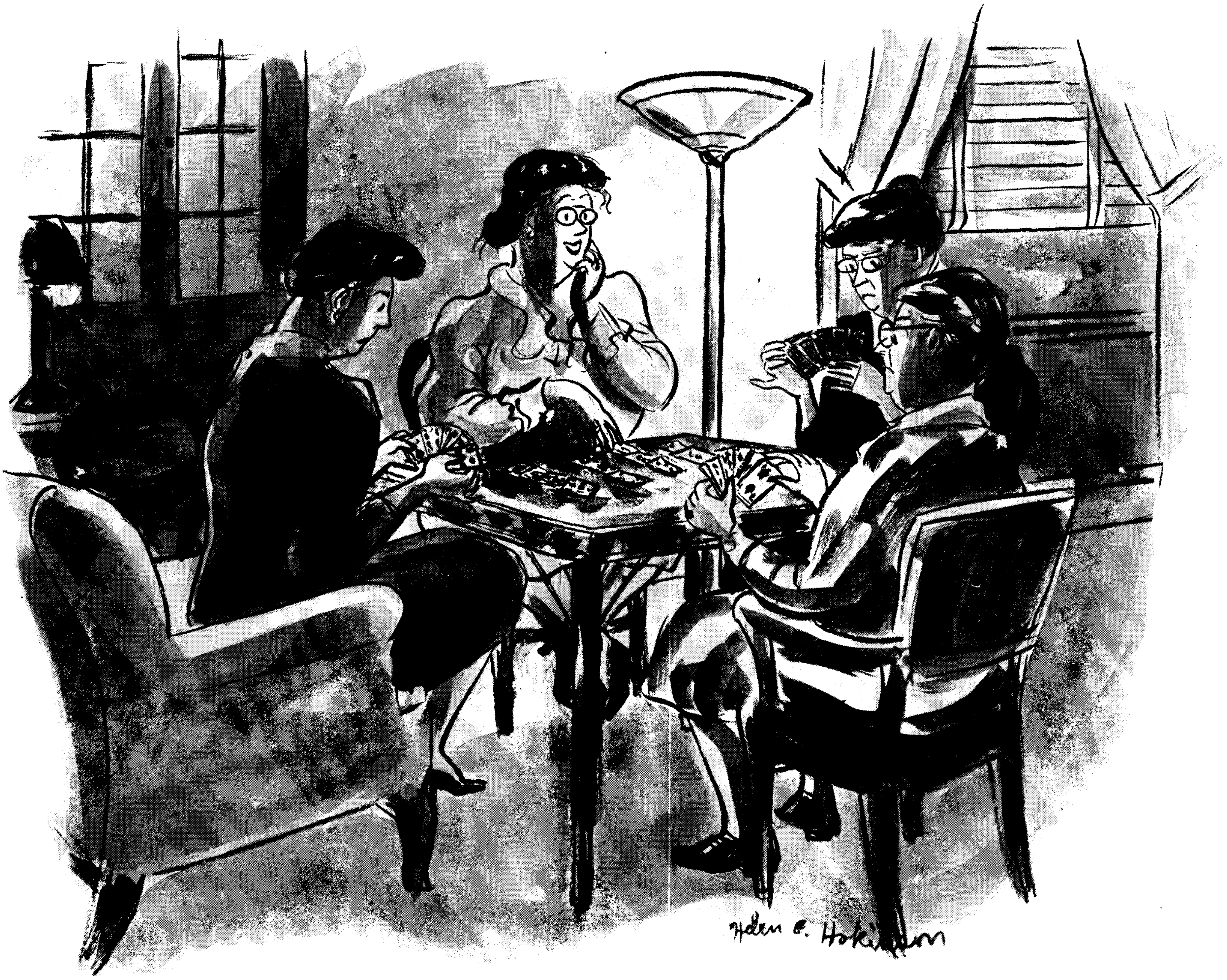
For joints that are stronger than the wood itself—for dowels that won't loosen or pull out—for repairs equal to new—use WELDWOOD Plastic Resin GLUE—*the glue of the Aircraft Industry.* WATERPROOF, ROT PROOF, STAIN FREE, not affected by steam heat, dampness. Cold setting, quick mixing.

Order from your hardware dealer or if he cannot supply you **SEND 25¢** in coin for generous can and valuable GLUE MANUAL, postpaid.

UNITED STATES PLYWOOD CORP.
World's largest producers of Plywood
616 W. 46th Street, New York, N.Y.

10¢-25¢-50¢-85¢

WELDWOOD PLASTIC RESIN WATERPROOF GLUE


Helen E. Hokinson

"Did I tell you girls how these cards were presented to my father by Admiral Dewey?"

One of the ladies is wondering, dully, how long *the Admiral* used them. Her partner is thinking of his famous words: "You may fire when you're ready, Gridley." (The third one just wants to go home.)

♣ Bridge, poker, pinochle, rummy, hearts—they're all more fun with fresh, clean cards. Whatever price you pay, your top value is one of the popular brands made by The United States Playing Card Company.

How long since you've bought new cards?

BICYCLE
Aristocrat
TALLY-HO
No. 9
No. 92 CLUB SPECIAL
Bee
PLAYING CARDS

The quality favorites, wherever you live, are among these 6 brands

WIDE • OR NARROW, BRIDGE-SIZE
(CONGRESS: NARROW, BRIDGE-SIZE ONLY)

[illegible]

At 80 m.p.h. the ships burn [illegible] ga[illegible] per hour, can land and refu[illegible] [illegible]nd[illegible]

GRASSHOPPERS. To the [illegible] th[illegible] tiny airplanes are mere [illegible] em[illegible] bers of many a flying club [illegible] ip[illegible] are the only available wing[illegible] A[illegible] Forces the Grasshopper Sq[illegible] om[illegible] a new and efficient liaison [illegible] va[illegible] tion service, tested in 30[illegible] in[illegible] during the September [illegible] re[illegible] makes—Piper, Taylorcraft [illegible] b[illegible] purchased by the Army a[illegible] -57[illegible] 58 and 59. Grasshoppers a[illegible] ner[illegible] selling to the public at ab[illegible] two[illegible] way radio. Spare parts [illegible] new propeller lists at $25 [illegible] yea[illegible] costs not more than $75. [illegible] an[illegible] three in the ground crew [illegible] ro[illegible]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF

Observing camouflage [illegible] and looks like this to a [illegible] ops

Our New Army

WASHINGTON

9TH ARMY CORPS

SECOND INTERCEPTOR COMMAND, Seattle. Whether you live in Keokuk or Tampa, the Army Air Forces have already renamed your spot of ground Bruno, Dora, Nellie, or some such; and not just because of some whimsy. On both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, highly developed aircraft-warning services are being set up and thousands of civilian observers are being trained to phone enemy-plane reports to giant filter stations like the one at Seattle under Brigadier General Carlyle Wash. New York was "bombed" last month in an interceptor test and Seattle put on a similar demonstration about ten days ago. Anyway, to get back to Dora and Nellie, your town—say it's Millville—has been given another tag so it won't sound like Pillville over the phone.

Officers and soldiers, assisted by women volunteers, plot the reports on room-size table-top maps; red if the airplane was seen, green if only heard. The clocks in the room have no numerals; each five minutes on the dial is indicated by one of three color segments: red, green, blue. When one of the 850 observers phones a report during a five-minute blue section, a blue mark is placed on his spot on the map. After fifteen minutes, when another blue period shows on the clock, all blue reports from the previous quarter-hour are eliminated. This keeps the whole business up to date and the strategy boys at headquarters are able to plot the course of the invaders.

The U. S. and surrounding real estate are divided into areas splitting the longitudinal lines in quarters, each numbered from 1 to 99. The latitudinal lines are cut in thirds and each is given a name. To simplify this, the whole territory is chopped into pieces fifteen miles square, with observers in each. The latitudinal names are in alphabetical order; if you start at the northwestern tip of the U. S. and head south, the 15-mile strips breeze through Adam, Bruno, Clara, Dora, Ernest, Floyd, George, Henry, Ida and so on down to Thomas. They don't go past the letter T but start in again with Alice, Bertha, Charles, et cetera.

To the Air Force, Seattle is Clara, Tacoma is Dora and Portland is Nellie. These same names extend on a parallel belt right across the country, so don't be surprised if somebody informs you some day that the name of your town is now Kate.

The six- and seven-men cadres setting up these aircraft-warning services in the Pacific Northwest are pretty much in the fat these days. Some of them, commanded by a lieutenant, go into towns that rarely see Army men and they become the sole beneficiaries of the be-kind-to-soldiers efforts, including dinners at private homes, deer hunting with the Chamber of Commerce and dates with the local gals. It may be tough on the Guardsmen who left these gals behind but there are no squawks from the guys in the Second Interceptor Command.

FORT LAWTON, Seattle. There's practically no likelihood that any post commander will admit it but sometimes when he can't prod the War Department into action on some lack of equipment or housing problem through the regular channels, there will suddenly appear in the local paper an "exposé" of the "shocking conditions" at the post. One of the Seattle dailies recently whipped up a nifty, illustrated with spine-cooling pictures, about the possibility of Fort Lawton men spending the winter in tents. Fol-

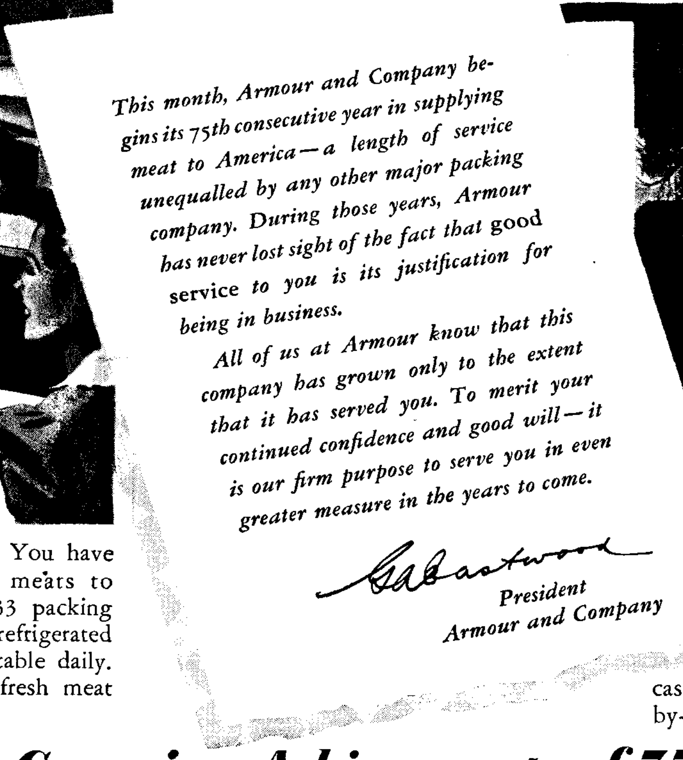
Armour's 75th Anniversary

75 YEARS OF PUBLIC SERVICE...

in supplying America's needs... A length of service no other major packing company can equal

COPYRIGHT 1941, ARMOUR AND COMPANY, CHICAGO

Meat is the Mainstay of American Vitality! You have a wide variety of fresh, smoked and canned meats to choose from. Armour and Company operates 33 packing plants, over 300 storage branches and a vast refrigerated transport system to bring fresh meat to your table daily. How different from grandmother's day—when fresh meat was a rarity and the supply seasonal at best.

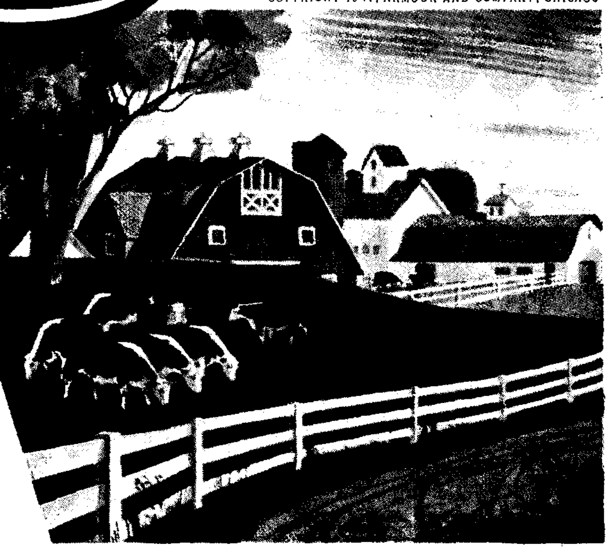


This month, Armour and Company begins its 75th consecutive year in supplying meat to America—a length of service unequalled by any other major packing company. During those years, Armour has never lost sight of the fact that good service to you is its justification for being in business.

All of us at Armour know that this company has grown only to the extent that it has served you. To merit your continued confidence and good will—it is our firm purpose to serve you in even greater measure in the years to come.

GAEastwood

President
Armour and Company

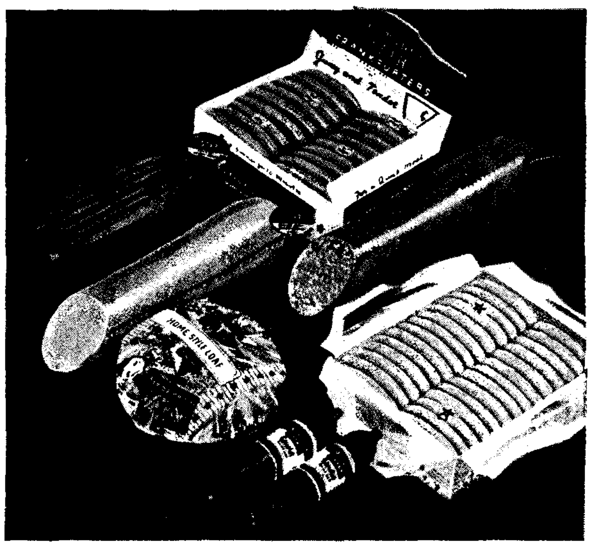


American Prosperity Begins on the Farm—and livestock is a basic farm commodity. The farmer's major crops—hay, fodder, corn and many other grains go to fatten his cattle, hogs, sheep. For 75 years Armour has helped maintain a ready cash market for the farmers' livestock...and developed many by-products, effecting savings for both farmers and consumers.

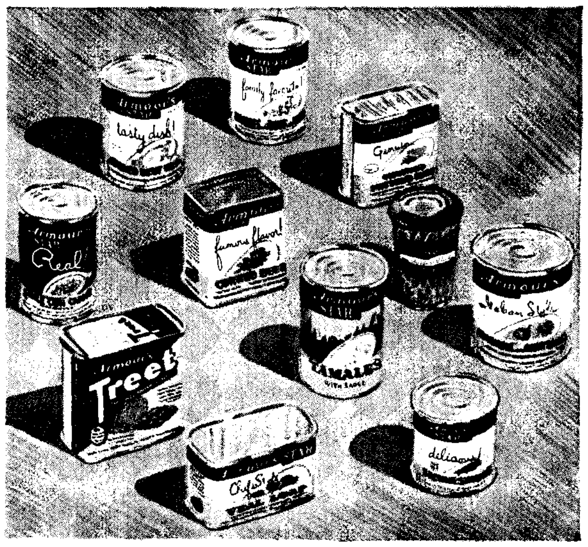
Armour Products • Crowning Achievements of 75 Years of Experience

COOKED HAM
Armour's STAR HAM
Ready to Eat
Armour's STAR

Famed as America's Finest Ham and Bacon! 75 years ago, nothing like Armour's Star Ham could be bought... at any price! Sugar-cured, hickory-smoked, and now *tested for tenderness* before it comes to your home—food lovers declare it America's most delicious ham! And Armour's Star Bacon is held in the same high esteem! These products are only two of Armour's proud contributions to America's mealtime pleasure.



Finer-Flavored Sausage—Made Fresh Every Day! To meet the increasing demand for fine sausage in America, Armour brought master sausage makers from many parts of Europe, gave them finer meats, finer equipment to work with. So, today, Armour's 150 varieties of sausage are unmatched for flavor! Scores of Armour's Sausage Kitchens are located all across America to bring you Star Sausages *fresh*—at their tasty best!



Ready-to-Serve Meats—An Armour Contribution! The prepared meats in tin and glass that are so popular with American women (millions of cans are sold every year)—were pioneered by Armour in 1878 with a small line of 5 meats. These developed into America's largest and most popular line of quality canned meats! And quality is the outstanding characteristic of Armour's Cloverbloom Butter, Eggs, Cheese and Poultry.

Keep a date with summer—this winter!
FLORIDA
GULF COAST
SOUTHWEST
CALIFORNIA

Make the trip on pocket money—in Super-Coach warmth and comfort

THE *"take-your-vacation-in-winter"* movement is going great guns—and for such excellent reasons! *FIRST*—bitter-cold weather is something you *ought* to dodge, for even a few days—if you value your health and efficiency. *SECOND*—travel is now amazingly low in cost, although nearly all other prices have sky-rocketed (you skip winter fuel and clothing bills while in the South, too)! *THIRD*—Greyhound offers the convenient, comfortable way to reach southern sunshine, with more optional scenic routes to choose from (going one way, returning another)—smart Express and Limited schedules—lower fares than any other kind of transportation (about one-third the cost of driving).

You can be in New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, or Philadelphia today—in Florida or on the Gulf Coast tomorrow! California and the great Southwest seem scarcely farther away, so fascinating are the mountains, deserts and Indian country traversed en route. *Don't let Winter stand you up! Make a date with Summer in the South—and go Greyhound.*

Send coupon to nearest of these Greyhound offices:

NEW YORK CITY • CLEVELAND, OHIO PHILADELPHIA, PENNA. • CHICAGO, ILL. FORT WORTH, TEXAS • MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA • SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. BOSTON, MASS. • WASHINGTON, D. C.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN • ST. LOUIS, MO. LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY • CHARLESTON, W. VIRGINIA • CINCINNATI, OHIO RICHMOND, VIRGINIA • MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE • NEW ORLEANS, LA.

GREYHOUND

This brings colorful literature on Southern Vacations

Mail this coupon to GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICE at nearest city listed at left of page—and we'll send bright informational folder—"Florida Travelogue" ☐, or "California—All the West" ☐. Please check the one desired. If you want rates and suggested routes for any particular trip, jot down place you'd like to visit on margin below.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________ COL-11

lowing the story's appearance, two things happened. (1) The War Department announced a $10,000 allotment to improve living facilities at the fort. (2) A letter arrived at Lawton with the illustrated article pasted on a sheet of paper bearing this: "Isn't it too bad about you boys having to huddle in tents to keep out the cold?" It was signed by the guys at the tent city in Fort Richardson, Alaska.

3D DIV.

FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. Sign posted in the Officers' Club here: "The smashing of slot machines against the posts of the club will not be tolerated. This is a source of constant expense due to damage to both the machine and to the building." Sounds as though the nickel-grabbers don't pay off very well.

TEXAS

36TH DIV.

CAMP BOWIE, Brownwood. Fresh from maneuvers, 1,350 men and officers of the 36th Division last month demonstrated modern warfare tactics before 30,000 citizens in the Dallas Cotton Bowl. The men, guests of the State Fair, asked nothing for the show, but patrons bought a ten-cent Defense Stamp for admittance. Goal posts were covered with trees, the fifty-yard line with machine-gun nests, the entire field with brush. Before the show, the largest telephone party line ever seen in Dallas was set up and the spectators heard officers map their plans and set their zero hour. Firing with Garands, machine guns and 75-mm. pieces lasted forty-five minutes, during which time newspaper-office switchboards were clogged with calls from worried natives six miles away, wanting to know what was happening. What was happening was that the Army was burning up $5,000 worth of powder, selling the Army to civilians. Fun all around.

8TH ARMY CORPS

CAMP WOLTERS, Mineral Wells. Doesn't pay to ask too many questions. Pvt. A. S. Phillips, Co. A, 61st Training Btn., got to wondering where he'd be assigned following completion of his basic training, so he asked his company commander, who said, search me, or words to that effect. Undaunted, Pvt. Phillips wrote to Commander in Chief Franklin Delano Roosevelt and got a nice letter from Mr. Stephen Early advising him to consult his company commander. Pvt. Phillips showed the communication to his company commander, who consulted the mess sergeant. Pvt. Phillips reported for K.P. duty for one week. It worked out all right, though. Our subject was recently transferred to 8th Army Corps headquarters at Brownwood, and no questions asked.

MINNESOTA

FORT SNELLING. Minnesota's only lead mine is on this reservation and is operated by a St. Paul printing pressman, Wilbur Smithkins, and his wife, who are under contract and pay the Army ten per cent of their gross take. Their take is taken from the gravel behind the targets on the fort's rifle range. On a good afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Smithkins sift out 300 pounds of bullets for which they get ten cents a pound.

MISSOURI

FORT LEONARD WOOD, Rolla. Commanding the Negro section of the Engineer Replacement Training center is Capt. Charles K. Kahn, who reports that a rookie, spotting the officer's twin silver bars on his shoulders, addressed him as "Double Lieutenant, sir."

GEORGIA

2D ARMORED DIV.

FORT BENNING. This is a story of frustration, sort of. It concerns Pvt. Frederick W. Meuschke, who was drafted and assigned to the 82d Reconnaissance Btn. of the Second Armored Division. This outfit apparently took no notice of Pvt. Meuschke's extraordinary abilities, excellent experience and diligence to duty; each month the soldier hopefully scanned the list of new ratings and promotions and his name was not listed therein. Then suddenly, on October 13th, a new list was pinned up and on it was our man's name—Corporal Meuschke, at last. "Nice going, soldier!" cried his pals. Next day, October 14th to be exact, the corporal received a message from the Adjutant General's office. Boiled down, it advised Mr. Meuschke that, having reached the doddering age of twenty-eight plus, he was released from active service, effective immediately.

FLORIDA

31ST DIV.

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. Introducing Pvt. Johnny McDowell, of the 167th Infantry. Not long ago Johnny went to the Station Hospital for an appendectomy, which was performed with a local anesthetic while the victim evinced profound interest in the proceedings. Everything came out all right, even though, as the operating surgeon sewed up the incision, Johnny piped up with: "Stitch me, Doctor, eight to the scar!"

43D DIV.

ANYONE within earshot can tab Pvt. Jack Pearow as a native of Memphis, Tenn., but instead of landing with the 30th or 31st Division this gent found himself a member of the 43d Military Police; so there he is, a lone Southerner surrounded by nearly 20,000 Yankees. He has already acquired a taste for maple syrup—pretty unusual—and on two occasions has been observed ordering pie and No'thun coffee, which means he can't return to Shelby County without special dispensation. But what gets the goats of restaurant waiters in Jacksonville and Starke is Pearow's popping in, all dolled up in New England Division insignia, and ordering grits, ham gravy, corn bread, turnip greens, collards, sorghum and black-eye peas. Lots of curious people ask him where he's from. "Memphis, Maine," he says.

GROENHOFF

Forty miles of these new, five-line telephone poles can be put up daily by the 8th Provisional Signal Btn., Camp Bowie, Tex.

THE CAROLINAS

1ST ARMY

DOWN in the desolate Carolina country of peach orchards, sand, pine, oak, and tobacco and cotton fields, the 1st Army is making soldiers out of men who not long ago were called Joe. Until a couple of weeks ago the 1st Division, the best trained and best equipped outfit in the country, was showing the 6th Army Corps how to get around in Frank Gervasi country. Within the next two weeks the whole 1st Army will clash with the 4th Army Corps and 350,000 soldiers will be milling around in the maneuver windup . . . Men in the 6th Corps have been trained both to swim and to ski. To put it in their own words: "What's cooking?" . . . The newest gadget unfolded for use in these maneuvers is sparkproof shoes, for the lads who handle gasoline and other flame-busting stuff. The shoes are made of fiber and nonsparking metal. . . . The Army put out an order that neither officers nor enlisted men could take their cars into the Carolinas, but at least one Massachusetts private got around that one. He bought himself an antiquated Ford and a white shirt, smeared the latter with oil and finds it no problem to go where he chooses. Army cars avoid his careenings with as much margin as possible. "Just another screwball Carolina cracker in a jaloppy," is their misjudgment.

AHHH—and now we really have something. It was invented by Pvt. Johnny Self, of MacDill Field's 37th Matériel Squadron, now based at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, for the duration of the present maneuvers. It's a soldier's watch, without numbers and without a minute hand. What Pvt. Self did was scrape off the numerals, substituting in their proper places such important daily events as Reveille, Chow, Roll Call, Recall, Retreat, Lights Out and Taps. Why didn't you think of that?

GENERAL

LET'S try to straighten out the regional differences in the use of the word jeep. In the South, the little reconnaissance car is called a peep; the larger command car is called a jeep. Up North and out West the names are, respectively, jeep and goon. How about a vote on it?

SIGNIFICANT NOTE: The newest Army directory gives no information about military establishments outside the limits of the continental U. S.

"I DON'T know how many you got," writes Second Lieut. James L. Denig from the Marine Barracks at Quantico, Va., "but you should have got a flood of letters from hard-working Marines all over. (We did, but the guys were too mad to sign their names.) You stated in a caption for pictures of the Army practicing landings (Collier's, Oct. 11th) that for the first time in history of landing operations a bantam car, a 37-mm. antitank gun and a .30-caliber machine gun were put ashore. Maybe the Army is just getting around to it, but the Marines have been doing it for years. They've done it in the past for keeps and are ready today to do it for keeps. Weapons of the type you mention are piddling compared to our tanks, trucks, 105-mm. howitzers, 75-mm. pack howitzers and so on down the list. Please give the Marines their due."

SHUCKS—everybody knows the Marines have the situation well in hand.

G. W.

With 300 Gins to choose from:

The Advantage is with Gordon's

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED IN LINDEN
94.4 PROOF
& BOTTLED NEW JERSEY
GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY LIMITED
GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
GORDON'S

BECAUSE...

Gordon's has the Advantage of Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4

and BECAUSE...

Drinks Never Taste Thin With Gordon's Gin

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

Copr. 1941, Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd., Linden, N. J.

STALLING ALL CARS! CLEAN OUT RADIATORS WITH SANI-FLUSH BEFORE ADDING ANTI-FREEZE

A clogged radiator causes overheating. Wastes anti-freeze. Often causes expensive trouble. Don't take chances. Sani-Flush cleans out automobile radiators for 10c. (25c for the largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (*Directions on can.*) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

Proves Wonderful For Itching Skin

To soothe itching, burning skin, apply medicated liquid ZEMO—a Doctor's formula backed by 30 years continuous success! For ringworm symptoms, eczema, athlete's foot or blemishes due to external cause, apply ZEMO freely. Soon the discomfort should disappear. Over 25,000,000 packages sold. One trial convinces. Only 35¢. Also 60¢ and $1.00.

→**ZEMO**

HERE'S HOW THOUSANDS OF EXPERTS FEED THEIR DOGS!

Do as experts have done for over 75 years! Feed your dog foods that contain *wheat* for stamina, *meat* for energy, and are *crisp-baked* for the sake of teeth and digestion. You get this *complete* dog diet in Spratt's Meat-Fibrine Biscuit Foods. One pound is equal in feeding value to two pounds of lean meat. Ask for Spratt's FIBO (granulated), SPIX (bone-size), OVALS or ASSORTED BISCUITS. For better dog health, shift to Spratt's now!

FREE 50-page book on the Care and Feeding of Dogs. Write SPRATT'S, Newark, N. J., or San Francisco, Calif.

NAME ________ G-3

ADDRESS

SPRATT'S DOG BISCUIT FOODS

Around a World at War

Continued from page 17

no bitterness in them. Men of England stopped quarreling about war aims. They no longer discussed the peace. Out of the bombs there emerged a will to survive that was harnessed to the machines that produce the machines. Women learned how to use lathes and handle hammers. Britain went to work. The bombs hadn't distinguished between Mayfair and Lambeth and England was united.

They knew in England what they were up against. Ernest Bevin told them. Englishmen knew they were only 45,000,000 against 300,000,000. They knew that of their total population some 18,000,000 were able to fight and work and that in the enemy camp there were at least 182,000,000 who could man the war machines and the machines behind the planes and tanks and guns at the front. They knew in England that the huge reservoir of man power of India's 400,000,000 people was of little use in this war, for the men of India are not mechanics. They would have overwhelmed the Germans with Indian troops alone, in the old days, when numbers meant something. Now numbers mean little unless they are numbers of mechanics, engineers, transport experts, managers, organizers, chemists, toolmakers, diemakers, patternmakers, tinsmiths, electricians, for it's that kind of a war. Ernie told them. Ernie told them that *Britain's army hasn't the highly developed mechanical aptitude of the German army.* In a war between peasants and mechanics the mechanics will win. *Perhaps elsewhere such inequalities* might breed defeatism. There was none in the England to which I flew in a bomber in February, 1941.

Seamen Must Eat

The Jerries bombed Liverpool the night we sailed. We moved down the Mersey and into the Irish Sea and for a few days we were convoyed and then we were on our own. We sailed on the ancient sclerotic Themistocles, once a crack packet of the Blue Funnel Line on the Cape run to Australia. Liverpudlians called her the Temmy Stocles and some unprintable things, but she was a good ship.

There was no rationing aboard. There's something exquisitely English about that. They wouldn't deprive men who risk their lives on the seas of the cheese and sugar and meat and eggs they do without in England. We had seven-course dinners all the way to Cape Town. For thirty-one days we ate menus such as you'd find at the Ritz. We landed in Cape Town with heavier waistlines. We even had butter. Margarine is the best they can manage even at the Savoy, in London. Raiders got the Britannia, which had sailed with us. They got her one night some twenty-five miles off our starboard bow and we were thankful that old Temmy Stocles was as slow as she was. Another quarter knot to our speed and the raiders would have got us, too. We'd have been alongside her.

We were in danger every one of the thirty-one days we sailed. We wished aboard ship that wars could be won with courage alone and with that uncomplaining forbearance of Englishmen. Aboard ship we learned that it is one thing to be an Englishman and an Australian and a Canadian or a New Zealander, and another to be a Briton, a Britisher. There's something vital about Englishmen and the others. They are men. But the Britisher is an idea. He represents a way of life that you—and Englishmen and the others—feel is passing. His flag is the old school tie. We were five hundred aboard the Themistocles. Some were Canadians and others Australians and New Zealanders. A few were British. In the smoke room and the lounge when they waved the old school tie and talked of "Empire" the Aussies and the Anzacs and the Canadians gave them the bird. The Englishmen smiled upon them wisely, patiently. By the time we'd reached Cape Town the old-school-tie gentlemen occupied one table in a corner of the smoke room and the rest of us left them strictly alone. They were an oldish, puzzled-looking lot and inspired sympathy.

If in Bermuda the war's mien had been complacent and in England composed and brave and earnest, in South Africa it was surly. In South Africa the war's visage was that of a man who had taken a step against his will. You encounter in the Union one of the weirdest anachronisms of the war. Here, as elsewhere in the Commonwealth of Nations, *there are no rations. Here you sense,* as in Bermuda, a remoteness from war that isn't merely physical and at the same time a vigor and realism that is *English and Canadian and Australian.* You find similarities between the South African way of life and the American. The Union is American in the polyglot *character of its population.* It's American in the neon-lighted and skyscrapered glamor of its big cities. You can get chocolate ice-cream sodas and hot dogs *and lemon cokes. Here apothecaries are* drugstores and goods trains are freights. And South African troops can't fight outside the continent of Africa.

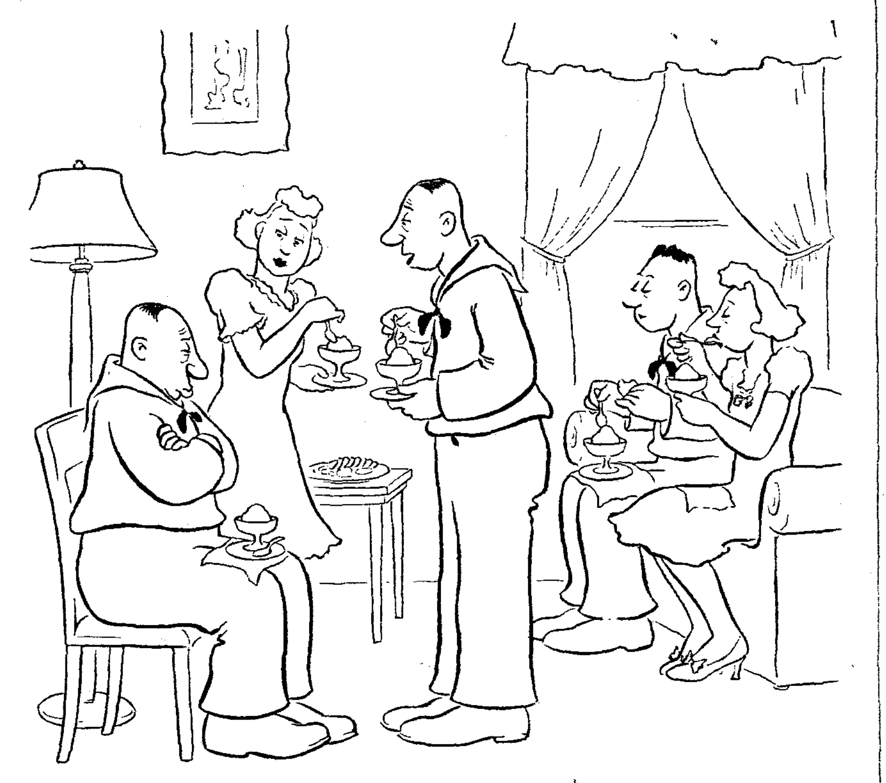
Although South Africa entered the war by the slim approval of 51 votes to 47, the Union has raised a volunteer army of 150,000 from its 2,000,000 white population. It's one of the best armies in the war. It brought Italy's empire down around Mussolini's ears in a short, brilliant campaign. But prowar newspapers must barricade their offices to prevent isolationist Afrikander mobs from smashing the presses. Antiwar riots in Johannesburg and disturbances in Durban. Demands in the press for assurances from Great Britain that after the war and if possible during the war the Union be granted full independence. Down in South Africa the Afrikanders who still remember the Boer War want no part of the British Empire. They resent even the "Commonwealth of Nations" tag which their own prime minister, Jan Christiaan Smuts, invented as he fathered the League of Nations and the mandate system. In South Africa they speak of Smuts in the same tone of voice that Britons mention Winston and most Americans talk of F. D. R.

In Cape Town, which might be a thriving Middle Western city, only much cleaner than most, the city is wired for sound. Every day at noon life halts in the middle of a syllable at the blast of a cannon. Traffic lights turn red. People halt whatever they're doing and stand at attention. Over loud-speakers come the notes of a bugle call, the Last Post. There is two minutes of silence. Then the traffic lights go green. Cops blow whistles. Cars, trucks, trams and pedestrians move. Life resumes.

Independence is Postponed

The ceremony is to remind South Africans that there is a war on. It is slightly melodramatic and slightly embarrassing. You can guess the proportions of interventionists to isolationists by observing the attitudes of the people at attention. Prowar citizens are rigidly respectful. Isolationists sneak puffs from their cigarettes and their very attitude grumbles.

But Premier Smuts assured me the war effort of South Africa was on the upswing. I interviewed him just before entraining for Durban to catch a plane for Cairo. He is a gray little man, with a gray-white plowshare of a beard and intensely blue eyes. The quality of the light in his eyes resembles that you see in the eyes of Adolf Hitler, only you know when you stand before Smuts that this is a good man. In the presence of Hitler you are apprehensive. Smuts told me that the Union was moving



"Stop sulking, Alfred. My goodness, we had to stop playing post office sometime!"

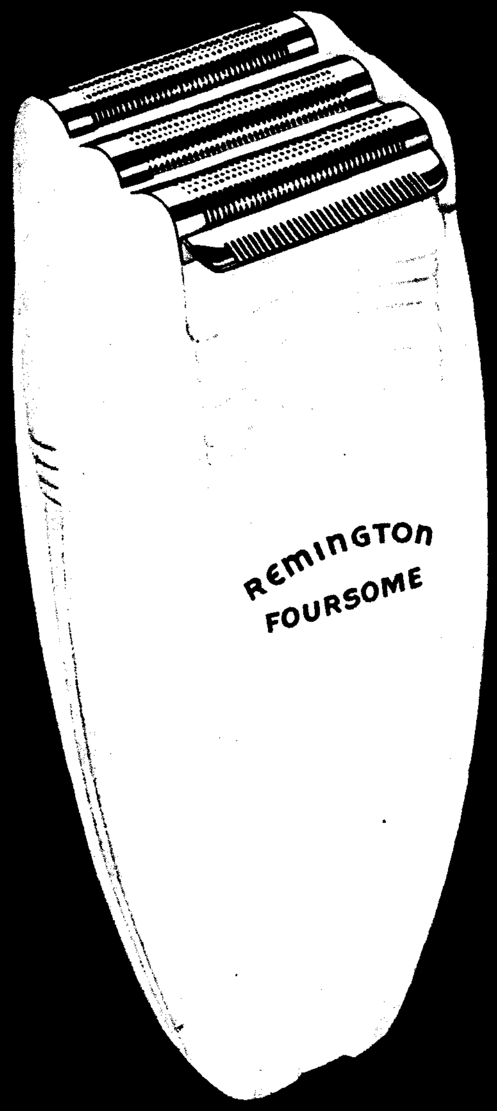
F. HUMFREVILLE

THE WORLD'S FINEST ELECTRIC SHAVER. *The success of the new "Foursome" shaver is due in no small part to the experience of Remington Rand in developing precision products. Here is another example of the engineering skill that created the printing calculator and produced the world's finest writing machine—the Remington Noiseless Typewriter. It's the same famous organization that has eliminated error and guesswork by perfecting modern protected filing systems and today is contributing to national defense through the manufacture of precision products for the United States and British Governments.*

REMINGTON RAND

The Remington "Foursome" Shaver—only electric shaver with FOUR cutting heads. Newest addition to the Remington line, used and recommended by 16,000 barbers.

Another forward
step by
Remington Rand



ACCOUNTING
Adding
Calculating
Bookkeeping

PHOTOGRAPHIC
Dexigraph
Film-a-record
Portagraph

SYSTEMS
Kardex
Safe-Cabinets
Filing Cabinets

TABULATING
Punches
Sorters
Tabulators

TYPEWRITERS
Noiseless
Standard
Portable

SUPPLIES
Carbon Paper
Ribbons
Duplicator Stencils

Don't TORTURE
a SORE THROAT

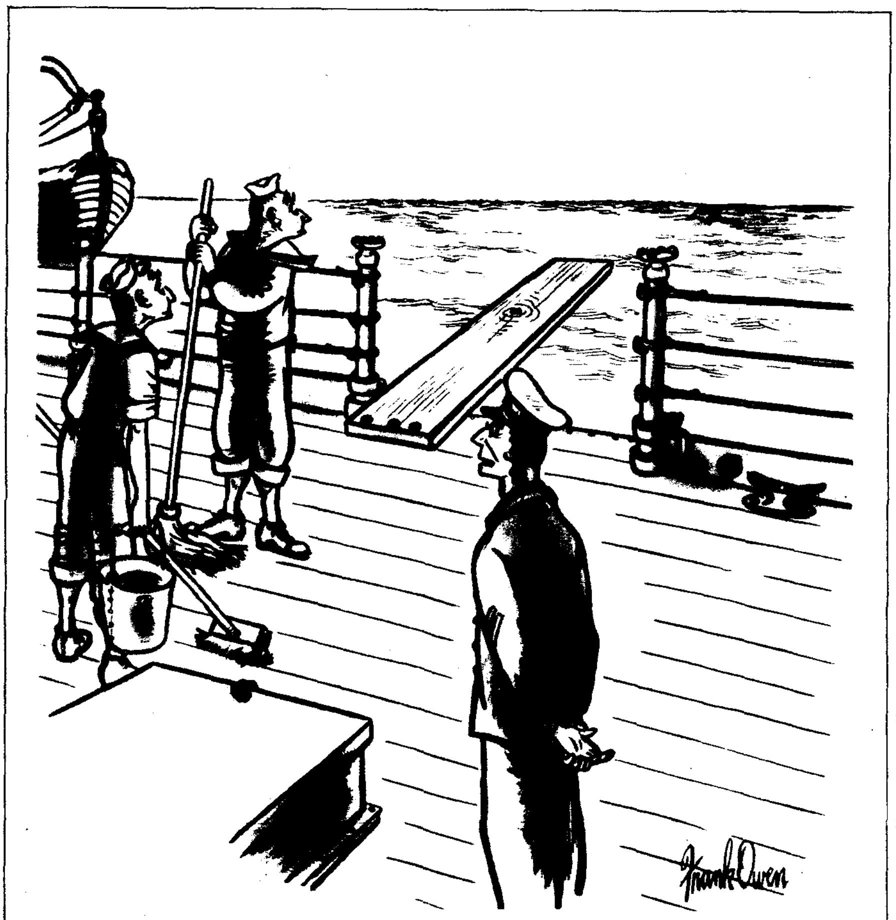
SOOTHE it with GLYCO-THYMOLINE

Insist on Glyco-Thymoline for gargling and spraying. Glyco-Thymoline is *gentle*, but effective, and helps to soothe and heal the delicate membranes of the nose and throat which are so often irritated by common colds and ordinary sore throats.

For fifty years many physicians and druggists have used and recommended Glyco-Thymoline for helping to relieve the discomforts of common colds and ordinary sore throats. Keep a bottle handy always . . . and use as directed.

GLYCO-THYMOLINE

TRY GLYCO-THYMOLINE AS A DAILY MOUTH WASH



"Pay attention to your work and you won't have to worry about what it's for!" FRANK OWEN

rapidly toward unity. He said the Union realized that it must submerge its fierce patriotism for independence temporarily to defeat Hitler. The South Africans, he said, realize increasingly that a German victory would mean indefinite postponement of South African independence. Two days later I was on the train for Durban.

Durban might be Miami. There are beaches and swank hotels and there is the midway atmosphere of a resort and that of the port. Like Miami, Durban is both. The journey to Durban might have been a journey across Texas. The great plain between Cape Town and Durban they call the karoo. Mesquite, sagebrush and yellow plains of tallish grass. Natives in bright blankets. Great range country and the white men might be Texans, tall and lean and hard. It is a journey of two days and three nights across the 900-odd miles of karoo. At Durban I boarded an Imperial Airways flying boat for Mozambique and Lake Victoria.

Never Forget Kimberley

Often we flew low over herds of elephants. Twice we saw hippos awash in the mudbanks of jungle streams. But on the third day we went deep inland to pick up the tributaries of the Nile. The land below changed from green to brown and then to buff and we were flying over wretched desert country. From the observation deck of the plane, a raised runway on the ship's port side in the smoking compartment, we looked down and wondered that men should fight for the possession of that lifeless land.

Just north of Khartoum we flew over country so repugnant that an R.A.F. officer en route to a new post in Wadi Halfa nudged me, pointed down at the yellow wastes and said he thought it was bloody awful land. He said he thought the worst possible trick England could play on her enemy would be to give the whole bloody business to Germany, what? I reminded him of Kimberley and the Transvaal and the lush lands we'd seen around Victoria. Over where we flew Chinese Gordon had fought. Five days and four nights after our take-off from Durban we were in Cairo. The pyramids appeared small. The Sphinx was an indistinguishable lump. The whole suggested decadence rather than strength. But Cairo's gardens and boulevards were alive with trees that bore purple blossoms and the Nile was ageless and sinuous and strong. It was the backbone of a nation we saw.

Cairo, the capital of the battle of Africa, was shocking even after Cape Town. Cairo was a Hollywood movie of itself at war. Lights blazed at night. In restaurants you saw food returned to the kitchen because it was improperly cooked, food in heaps. Here diners fussed about the sauce in the *coq au vin*, the temperature of a bottle. It took nearly a month to bring into focus the blurred picture of old-line officers, gaiety, wine, women, laughter, Arabs in the nightshirts they call galabias, turbaned Indian officers, swashbuckling Aussies in broad-brimmed campaign hats, refugees in pith helmets and an atmosphere generally of a conglomeration of extras on location to shoot a superdooper of a war film. After a month you saw that it couldn't have been otherwise. England had cleared out the old-school-tie soldiers in the democratization of the British army and sent them all away where they'd do the least harm. Cairo, until the big shake-up that came later in the summer, got them all, from useless brigadiers to fuzzy-chinned "leftenants" whose only claim to a commission lay in their births or bank accounts. In this war to preserve democracy it was disturbing to see signs over the bars of the smart hotels such as Shepheard's or the Continental limiting patronage to officers. Then you remembered that even in our army corporals don't drink with captains and majors.

But up forward with the troops, you forgot Cairo. You forgot Cairo but you were reminded sharply of the lesson you'd learned in Bermuda that the British virtues don't include the ability to organize and an aptitude for mechanics.

FOR A GLORIOUS TAN
WINTER
This photograph shows a Henovia sun lamp
SKOL
PREVENTS PAINFUL SUNBURN
ALLOWS A BENEFICIAL TAN
CONTAINS NO OIL OR GREASE

use SKOL under your SUN LAMP

• This marvelous scientific product, SKOL, lets the tanning rays pass through—lets you get a glorious tan under your sun lamp!

A quick-drying liquid, SKOL is not greasy, not messy, won't show—actually helps prevent peeling, helps relieve dry, chapped skin! It is the largest selling non-oily suntan lotion in the world.

Apply SKOL to all exposed areas before you turn on the lamp. At beauty salon, club or barber shop, ask to have SKOL on your skin . . . Skol Company, Inc., New York.

• Going to Florida, Palm Springs or another sunny resort? Use SKOL when you sun-bathe—for a glorious tan!

SKOL Non-Oily

Corporal Smythe of the Royal Auxiliary Service Corps was the innocent villain of your adventure.

The road northward from Cairo to Alexandria is a narrow macadam ribbon across the desert margin of the Nile. It's strictly a peacetime road, ample for the limousines of fat pashas and tourists. But in wartime it is burdened with trucks and tanks and staff cars and motor-drawn artillery. It imposes careful driving. We weren't getting any from Corporal Smythe of the army's transport service. Corporal Smythe wheeled over to the left sharply to avoid a five-tonner that refused to be honked to one side. We were up to our hubs in sand in two minutes.

We thought that perhaps the heat was responsible for Corporal Smythe's subpar driving. We had the windows up to keep out the wind and the sand. It was 117 degrees Fahrenheit by the thermometer over the driver's seat. Unfortunately for the British army, it wasn't the heat. The heat had nothing to do with the fact that Corporal Smythe hadn't seen to the brakes before leaving Cairo that morning. When he pushed down on the brake pedal the wagon kept on rolling, unchecked, and we had been doing forty-five because we had a rendezvous with a war somewhere west of Alexandria.

You Can't Blame Smythe

In the two hours that followed we discovered that Corporal Smythe wasn't a double-purpose corporal. He not only couldn't drive a car, but, worse, he couldn't fix it. He wasn't a double-duty planner, either. When you have an appointment with a war you fill the five-gallon tins in the iron racks on either side of your station wagon with gas, oil and water. You carry four tins of extra water, three of gas and one of oil. They were all empty. Smythe had forgotten the jack. He'd forgotten the shovel. You're helpless in the desert if you're stuck in the sand without a shovel. He didn't know what the four-foot studded steel tracks clamped atop the station wagon were for. Buzz and I showed him. You slide the tracks under the wheels.

Buzz was the red-bearded, red-haired, gray-eyed and affable staff captain who was to conduct me on my trip to the front. His gentleness with Smythe was amazing. Later, after a Bren gun carrier we flagged had tractored us out of the sand and we were tooling along toward the sunset and the war, he explained. Buzz was driving now. Smythe was sprawled behind us on the long seat, sweaty and asleep.

"It's not his fault, really," Buzz droned. He was weary. "He isn't to blame. Six months ago Smythe was a baker's apprentice in Huddersfield. He drove a horse and wagon. He'd never driven a car or a truck. He wasn't quite up to the mark, physically, to enter one of the armed branches of the service, so they put him into the RASC. How he got to be a corporal, I don't know. Better education than most, most likely. He doesn't know a blasted thing about machinery. He had about six weeks in an auto shop learning mechanics, but I doubt if he could change a fouled plug. I'm afraid we've become a nation of brokers and shopkeepers. Smythe is the result.

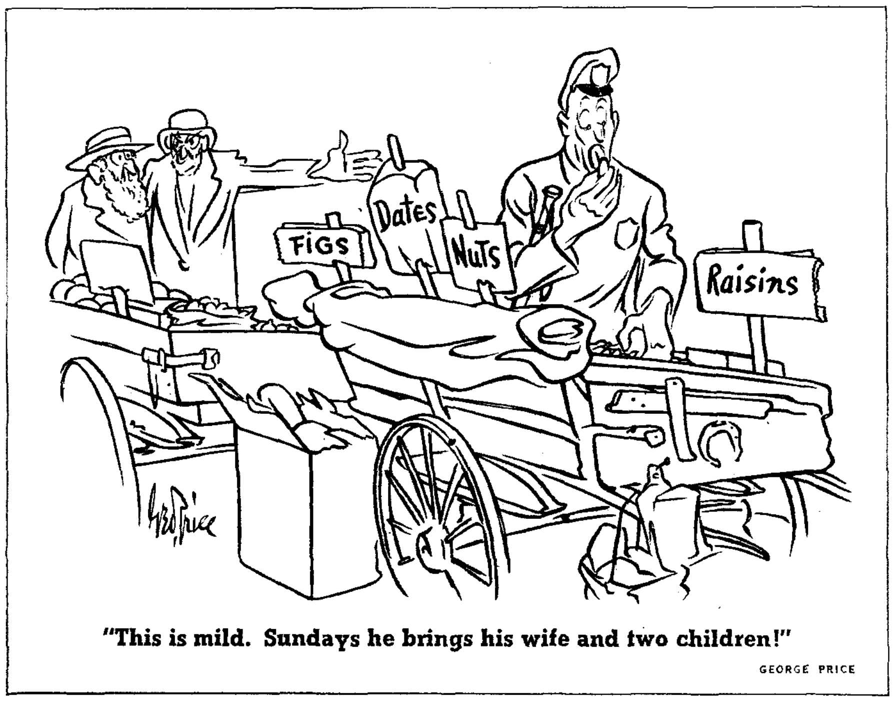
"We certainly didn't have mechanics when the war came. We had a small class of craftsmen. They made our motors and airplanes. We weren't ready for war. I don't mean merely that we didn't have tanks, guns and planes. Heaven knows we didn't. What's more important, we didn't have engineers. You Americans are a nation of mechanics. So are the Germans. I'm afraid we aren't. At least, we weren't. . . ."

I thought of American boys who convert asthmatic jaloppies into racing cars, of kids who make gasoline motors and put them in real airplanes that fly. I thought of newsstands agleam with how-to-make-its. Buzz knew what he was talking about. In private life he was a machinery salesman in Manchester.

And yet, in the desert, you saw Tommies mount two-pounder guns on Chevrolet chassis. You saw them chase German tanks with these. And sometimes they'd win.

But in the desert, too, you saw roads that were permitted to rut and disintegrate under the pounding of trucks and tanks and heavy guns. Nothing was done to repair them. Tar in rust-splotched barrels lined the road for miles between Alex and Salum, as though somebody had intended to fix those roads so the war could run more smoothly but had run out of money or initiative. The roads tore the equipment to pieces. Good American trucks lasted from four to six months on those roads. The toll in springs, tires, axles, gears and bodies was terrific. And the supply lines stalled and men died up forward because ambulances reached them too late.

Back in Cairo you heard Jimmy Roosevelt tell how in Iraq the British diddled for days trying to span a small stream with sandbags. An American soldier suggested the river be bridged. It was and the column moved over it and onward to rebellious Bagdad. It just hadn't occurred to this particular



"This is mild. Sundays he brings his wife and two children!"

GEORGE PRICE

TIME OUT for GOEBEL

WHETHER you do your wood chopping out in the big open spaces or in the back yard, there's an old-reliable friend ready to help you relax — Goebel Beer. And what a beer!

There's a nationwide switch to Goebel. The increasing popularity of Michigan's *National* Beer simply means that a lot of people like its taste better. In all probability you, too, will switch to Goebel, once you try it.

Better taste is important. *Last year only one other brewery in America gained in sales as much as Goebel. Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit, Michigan.*

GOEBEL

MICHIGAN'S *National* BEER

RIGHT FROM THE CYPRESS CASKS OF GOEBEL

Goebel in regular 12-ounce bottles, cans and the original Bantam bottle

Pink ELEPHANTS last night?

When Your Rebellious Stomach is Sour, Sickish, or Upset—*don't aggravate the condition with overdoses of antacids or drastic physics or purges. Take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL.

In the PINK today?

PEPTO-BISMOL helps bring relief when the stomach is upset by overindulgence, change of diet, or improper combinations of food and drink...when there is distress from gas pains, nervous indigestion or simple diarrhea.

PEPTO-BISMOL is not an antacid and has no laxative action. It helps soothe the irritated intestinal walls as well as the stomach, and is decidedly pleasant to the taste.

In two sizes—at your druggist. Or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Norwich*

Makers of Unguentine*

*PEPTO-BISMOL

FOR UPSET STOMACH

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

unit to bridge the river, which would have saved three days time in relieving Bagdad and in three days Englishmen died.

By the time I left Cairo at the end of July General Auchinleck had arrived to take command of the Middle East and a new deal was dealt all around. The old-school-tie boys got down off the polished stools of the Ghezira Sporting Club and Continental Hotel bars and went to work. General Sir Archibald Wavell had had too much to contend with. The work he did was subdivided, with Auchinleck concerned only with military operations while Captain Oliver Lyttleton, Churchill's personal representative in the Middle East, took over supply and transport and political relations with Egypt and neighbor states.

India was a two-day flight from Cairo via Basra, at the head of the Persian Gulf. From Cairo to Karachi and thence to Simla was to move from reality to unreality again. India conveyed none of the glamor and romance of fiction and Kipling. At Lahore old Zam Zam stood, its wooden wheels bleached by the sun, its impressive bronze barrel green with the years. But Kim wasn't there. I couldn't find Kim anywhere in India; his spirit must have died long, long ago. Maybe I didn't have the eyes to see, but I couldn't find Kim and I felt cheated.

India Wants Only Independence

I found instead of Kim and adventure a nation more concerned with itself than with victory over Germany, a-quiver with a subsurface struggle between Hindu and Moslem that the war had failed to still. India wanted independence and wanted it immediately. India's leaders told Britain that if Britain is fighting for democracy India wanted a down payment of democracy right away. Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs and Parsees argued about proportionate representation on the viceroy's national-defense council and expressed their disapproval of his selections of representatives from the warring groups with strikes and passive resistance. Mahatma Gandhi's movement, dedicated to nonviolence, was slightly bewildered in a highly violent world. The revolutionary Nehru still held that India, to emerge as a nation, must one day run with blood. He is a Hindu. The whole business irked the old-school-tie boys and the jails were full.

Otherwise life proceeded much as usual in India. Some people, in Bombay and Calcutta, were growing rich or richer by trading in jute and cotton and other commodities badly needed by the British. But the ladies continued their tea fights and all the white folks had plenty to eat and the war was something that was happening to somebody else. Only General Wavell seemed to take the war seriously. I saw him at tea in Simla. He had just arrived to take over his new job as commander in chief in India and had inspected the northwest frontier. He appeared tired and worried, although he expressed satisfaction at the state of the defense on the frontier. At the moment he was planning occupation of Iran with the Russians.

All of the civil servants and the ladies and gentlemen had moved, as they had done and their fathers and grandfathers and great grandfathers before them, from Bombay to Poona, or from Delhi and Lahore to Simla, to escape the heat. The rajas and maharajas went pigsticking and tiger-shooting and complained of the high cost of maintaining the state armies they contributed to the British defense. They didn't complain too loudly nor too openly. They rule so long as Britain rules. Once India attains independence their days of receiving in taxes their weight in gold are done.

"Try t'get a cab on a night like this. . . ." JAY IRVING

From Calcutta it was an overnight hop by KLM airliner into Siam, where a pleasant little people wondered how long they would remain the Land of Muang Thai, or the Land of Free Men. They were over their heads in Jap tourists. A British minister drank his port and coddled his brandy and assured the Thais Britain would fight for Thailand if, if and if. At the same time he sought to interest the U.S.A. in that little country, to which Americans replied that it would be difficult indeed to interest citizens of Minnesota and Iowa and the Dakotas in a war to save Thailand. The war in Thailand wore a puzzled, childish little grin.

Nothing made sense in Singapore. Here was the finest British base in the Far East. But there wasn't a fleet anywhere in sight. We flew over surrounding waters and didn't see any ships, any warships, either. But, of course, in Singapore, they hinted mysteriously that the fleet was somewhere about. Maybe it was. We were eminently unconvinced. And of all the unconvincing characters we met in Singapore the funniest and the most exasperating was the local press-relations officer. For some twenty years he had been a magistrate —in the Fiji Islands. He was a naval reserve officer, a lieutenant commander, and was called to duty recently. As a former magistrate in the Fiji Islands he was, of course, extremely helpful to the foreign press. He didn't know one newspaper from another and the only press association he'd ever heard of was Reuter's. He knew what the BBC was but he'd never heard of CBS or NBC. He dedicated himself to the proposition that no one, absolutely no one, old boy, should find out one damned thing about Singapore. He was eminently successful.

But there were an Australian and an old friend from London named Norman Barrymaine who managed to slip us some information through the Fiji Islander's Maginot Line of silence. From them I learned that Singapore could handle the entire American Far Eastern fleet in the event of war with Japan, that steps had been taken to supply and revictual and refuel our ships in the base. They told me, too, that Singapore is defensively strong enough, now, to thwart any Jap attempt to invade and hold the Malay Peninsula which, if true, means India's flank is protected and that the Dutch East Indies as well as Australia and New Zealand won't find themselves immediately with the war on their doorstep—not without warning, at least.

I stepped on American soil for the first time in months when I boarded the Pan American Clipper at Singapore for Manila. I chewed gum, American gum. I smoked American cigarettes and ten hours after leaving Singapore we glided onto Manila Bay, and if you believe that the Philippines are something far away and foreign and not akin to you and your way of life, you've got it all wrong. Maybe if you come from America smack into Manila you'll feel you are in a strange land. But come two thirds of the way around the world to Manila and you'll feel differently. You'll feel a vitality there that's American. You'll get ice you can trust, for one thing, and water you can drink without boiling and when you go to sleep at night you'll do so easy in knowing the brown boy outside your door won't slip in and carve your throat. You don't sleep so easily in Cairo, Basra, Karachi, Calcutta, Rangoon or Singapore. In all those cities there is hatred between the native and the white boss. But not in Manila.

The American Way

Forty-one years under the American flag have done that. The Filipinos know that America has given them the schools in which they learned that freedom is a holy thing. Our schools taught them all about that independence they want so vehemently. And they know that America taught them to drain their swamps and build roads and how to use tools. The Arab and the Indian and the Malay can't fix flats. But the Filipino repairs telemeters. I saw them. Five thousand of them under twenty-three American engineers are building our naval base out at Cavite. Their machine shops gleam. Every tool is in its proper place. I saw Filipinos adjusting the temperamental mechanism of a ten-thousand-dollar torpedo, work that requires a high grade of mechanical aptitude.

War efforts? In Manila this is what you see and hear after the somnolence in Simla and the silence in Singapore. Saws ripping through boards, hammers beating together barracks, air drills boring rock, steam shovels wolfing dirt. There are piles of spare propellers and bales of steel rope. There are torpedoes in long racks and shells in the magazines. And there's a fleet there, and what a fleet! And there's awareness and movement in the American rhythm, and a little gray-eyed man they call Hard-Collar Hart, Admiral Thomas C. Hart, tells you through thin, straight lips that nobody's going to get tough in the Pacific without settling accounts with one Admiral Hart—"with me, personal."

It gives you a lift, it does.

The Silent War

Continued from page 15

of the Latin-American countries has been thrilling evidence of what international harmony can accomplish. Disruption of normal markets because of the war shocked the economic systems of the Latin-American countries so badly that in self-preservation they had to sell to whatever buyers presented themselves. Yet they are now making us preferred customers. As a result, we have gained immeasurably in the economic war, have actually won back some of the ground we lost by our slow start.

Leaks That Must Be Plugged

Japan has been an extremely active and extensive buyer of South America's strategic materials during the past two years. As the United States and the British Empire embargoed a long list of key materials which Japan had been getting, she has turned increasingly to the one big trade area still open to her—Latin America. Her purchases of mica in Brazil jumped from 4 metric tons in 1937 to 624 in 1940, and her takings of quartz crystal more than doubled. She bought nearly twenty times more platinum from Colombia in 1940 than in 1938, more than three times as much lead from Mexico in the first four months of 1941 as she had bought there during the whole of 1939. And before our contract with Mexico, Japan was getting—at bonus prices—quantities of mercury, valuable in fulminates for detonating high explosives, in antifouling paint for ship bottoms, and other basic war purposes.

For Chilean and Peruvian copper, Bolivian and Argentine tungsten, Brazilian and Argentine mica, Brazilian industrial diamonds, Japanese agents have been on the spot eager to top our bids. Japan was buying not only for her own war needs but for Germany. Prior to the war Germany had been taking most of Peru's molybdenum. In 1940 Japan took it.

Although the British blockade has cut off practically all direct trade to Europe we know that critically needed Latin American materials have also been reaching Germany by the Italian airline —Lati—which flies from Brazil, and occasionally by German ships running the blockade. Quartz crystals, industrial diamonds, mica and platinum flown from South America to Italy and Germany have been invaluable to the Axis war effort. By the co-operative contracts with Latin America, many of the leaks have been plugged. But much still remains to be done, especially in preventing the less critical materials from reaching the Axis.

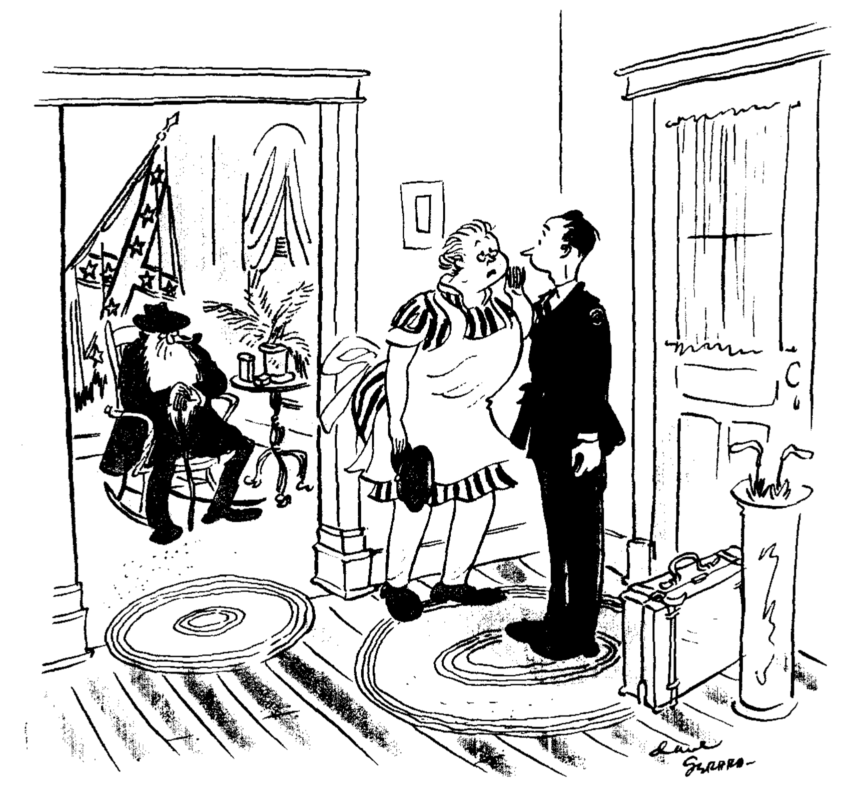
Our program of buying for defense must take into account other commodities which the Axis will buy if we or Britain do not. Not only metals, but lard, castor beans, cottonseed oil—fats and oils of which the Nazis have acute need—have gone from South America to Germany. It may be just as important for us to prevent these products from reaching Germany as it is to prevent her from getting copper.

Japanese purchases of Brazilian castor beans, the source of castor oil, an important lubricant for high-speed engines, rose from 344 metric tons in 1937 to 19,063 in 1940. Her purchases of oil-bearing seeds from Argentina jumped four-hundredfold between 1939 and 1940.

Any oil-yielding product is avidly seized upon by the Germans and immediately turned to use. Peanuts are being carried by plane from Vichy-controlled French West Africa to be pressed into peanut oil to fuel Diesel-motored engines. When we consider that a German submarine can operate for a year on 1,250 tons of peanut oil, we realize the aggressive purposes to which usually inoffensive commodities can be put.

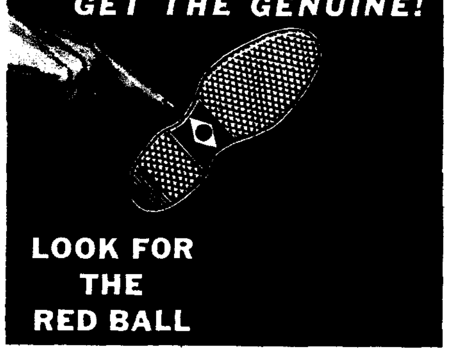
A total effort to hasten the defeat of the Axis powers means plugging all the loopholes through which goods of any kind are reaching them.

Part of our job is to make sure that other free nations get the goods they need to keep their economies functioning. With other sources cut off, the Latin-American nations are especially dependent upon us for products necessary to maintain their economic stability at home, and to produce strategic



"Now, for heaven's sake, don't tell your granddad you lost the war games to those Northern boys!" DAVE GERARD

Over-the-Shoe Style Boots for Sister
Modish Ariel Rubbers for Mother
Oxford-Style Rubbers for Dad
Easy-to-Wear Gaiters for Brother



It Pays to Buy
BALL-BAND
RUBBER FOOTWEAR

See your Ball-Band dealer. Outfit the entire family with Ball-Band better rubber footwear.

GET THE GENUINE!

LOOK FOR
THE
RED BALL

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO.
471 WATER STREET, MISHAWAKA, IND.

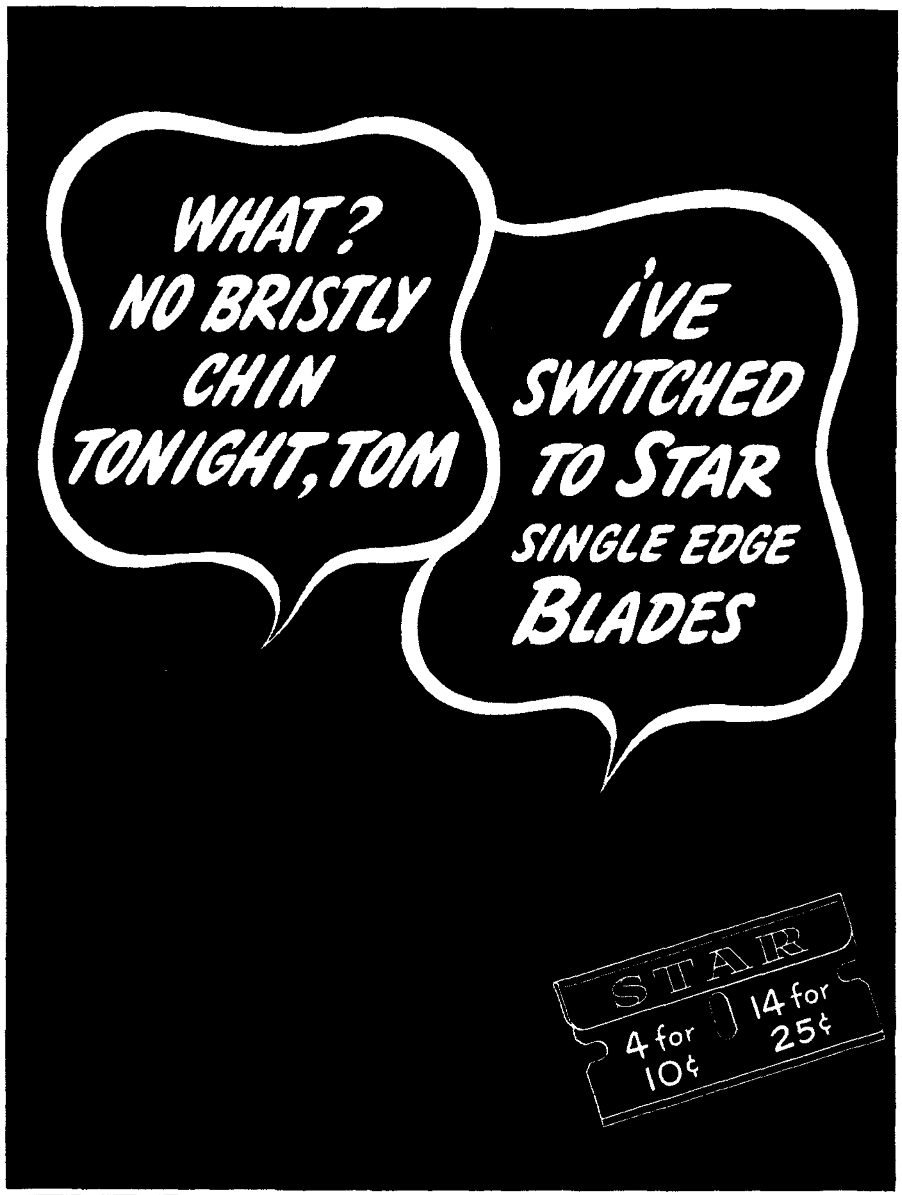
WIDMER'S
NEW YORK STATE
WINE

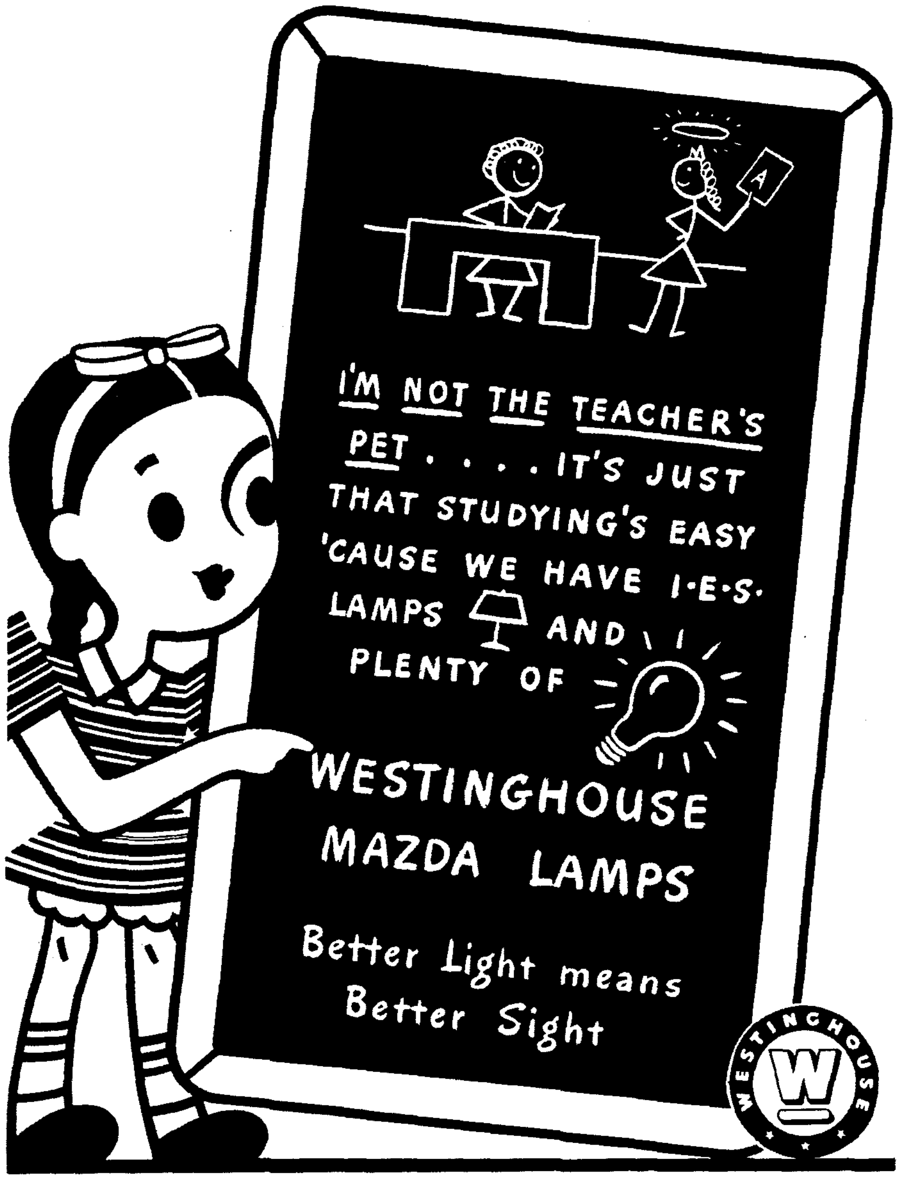
Find out where the grapes which produced them were grown. Investigate the vintner's reputation and skill; how leisurely his wines are developed. Travel the country and the world over. You'll find no more ideal spot than the Naples Valley . . . Lake Canandaigua District for cultivating wine grapes . . . no more exacting, skilled vintners than Widmer's. That's why for Thanksgiving or any other time, there's complete taste satisfaction in Widmer's.

Regardless of your selection... Sweet Wines, Dry Wines, Sparkling Wines, Vermouths . . . you will find Widmer's quality uniformly high.

Taste Satisfaction
-anywhere - anytime

NEW YORK STATE
Widmer's


WHAT? NO BRISTLY CHIN TONIGHT, TOM
I'VE SWITCHED TO STAR SINGLE EDGE BLADES
STAR
4 for 10¢
14 for 25¢


I'M NOT THE TEACHER'S PET . . . . IT'S JUST THAT STUDYING'S EASY 'CAUSE WE HAVE I·E·S· LAMPS AND PLENTY OF
WESTINGHOUSE MAZDA LAMPS
Better Light means Better Sight
WESTINGHOUSE
W

materials for us. In the interests of hemisphere protection and development, we must supply them with as much as possible of the goods they need. This is vitally important if they are to supply us with all the raw materials we need.

We want to adopt the principle of the ever-normal granary which we have already successfully used in agriculture. That policy is now enabling us to convert our reserve stocks into an ever-normal food supply for ourselves and for the peoples resisting aggression. In the same way, we aim to build up an ever-normal stock pile of critically needed defense materials, to be used wherever they can be most effective.

Unity in Economic War

In several ways a good beginning has been made. Our economic defense efforts have needed unified control and a central agency which could work out with Britain and other anti-Axis powers the best use of our combined economic resources. We have needed more singleness of policy within our own government. On July 30th the President established the Economic Defense Board to co-ordinate our international economic activities. Soon afterward, defense production at home was centered under the Supply, Priorities and Allocations Board. The chairmanship of both boards was given to the Vice-President of the United States. On September 15th the President combined the export licensing functions of the Department of State and the former Office of Export Control into one unit and placed them under the administrative direction of the chairman of the Economic Defense Board.

The first job assigned to both boards was to ascertain the maximum possible production of all strategic and critical materials in the United States and in other trade areas still open to us. Possession of this knowledge is fundamental to our entire defense effort. It is one of the ultimate measures of our total strength.

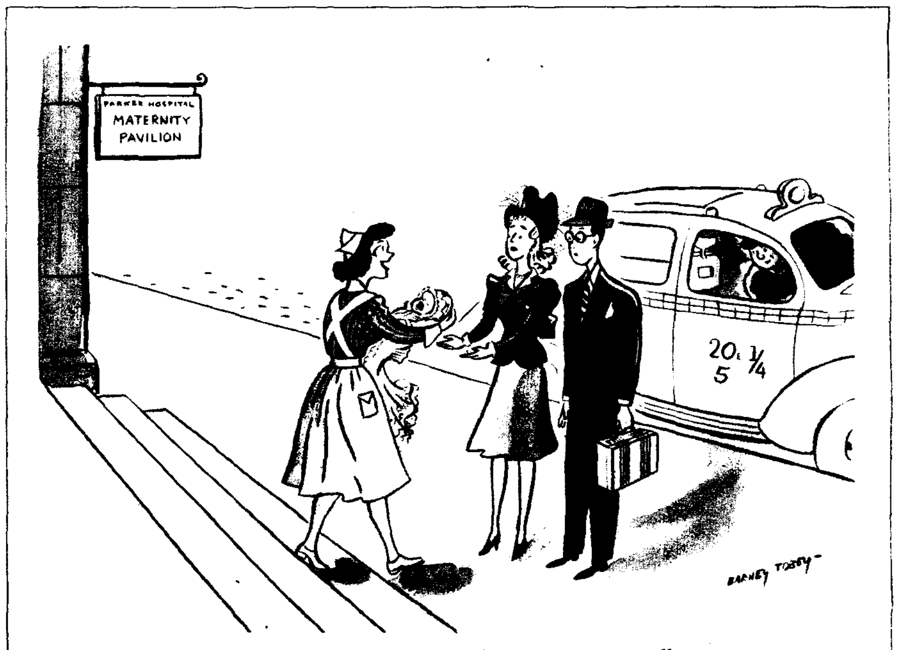
We have already discovered some extraordinary situations. In a Hoboken railroad yard, for example, we found lying in storage thousands of tons of aluminum, tin plate, iron and steel products originally destined. more than a year ago, for shipment to countries now dominated by the Axis. With shortages already apparent in copper, aluminum, tungsten, scrap iron and steel—all vital for defense—we need every ton of such materials anywhere in the country. Our government has the power to take over such stocks and it intends to exercise that power.

We know that there are many instances of valuable goods being hoarded. It is up to every American citizen to do his part to see that all such materials are made available for defense. During this emergency, when civilians are asked to sacrifice, when our young men are required to serve their country full time for little pay, we cannot allow hoarders to deprive us of what we need now, so they can make big profits later. A man who thus speculates with these precious goods is gambling with the lives and freedom of all of us. The duties of the Economic Defense Board are not limited to the immediate job—the full use of our economic power all over the world to hasten the defeat of the Axis countries and to strengthen the economic position of our friends. It has also been asked by the President to work out plans with the various departments and agencies for postwar economic reconstruction and to help find ways to establish peaceful and prosperous international economic relationships.

In the Atlantic Charter it was recognized that free peoples could not live without free access on equal terms to the world's materials. There will be no lasting peace of free peoples without that or without security or without freedom from want. Certainly we have learned by now that unemployment, poverty and starvation in any great nation can imperil the very existence of other nations. It can do so no matter how thoroughly that nation has been defeated.

The action programs of the Economic Defense Board will be really successful if they not only utilize our economic efforts for the accomplishment of our purposes, but at the same time open the road for postwar economic collaboration on a scale that will help prevent economic collapse in our country, in Latin America and elsewhere in the world. Such prosperity does not come of itself. It did not come at the end of the last war. It has to be prepared in advance. It has to be started while the present emergency is on. It has to be brought about through the foursquare co-operation of all nations seeking to accomplish the same objective. Current economic defense measures and postwar economic reconstruction are inseparably linked. What we do now determines to a large extent what we can do later.

The effective use of our great economic power today will save the people of the United States both lives and fortunes.



"Okay, kids, now you're on your own" BARNEY TOBEY

Terrible Terry

Continued from page 13

many of them decidedly on the uncomplimentary side, are tossed at the great and the near-great.

"Hey, Lubitsch, that's quite a pot you're developing—better roll on the medicine ball for a while." Or, "Joan (and we won't say which one, but both Joans . . . Bennett and Blondell . . . attend his health center), those hips of yours seem to be getting out of whack. Climb on this table and we'll pound some weight off you."

There's scarcely a star, male or female, in Hollywood today, who does not condition at Terry Hunt's. *"Hunt for the body"* is a popular slogan in the film colony. And when a producer whispers it to a player, it isn't a hint—it's an edict if the player expects to remain in pictures.

Walter Wanger, the United Artists producer, firmly believes that Terry should be given screen credit for his splendid work in conditioning movie actors for the films. Recently Terry took charge of the physical well-being of four complete casts making pictures for United Artists. In every instance, the pictures were completed without a serious illness—and ahead of schedule!

Nor are the producers themselves immune. Walter Wanger, Jesse L. Lasky, Mervyn LeRoy, Ernst Lubitsch, Ben Hecht, all punch sandbags, ride the stationary bike, and swap yarns in the steam room at Terry's.

It all began because Rudolph Valentino was proud of his physique and wanted to keep it. The Sheik liked the little fighter who could stand up and exchange punches hour after hour and still grin. He liked him so well that Paramount made Terry physical director in order to keep their star happy. When Rudy went to United Artists, Terry went, too. At these two studios, Terry made friends of many front-rank stars who have been his enthusiastic boosters through the years.

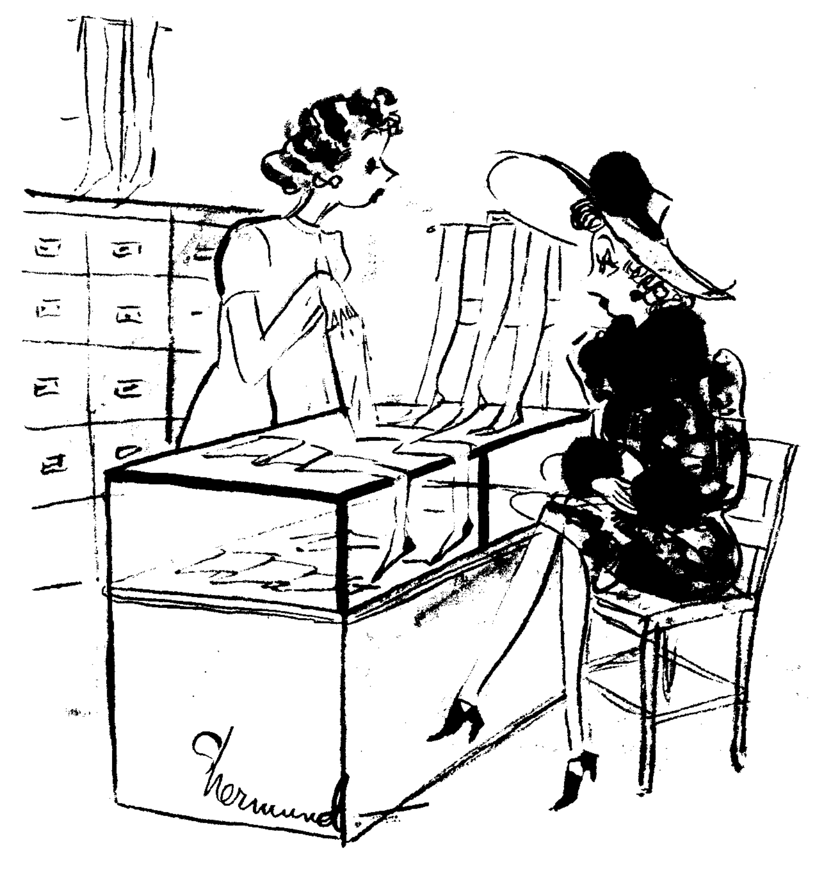
Gary Cooper likes to box with Terry but he loathes being babied by him. "Don't pull your punches," he tells Terry; but the studio warns, "Go easy during production, because a broken nose or a blackened eye is a serious obstacle in the middle of a picture."

"Once Coop caught me faking my punches," Terry grins, "and he raised the devil. He said a few uncomplimentary things and I got mad and let go a hard one. It caught him right in the eye! But the gods were kind—that night the film technicians called a strike and by the time it was over Gary's eye was back to normal."

The newer screen personalities are just as intimate with Terry as the older ones and he's right proud of his "babies" but permits no breaking of rigid training rules. That's why he visits the night clubs once or twice a week and sends his patients home where they belong. When Terry undertakes a job, he sees it through, and no highballs, French fried potatoes or midnight hours are going to interfere with his work. Moreover, he can train them up or down—whatever the script demands.

When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was preparing to make The Crowd Roars, Robert Taylor was assigned the stellar role of the brilliant young runner-up for top fistic honors; William Gargan awarded the part of the aging champion whom Taylor defeats for the crown. Now, as it happened, Taylor was underweight and didn't look like a ring monarch, while Gargan was so heavy, he didn't even give the appearance of an *aging* champion.

M-G-M sent for Terry. He took both men to his club, went to work on them. He put fifteen pounds on Taylor, tautened his muscles and entire frame, brought him right into the pink, so that he looked every inch a champion. He took a like amount of weight off Gargan, working especially on the rubber tire around his midsection, to reveal the nice, clean, fighting frame that Bill naturally possesses. Terry is particularly proud of his work with Gargan. After

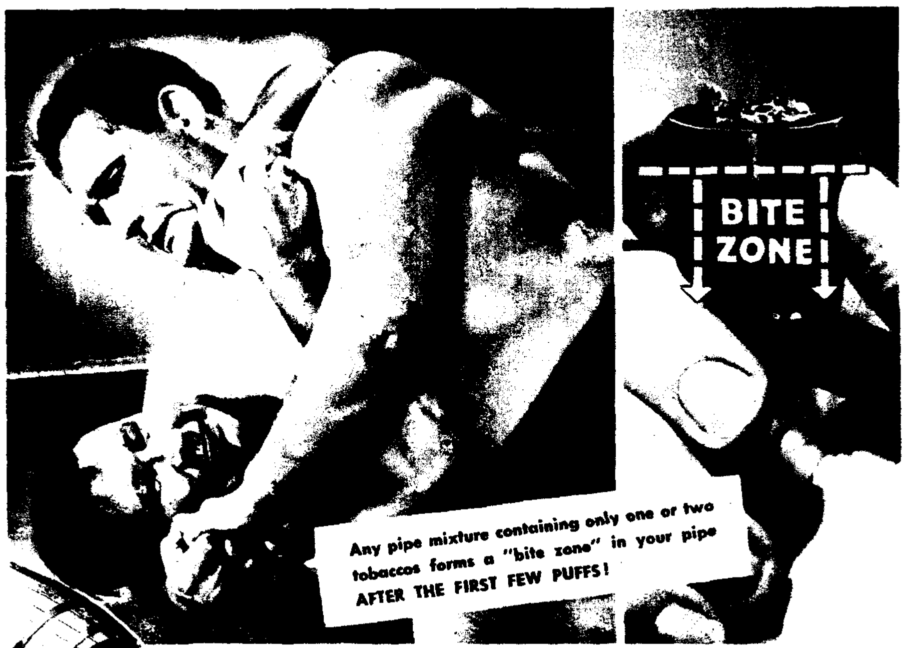


"It's to dangle from my nose like a trunk. I'm going as an elephant"

BARBARA SHERMUND

PINS OPPONENT IN 16 SECONDS!

—but couldn't down the "bite zone" in his pipe!

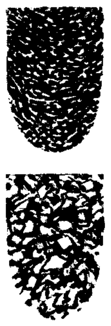


Any pipe mixture containing only one or two tobaccos forms a "bite zone" in your pipe AFTER THE FIRST FEW PUFFS!

5 Different Tobaccos Cut 5 Different Ways—

means no "bite-zone" with Revelation!

Perique (champagne of tobaccos)
+
Burley (cool burning)
+
Carolina (adds sparkle)
+
Virginia (rich flavor)
+
Latakia (spicily aromatic)



Ordinary mixture: Particles of tobacco, all cut same way, mat down—retain heat—often cause soggy heel.

Revelation: Five different cuts pack perfectly . . . porous, so your pipe "breathes"—burns more evenly, coolly.

YOU'LL *never* go back to your old pipe tobacco . . . once you've tasted *this* sweet, cool flavor that lasts right down to the bottom of your pipe!

FIVE finer tobaccos — a real, balanced BLEND — make REVELATION spicily rich, extra mild, *gloriously different!* Each individual tobacco supplies its own special flavor and aroma. Each is cut its own special way to make ALL FIVE *blend* best, *burn* best, *taste* best!

Try a tin of REVELATION and see for yourself: no straight or near-straight "mixture" can *touch* it for downright *smoking comfort* and *enjoyment!*

15¢ POCKET TIN

REVELATION

REVELATION PIPE MIXTURE

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

Smart Idea helps Co-ed make big party hit

1 BETTY: Oh, what *will* I do! I want my party to be something very special! But here it is 6 o'clock — and the appetizers haven't come.

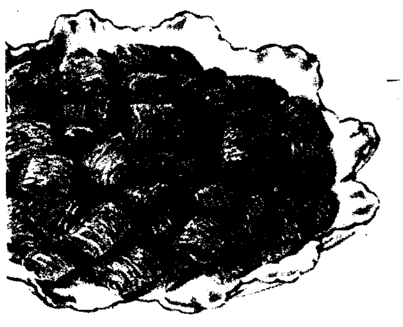
HETTY: No need to fret — if there's a package of Shredded Ralston in the pantry!

2 BETTY: Shredded Ralston, why it's our favorite breakfast cereal. But what has it to do with appetizers?

HETTY: First we'll melt ½ cup of butter in a pan. Then add a package of Shredded Ralston, 1½ teaspoons salt... heat and stir. And we'll be ready with the grandest appetizers ever!

3 BETTY: Everybody's "oh"-ing and "ah"-ing over those Shredded Ralston appetizers you suggested! Will you help me fill the dishes again?

HETTY: Bighearted — that's the word for me! Let you "wow" the boys with *my* suggestion! But come on, I want some more myself!



For appetizers that are different, dainty, delicious, try Shredded Ralston prepared according to the recipe above. For *better breakfasts*—switch to Shredded Ralston tomorrow! No other cereal like it! Nourishing whole wheat...ready-to-eat...in a convenient "bite size" form...with a flavor so refreshingly new! Money back if it doesn't make an instant hit with your family!

No Muss...
No Crumbling

12 OZ
BITE SIZE
READY TO EAT
Shredded Ralston
It's Bite Size

The Cereal Millions Eat Because They Like It!

ERNEST HAYCOX

America's finest storyteller tells the lusty tale of the wickedest town in our history. Virginia City was famous for its gold, its loves, its harsh law which demanded a life for a life. It's a story you won't forget....

ALDER GULCH

BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

thinning down to proper weight, adding vitality, verve, and "oomph" to his personality, he became a star in pictures like Cheers for Miss Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Turp Call On the President, and other vehicles.

It is a truism that most of the mature stars in pictures look at least ten years younger than their actual age. The reason for this is that they keep their waistlines slim, their shoulders straight, and their hips normal. It is Terry's specialty to aid them in achieving this ideal appearance.

Terry is just as popular with the ladies as he is with the men. Many of filmdom's most glittering "names" are faithful daily attendants at his popular health emporium.

"Five years or so ago," Terry explains, "if a star was genuinely well-established, there was no need for her to worry about a little weight. When the time drew near, her director would say to her, 'You'd better lose about ten pounds, hon, we're starting the picture in three weeks.' Whereupon the star would drag out her favorite diet and drop the unwanted poundage.

It's Good for Spirit, Too

"But competition for choice film roles is infinitely more keen nowadays. When word leaks out that a studio has purchased a popular story, there's a mad scramble to try out for the plum part. Tests are likely to start at any time, and there is no extended period allowed for convenient conditioning. If an actress is to win, she must be ready at a moment's notice. If she isn't—well, it's just too bad."

Terry not only trims down figures, he trims up spirits. Patricia Morison, as the most promising of Paramount's Golden Circle players, started off with a bang and then started slipping. The whispering campaign started. *Patricia was too fat.* Pat was a little overweight, but more than that, she had lost her fighting spirit. Terry took her in hand and put her through her paces. She lost a few pounds and picked up a lot of spunk.

Conditioning star mothers is a specialty with Terry. Irene Hervey, Margaret Sullavan, Norma Shearer, Mary Astor, Virginia Bruce, Anne Shirley, Lily Damita, all have found new figures and new faith at Terry's.

"During their period of retirement from the screen, they pamper themselves so that when they attempt to return to work they are timid," Terry explains. "They have to learn to take it all over again.

"To a degree, you've got to have a bedside manner in this business," Terry admits. "Stars are emotional, temperamental, overimaginative and hypersensitive. While most of them are quite egotistical where their work is concerned, they resent being treated like a star in a place like mine. They want pleasant, casual camaraderie, and no fawning or extravagant compliments—in other words, they want to be made to feel like ordinary human beings, instead of something ultraprecious, on display in a velvet setting.

"Gary Cooper is happy here because he is allowed to drift in, work out, exchange a few wisecracks, and leave without anyone talking shop to him. Fredric March, William Gargan, Johnny Weissmuller, Stuart Erwin, Cesar Romero—all share this feeling. They are comparative veterans, who've weathered the early storms of adulation and praise, and like to feel that they are just good fellows who happen to have become successful in a business that is no different from any other."

Living off the fat of the famous doesn't impress Terry very much. "I don't see them in the same light you do," he explains. "For instance, when Marlene Dietrich works out, she's wearing simple slacks or shorts, no make-up, and has her luxurious hair coiled about her head in the simplest knot. She doesn't look particularly glamorous. She's just another woman with a problem and I treat the problem rather than the star.

"As a matter of fact," he continued, "I first met Marlene in this informal manner and worked with her a number of times without ever seeing her prettied up. One night, I went to a party. I was called over and introduced to a ravishing creature—slim, elegant, aristocratic, clad in a sheathlike gown of crimson flame and just dripping ermine. The young goddess was friendly and chatted with me intimately. However, it was not until she mentioned something that happened at the gym that I realized, with a start, that this was the Marlene Dietrich that I had been working out all this time. I know this sounds silly, but there was absolutely no connection, visually, between the breath-taking vision before me and the girl in slacks who worked out in my gym, and so my mind simply did not connect them."

If Terry has any favorites among his "babies," he isn't admitting it. "They're all lovely," he grins, "and they're all different. Each has been molded from a different model and it's my job to see that each model fits its own particular mold. Artists have been trying for years to find the perfect figure by which all the others might be judged. There is no such thing. When a body has been trimmed down to normal weight and proportion and trained to supple buoyancy, it *is* a perfect figure, *no matter* into which mold it falls. Until that time, you can't call it perfect, despite what the tape measure says!"

Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 25

"You say, *we all know what happened*. You speak without reflection. The accepted version of certain facts is not necessarily the true one. On the face of it, for instance, you, Mr. Blake, disliked Caroline Crale. That is the accepted version of your attitude. But anyone with the least flair for psychology can perceive at once that the exact opposite was the truth. You were always violently attracted toward Caroline Crale. You resented the fact, and tried to conquer it by steadfastly telling yourself her defects and reiterating your dislike.

"In the same way, Mr. Meredith Blake had a tradition of devotion to Caroline Crale lasting over many years. In his story of the tragedy he represents himself as resenting Amyas Crale's conduct on *her* account, but you have only to read carefully between the lines and you will see that the devotion of a lifetime had worn itself thin and that it was the young, beautiful Elsa Greer that was occupying *his* mind and thoughts."

THERE was a splutter from Meredith, and Lady Dittisham smiled.

Poirot went on:

"I mention these matters only as illustrations, though they have their bearing on what happened. And I learned these facts:

"*That at no time did Caroline Crale protest her innocence* (except in that one letter written to her daughter).

"That Caroline Crale showed no fear in the dock; that she showed, in fact, hardly any interest; that she adopted throughout a thoroughly defeatist attitude. That in prison she was quiet and serene. That in a letter she wrote to her sister immediately after the verdict she expressed herself as acquiescent in the fate that had overtaken her. And in the opinion of everyone I talked to (with one notable exception) *Caroline Crale was guilty*."

Philip Blake nodded his head. "Of course she was!"

Hercule Poirot said:

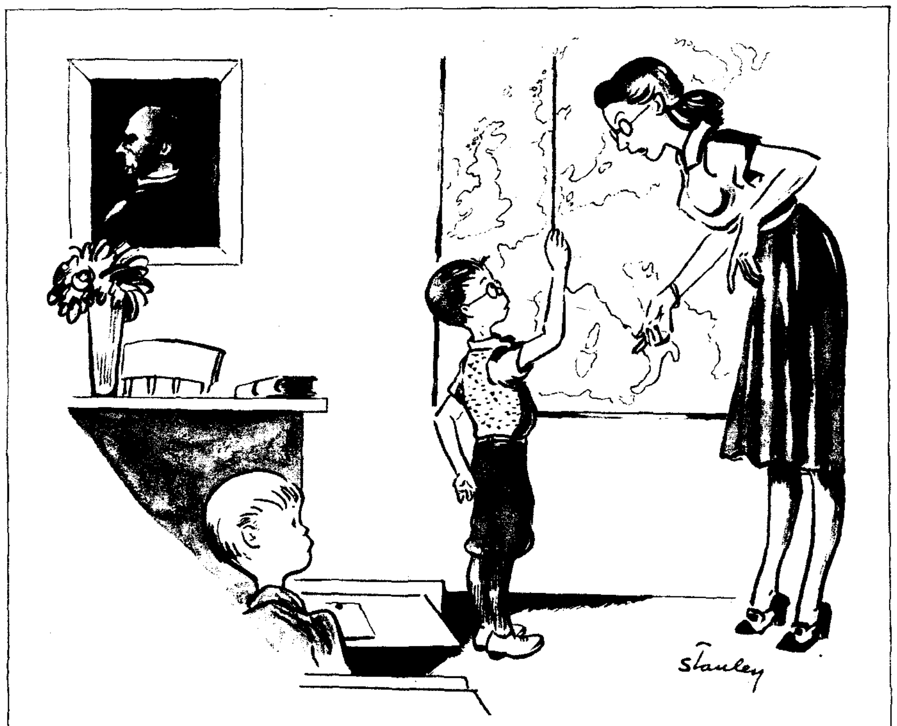
"But it was not my part to accept the verdict of *others*. I had to examine the evidence for *myself*. To examine the facts and to satisfy myself that the psychology of the case accorded itself with them. To do this I went over the police files carefully and I also succeeded in getting the five people who were on the spot to write me out their own accounts of the tragedy. These accounts were very valuable, for they contained certain matter which the police files could not give me—that is to say: A, certain conversations and incidents which, from the police point of view, were not relevant; B, the opinions of the people themselves as to what Caroline Crale was thinking and feeling (not admissible legally as evidence); C, certain facts which had been deliberately withheld from the police.

"I was in a position now to judge the case for *myself*. There seems no doubt whatever that Caroline Crale had ample motive for the crime. She loved her husband, he had publicly admitted that he was about to leave her for another woman, and by her own admission she was a jealous woman.

"To come from motives to means—an empty scent bottle that had contained coniine was found in her bureau drawer. There were no fingerprints upon it but hers. When asked about it by the police she admitted taking it from this room we are in now. The coniine bottle here also had her fingerprints upon it. I questioned Mr. Meredith Blake as to the order in which the people left this room on that day, for it seemed to me hardly conceivable that *anyone* should be able to help himself to the poison while five people were in the room.

"The people left the room in this order: Elsa Greer, Meredith Blake, Angela Warren and Philip Blake, Amyas Crale, and lastly Caroline Crale. Moreover, Mr. Meredith Blake had his back to the room while he was waiting for Mrs. Crale to come out, so that it was impossible for him to see what she was doing. She had, that is to say, the opportunity. I am therefore satisfied that she did take the coniine. There is indirect confirmation of it.

"Mr. Meredith Blake said to me the other day: 'I can remember standing here and smelling the jasmine through the open window.' But the month was September, and the jasmine creeper outside that window would have fin-



"If you could be less exact, and a little more vague, I could give you a higher mark!" GENE STANLEY

WAR SCOOP!

Briggs scours market for limited stock of precious imported briar to bring you this amazing pipe bargain

ONLY LIMITED NUMBER AVAILABLE. ACT NOW. When these are gone, no more can be supplied.

STOCKS of genuine imported briar are almost unobtainable today. But . . .

By rare good fortune, Briggs has been able to secure enough fine, imported briar to supply this great pipe bargain to the lucky men who buy in time. *No more can be supplied at any price.*

With each pipe go two full-sized 15¢ tins of Briggs Pipe Mixture—the luxury tobacco that's Cask-Mellowed Extra Long for Extra Flavor. Don't miss this extraordinary offer!

Genuine de luxe "Park Lane" pipe—of fine imported briar (now almost unobtainable). Superb finish and workmanship. Heat-tested bowl exclusively processed and permeated with fine oils. Mouthpiece matches grain of briar. Removable triple filter assures cooler, sweeter smoke. A magnificent pipe—fit companion for luxurious, time-mellowed Briggs.

GENUINE "PARK LANE" BRIAR AND TWO TINS OF BRIGGS PIPE MIXTURE $1.00

ACT NOW AT YOUR TOBACCONIST OR MAIL THIS COUPON, TODAY!

No more available when limited supply is gone.

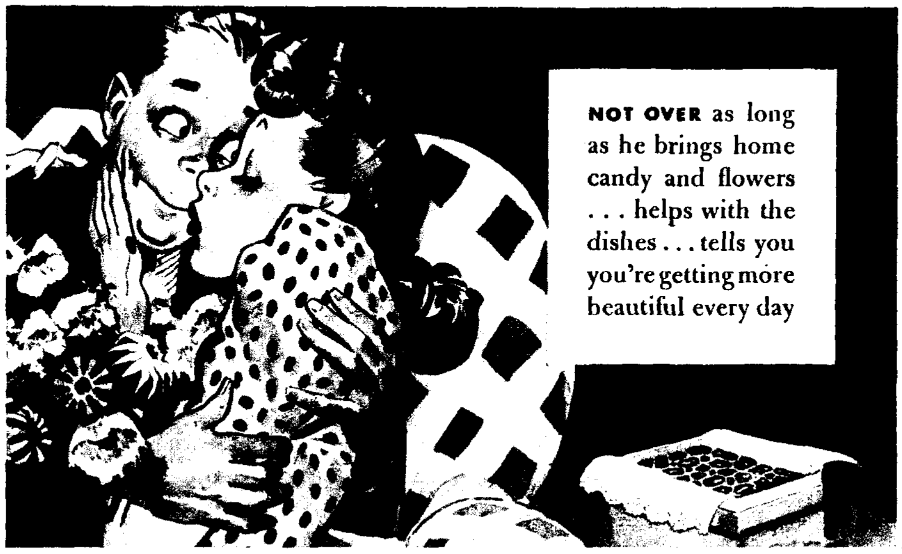
Copyright, 1941, by P. Lorillard Co.

P. Lorillard Co., Dept. E., 119 West 40th St., New York City
Enclosed is $1.00 (check or money order for safety). Send me the special de luxe box containing 2 tins of Briggs and the genuine "Park Lane" briar pipe as advertised. (This offer good in United States only. Your remittance will be promptly returned if order arrives too late to be filled.)

Name____________________

Address____________________

How to tell when the Honeymoon is over


NOT OVER as long as he brings home candy and flowers . . . helps with the dishes . . . tells you you're getting more beautiful every day

BUT WHAT'S THIS? He's a "Bulbsnatcher" . . sneaking the 100 watt bulb out of your I.E.S. reading lamp to put in his own. Watch out sister, the honeymoon's on the wane!

BUT ALL'S WELL that ends well. Here he's come home with a whole new supply of G-E MAZDA lamps at new reduced prices, and all is forgiven!

WHY BE A BULBSNATCHER when G-E lamps cost so little? See your G-E MAZDA lamp dealer! He has an Anti-Bulbsnatching Chart that shows the right size bulb for every lamp and fixture in your home. Get a supply of right size G-E bulbs today!

7½, 15, 25 watt.......10¢ 75 and 100 watt........15¢
40, 50 and 60 watt......13¢ 100, 200, 300 watt 3 lite..55¢

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC
Made to stay brighter longer

ished flowering. It is the ordinary jasmine which blooms in June and July. But the scent bottle found in her room and which contained the dregs of coniine had originally contained jasmine scent. I take it as certain, then, that Mrs. Crale decided to steal the coniine, and surreptitiously emptied out the scent from a bottle she had in her bag.

"I tested that a second time the other day when I asked Mr. Blake to shut his eyes and try and remember the order of leaving the room. A whiff of jasmine scent stimulated his memory immediately. We are all more influenced by smell than we know.

"So we come to the morning of the fatal day. So far the facts are not in dispute. Miss Greer's sudden revealing of the fact that she and Mr. Crale contemplate marriage, Amyas Crale's confirmation of that, and Caroline Crale's deep distress. None of these things depend on the evidence of one witness only.

"On the following morning there is a scene between husband and wife in the library. The first thing that is overheard is Caroline Crale saying, 'You and your women!' in a bitter voice and finally going on to say, 'Some day I'll kill you.' Philip Blake overheard this from the hall. And Miss Greer overheard it from the terrace outside.

"She then heard Mr. Crale ask his wife to be reasonable. And she heard Mrs. Crale say, 'Sooner than let you go to that girl—I'll kill you.' Soon after this, Amyas comes out and brusquely tells Elsa Greer to come down and pose for him. She gets a pull-over and accompanies him.

"There is nothing so far that seems psychologically incorrect. Everyone has behaved as he or she might be expected to behave. But we come now to something that *is* incongruous.

"Meredith Blake discovers his loss, telephones his brother. They meet down at the landing stage and they come up past the Battery Garden, where Caroline Crale is having a discussion with her husband on the subject of Angela's going to school. Now, that does strike me as very odd. Husband and wife have a terrific scene, ending in a distinct threat on Caroline's part, and yet, twenty minutes or so later, she goes down and starts a trivial domestic argument."

POIROT turned to Meredith Blake: "You speak in your narrative of certain words you overheard Crale say. These were: 'It's all settled—I'll see to her packing.' That is right?"

Meredith Blake said, "It was something like that—yes."

Poirot turned to Philip Blake. "Is your recollection the same?"

The latter frowned. "I didn't remember it till you say so, but I do remember now. Something *was* said about packing!"

"Said by Mr. Crale—not Mrs. Crale?"

"Amyas said it. All I heard Caroline say was something about its being very hard on the girl. Anyway, what does all this matter? We all know Angela was off to school in a day or two."

Poirot said: "You do not see the force of my objection. Why should *Amyas Crale* pack for the girl? It is absurd, that! There was Mrs. Crale, there was Miss Williams, there was a housemaid. It is a woman's job to pack—not a man's."

"What does it matter?" Philip Blake said impatiently. "It has nothing to do with the crime."

"You think not? For me, it was the first point that struck me as suggestive. And it is immediately followed by another. Mrs. Crale, a desperate woman, brokenhearted, who has threatened her husband a short while before and who is certainly contemplating either suicide or murder, now offers in the most amicable manner to bring her husband down some iced beer."

Meredith Blake said slowly: "That isn't odd if she was contemplating murder. Then, surely, it is just what she *would* do. Dissimulate!"

"You think so? She has decided to poison her husband; she has already got the poison. Her husband keeps a supply of beer down in the Battery Garden. Surely, if she has any intelligence at all she will put the poison in one of *those* bottles at a moment when there is no one about."

MEREDITH BLAKE objected: "She couldn't have done that. Somebody else might have drunk it."

"Yes, Elsa Greer. Do you tell me that having made up her mind to murder her husband, Caroline Crale would have scruples against killing the girl too?

"But let us not argue the point. Let us confine ourselves to facts. Caroline Crale says she will send her husband down some iced beer. She goes up to the house, fetches a bottle from the conservatory, where it was kept, and takes it down to him. She pours it out and gives it to him. Amyas Crale drinks it off and says, 'Everything tastes foul today.'

"Mrs. Crale goes up again to the house. She has lunch and appears much as usual. It has been said of her that she looks a little worried and preoccupied. That does not help us, for there is no criterion of behavior for a murderer. There are calm murderers and excited murderers.

"After lunch she goes down again to the Battery. She discovers her husband dead, and does, shall we say, the obviously expected things. She registers emotion and she sends the governess to telephone for a doctor. We now come to a fact which has previously not been known." He looked at Miss Williams. "You do not object?"

Miss Williams was rather pale. She said, "I did not pledge you to secrecy."

Quietly, but with telling effect, Poirot recounted what the governess had seen.

Elsa Dittisham moved her position. She stared at the drab little woman in the big chair. She said incredulously, "You *actually* saw her *do that?*"

Philip Blake sprang up. "But that settles it!" he shouted. "That settles it once and for all."

Hercule Poirot looked at him mildly. He said, "Not necessarily."

Angela Warren said sharply, "I don't believe it." There was a quick, hostile glint in the glance she shot at the little governess.

Meredith Blake was pulling at his mustache, his face dismayed. Alone, Miss Williams remained undisturbed. She sat very upright and there was a spot of color in each cheek.

She said, "That is what I saw."

Poirot said slowly, "There is, of course, only your word for it. . . ."

"There is only my word for it." The indomitable gray eyes met his. "I am not accustomed, M. Poirot, to having my word doubted."

Hercule Poirot bowed his head. He said: "I do not doubt your word, Miss Williams. What you saw took place exactly as you say it did, and because of what you saw I realized that Caroline Crale was not guilty—could not possibly be guilty."

For the first time, that tall, anxious-faced young man, John Rattery, spoke. He said, "I'd be interested to know *why* you say that, M. Poirot."

Poirot turned to him.

"Certainly. I will tell you. What did Miss Williams see? She saw Caroline Crale very carefully and anxiously wiping off fingerprints and subsequently imposing her dead husband's fingerprints on the beer bottle. On the beer *bottle*, mark. But the coniine was in the glass—not in the bottle. The police found no traces of coniine in the bottle. There had never been any coniine in the bottle. *And Caroline Crale didn't know that.*

"She, who is supposed to have poisoned her husband, didn't know *how* he had been poisoned. She thought the poison was in the bottle."

Meredith objected, "But why—"

Poirot interrupted him in a flash: "Yes—*why?* Why did Caroline Crale try so desperately to establish the theory of suicide. The answer is—must be—quite simple. Because she knew who ***had*** poisoned him and she was willing to do anything—endure anything—rather than let that person be suspected.

"There is not far to go now. Who could that person be? Would she have shielded Philip Blake? Or Meredith? Or Elsa Greer? Or Cecilia Williams? No, there is only one person whom she would be willing to protect at all costs."

He paused.

"Miss Warren, if you have brought your sister's last letter with you, I should like to read it aloud."

Angela Warren said, "No."

"But, Miss Warren—"

Angela got up. Her voice rang out, cold as steel: "I realize very well what you are suggesting. You are saying—are you not?—that I killed Amyas Crale and that my sister knew it. I deny that allegation utterly."

Poirot said, "The letter . . ."

"That letter was meant for my eyes alone."

Poirot looked to where the two youngest people in the room stood together.

Carla Lemarchant said, "Please, Aunt Angela, won't you do as M. Poirot asks?"

Angela Warren said bitterly: "Really, Carla! Have you no sense of decency? She was your mother—you—"

Carla's voice rang out clear and fierce: "Yes, she was my mother. That's why I've a right to ask you. I'm speaking for *her*. I *want* that letter read."

Slowly Angela Warren took out the letter from her bag and handed it to Poirot. She said bitterly, "I wish I had never shown it to you."

Turning away from them she stood looking out of the window.

As Hercule Poirot read aloud Caroline Crale's last letter, the shadows were deepening in the corners of the room. Carla had a sudden feeling of someone in the room, gathering shape, listening, breathing, waiting. She thought: *"She's* here—my mother's here. Caroline—Caroline Crale is *here* in this room!"

Hercule Poirot's voice ceased. He said:

"You will all agree, I think, that that is a very remarkable letter. A beautiful letter, too, but certainly remarkable. For there is one striking omission in it—it contains no protestation of innocence."

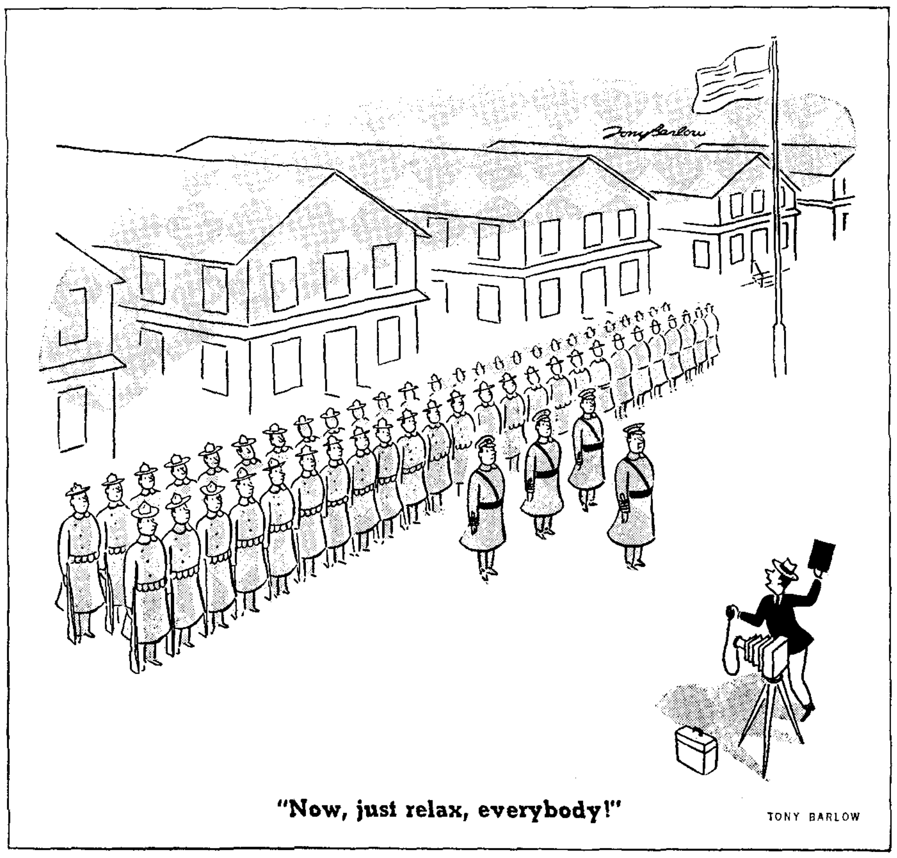
Angela Warren said without turning her head, "That was unnecessary."

"Yes, Miss Warren, it was unnecessary. Caroline Crale had no need to tell her sister that she was innocent, because she thought her sister knew that fact already—knew it for the best of all reasons. All Caroline Crale was concerned about was to comfort and reassure and to avert the possibility of a confession from Angela. She reiterates again and again—*'It's all right, darling; it's all, all right.'* "

ANGELA WARREN said: "Can't you understand? She wanted me to be happy, that is all."

"Yes, she wanted you to be happy, that is abundantly clear. It is her one preoccupation. She has a child, but it is not that child of whom she is thinking—that is to come later. No, it is her sister who occupies her mind to the exclusion of everything else. Her sister must be reassured, must be encouraged to live her life, to be happy and successful. And so that the burden of acceptance may not be too great, Caroline includes that one very significant phrase: *'One must pay one's debts.'*

"That one phrase explains everything. It refers explicitly to the burden that Caroline has carried for so many years, ever since, in a fit of uncontrolled adolescent rage, she hurled a paperweight at her baby sister and injured that sister for life. Now, at last, she has the opportunity to pay the debt she owes. And if it is any consolation, I will say to you all that I earnestly believe that in the payment of that debt Caroline Crale did achieve a peace and serenity greater than any she had ever known. Because of her belief that she was paying that debt, the ordeal of trial and condemnation could not touch her. It is a strange

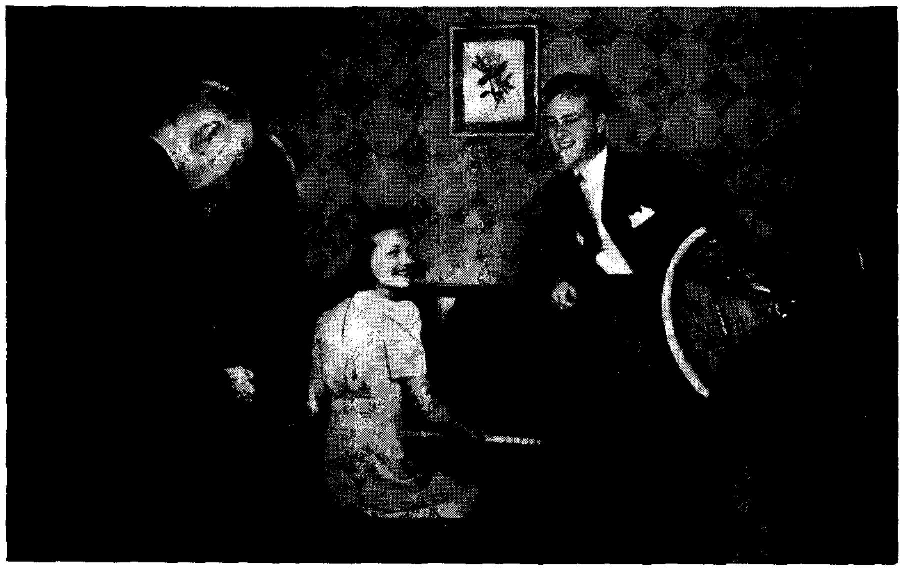


"Now, just relax, everybody!" TONY BARLOW

Celebrate Thanksgiving with your camera in hand

1. At the gathering of the clan on Thanksgiving, make a picture record of the affair for future enjoyment. Snap the dinner, the turkey, arrivals, and departures. Use the ideal indoor film: lightning-fast *Agfa Superpan Press*, the film news photographers use! You can make this a never-to-be-forgotten Thanksgiving!

2. It's easy: the only added equipment is simple flash or flood lamps. Remember, too, that *Superpan Press*, like all other Agfa roll films, is guaranteed—"Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free." Only Agfa Film has this guarantee!

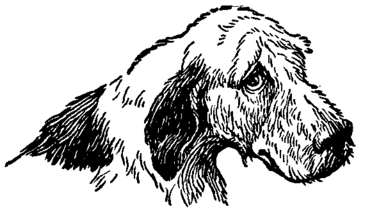


3. With flood bulbs in your own floor lamps and inexpensive reflectors that your Agfa Ansco dealer will supply you with, you have all the light you need to take pictures on Agfa Superpan Press Film . . . Use Agfa Superpan Press for outdoor pictures on dull days too. ***Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y.***

Agfa Superpan Press

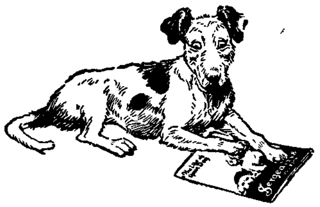
Agfa Ansco Film

Agfa MADE IN U. S. A.

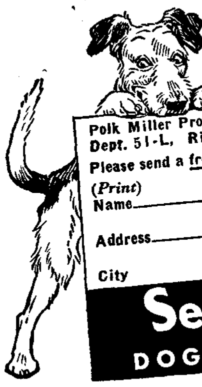


I'M JUST A MUTT—but worms aren't choosy! I've had them twice. The first time it looked like curtains for me. But my Master got Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES—and I was saved.

I CHEERED UP SO QUICKLY that the Master learned his lesson. Now he always has a Sergeant's DOG BOOK. Last time the worms came, he looked up my symptoms and cleaned me out with SURE SHOT CAPSULES pronto!



KEEP SURE SHOT OR PUPPY CAPSULES handy to save your dog from serious worm troubles. Get them at drug or pet stores—and the new *free* Sergeant's DOG BOOK.



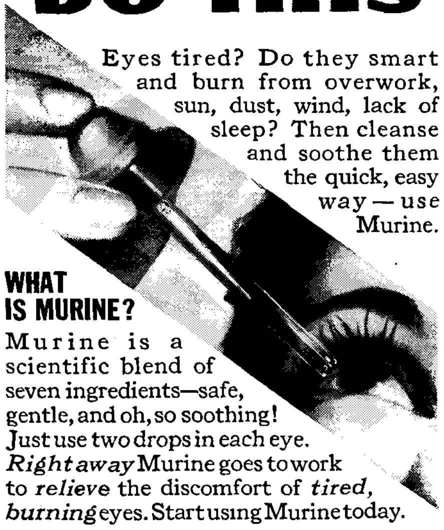
FREE—New DOG BOOK!
Mail this coupon.

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 51-L, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:
(*Print*)
Name____________________
Address____________________
City State

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

STOP **Scratching**
Relieve Itch Fast
Relieve itching of eczema, pimples, rashes, athlete's foot and other skin troubles. Use cooling antiseptic **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Stops itching quickly. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

When Your Eyes Are Tired DO THIS



Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way—use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?
Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

thing to say of a condemned murderess—but she had everything to make her happy. Yes, more than you imagine, as I will show you presently.

"See how, by this explanation, every*thing falls* into its place where Caroline's own reactions are concerned. Look at the series of events from her point of view. To begin with, on the preceding evening, an event occurs which reminds her forcibly of her own undisciplined girlhood. Angela throws a *paperweight* at Amyas Crale. That, remember, is what she herself did many years ago. Angela shouts out that she wishes Amyas was dead.

"Then, on the next morning, Caroline comes into the little conservatory and finds Angela tampering with the beer. Remember Miss Williams' words: 'Angela was there. She looked guilty. . . .' Guilty of playing truant was what Miss Williams meant; but to Caroline, Angela's guilty face, as she was caught unawares, would have a different meaning. Remember that on at least one occasion before Angela had put things in Amyas' drink. It was an idea which might readily occur to her.

"Caroline takes the bottle *that Angela gives her* and goes down with it to the Battery. And there she pours it out and gives it to Amyas, and he makes a face as he tosses it off and utters those significant words: 'Everything tastes foul today.'

"Caroline has no suspicions then, but after lunch she goes down to the Battery and finds her husband dead—and she has no doubts at all but that he has been poisoned. *She* has not done it. Who, then, *has*? And the whole thing comes over her with a rush: Angela's threats, Angela's face stooping over the beer and caught unawares—guilty—guilty—guilty. Why has the child done it? As a revenge on Amyas, perhaps not meaning to kill, just to make him ill or sick? Or has she done it for her, Caroline's, sake? Has she realized and resented Amyas' desertion of her sister.

"Caroline remembers—oh, so well—her own undisciplined violent emotions at Angela's age. And only one thought springs to her mind: How can she protect Angela? Angela handled that bottle—Angela's fingerprints will be on it. She quickly wipes it and polishes it. If only everybody can be got to believe it is suicide. If Amyas' fingerprints are the only ones found. She tries to fit his dead fingers round the bottle—working desperately, listening for someone to come. . . .

"Once take that assumption as true and everything from then on fits in. Her anxiety about Angela all along, her insistence on getting her away, keeping her out of touch with what was going on. Her fear of Angela's being questioned unduly by the police. Finally her overwhelming anxiety to get Angela out of England before the trial comes on. Because she is always terrified that Angela might break down and confess."

SLOWLY, Angela Warren swung around. Her eyes, hard and contemptuous, ranged over the faces turned toward her.

She said: "You're blind fools—all of you. Don't you know that if I had done it I *would* have confessed? I'd never have let Caroline suffer for what I'd done. Never!"

"But you did tamper with the beer," Poirot said.

"I? Tamper with the beer?"

Poirot turned to Meredith Blake. "Listen, monsieur. In your account here of what happened you describe having heard sounds in this room, which is below your bedroom, on the morning of the crime."

Blake nodded. "But it was only a cat."

"How do you know it was a cat?"

"I—I can't remember. But it was a cat. I *am* quite sure it was a cat. The window was open just wide enough for a cat to get through."

"But it was not fixed in that position. The sash moves freely. It could have been pushed up and a human being could have got in and out."

"Yes, but I know it was a cat."

"You did not *see* a cat?"

Blake said perplexedly and slowly, "No, I did not see it—" He paused, frowning. "And yet I know."

"I will tell you *why* you know presently. In the meantime I put this point to you: Someone could have come up to the house that *morning*, have got into your laboratory, taken something from the shelf and gone again without your seeing him or her. Now, if that someone had come over from Alderbury it could not have been Philip Blake, nor Elsa Greer, nor Amyas Crale, nor Caroline Crale. We know quite well what all those four were doing. That leaves Angela Warren and Miss Williams.

"Miss Williams was over here—you actually met her as you went out. She told you then that she was looking for Angela. Angela had gone bathing early, but Miss Williams did not see her in the water, nor anywhere on the rocks. She could swim across to this side easily—in fact, she did so later in the morning when she was bathing with Philip Blake. I suggest that she swam across here, came up to the house, got in through the window and took something from the shelf."

ANGELA WARREN said, "I did nothing of the kind—not at least—"

"Ah!" Poirot gave a yelp of triumph. "*You have remembered.* You told me—did you not?—that to play a malicious joke on Amyas Crale you pinched some of what you called 'the cat stuff'—that is how you put it—"

Meredith Blake said sharply, "Valerian! Of course."

"Exactly. *That* is what made you sure in your mind that it was a cat who had been in the room. Your nose is very sensitive. You smelled the faint, unpleasant odor of valerian without knowing, perhaps, that you did so, but it suggested to your subconscious mind 'cat'. Cats love valerian and will go anywhere for it. Valerian is particularly nasty to taste, and it was your account of it the day before which made mischievous Miss Angela plan to put some in her brother-in-law's beer, which she knew he always tossed down his throat in a draught."

Angela Warren said wonderingly: "Was it really that day? I remember taking it perfectly—yes, and I remember putting it in the beer and Caroline coming in and nearly catching me! Of course I remember. . . . But I've never connected it with that particular day."

"Of course not, because there was no connection *in your mind*. The two events were entirely dissimilar to you. One was on a par with other mischievous pranks, the other was a bombshell of tragedy arriving without warning and succeeding in banishing all lesser incidents from your mind. But me, I noticed when you spoke of it that you said, 'I pinched, etc., etc., *to put* it in Amyas' drink.' You did not say you had actually *done* so."

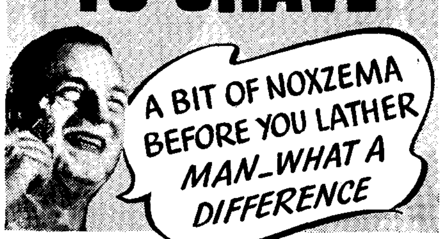
"No, because I never did. Caroline came in just when I was unscrewing the bottle. Oh!" It was a cry. "And Caroline thought—she thought it was *me!*"

She stopped. She looked around. She said quietly in her usual cool tones, "I suppose you all think so too."

She paused and then said, "*I didn't kill Amyas.* Not as the result of a malicious joke nor in any other way. If I had I would never have kept silence."

Miss Williams said sharply, "Of

A NEW WAY TO SHAVE

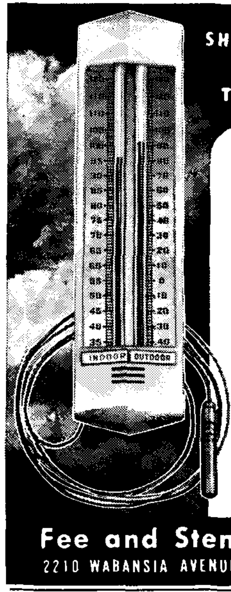

A BIT OF NOXZEMA BEFORE YOU LATHER MAN—WHAT A DIFFERENCE

Barbers find it marvelous for softening beard—for soothing skin

• If you have a tough beard or sensitive skin, try the new shaving trick used by more and more barbers in better shops! They know the way to soften beards and protect tender skin! Just apply a little *Medicated* Noxzema before *lathering*—*or* use Noxzema alone as a latherless shave. Notice the *amazing* difference. No razor pull! No smarting irritation! And how *cool* and *comfortable* your skin feels. At all drug stores.

SPECIAL OFFER
LIMITED TIME ONLY 75¢ JAR 49¢

NOXZEMA
Greaseless Medicated
NOXZEMA
SKIN CREAM



SHORT SHORT STORY ON THE TEMPERATURE!

Airguide
INDOOR-OUTDOOR
THERMOMETER

Reading time: one glance! Mounts indoors, twin scales tell both indoor and outdoor temperatures. Accurate, sensitive, smart. Gunmetal or Ivory. A perfect gift for the home! Sold at all better dealers.

Only **$6.00**

Write for complete folder and name of your Airguide dealer!

Fee and Stemwedel, Inc.
2210 WABANSIA AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

WHEN OTHER LAXATIVES FAIL
TRY THIS FAMOUS WATER
Smooth, Gentle Relief Usually in One Hour!

When acute constipation leaves you on edge, try the famous PLUTO WATER treatment. Although PLUTO works swiftly, it works by gentle osmosis, creating fluid bulk in the colon, flushing digestive waste, usually within an hour. Pluto is a concentrated, fortified and scientifically stabilized saline mineral water with all minerals and salts in complete solution. It passes through the stomach without disturbing its function, is not absorbed, and acts in the colon where physicians want a laxative to act. Try Pluto now—10, 25 and 50 cents. You must get refreshing, comforting relief from acute constipation in one hour or your money back. French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Ind.

EXTRA MONEY
For These Busy Days!

NO MATTER how busy you are with your regular duties, you may increase your income as a Community Subscription Representative for this magazine. *Write to*—

Independent Agency Division
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

course you wouldn't, my dear." She looked at Hercule Poirot. "Nobody but a *fool* would think so."

"I am not a fool," Poirot said mildly, "and I do not think so. *I know quite well who killed Amyas Crale.*"

He paused.

"There is always a danger of accepting facts as proved which are really nothing of the kind. Let us take the situation at Alderbury. A very old situation. Two women and one man. We have taken it for granted that Amyas Crale proposed to leave his wife for the other woman. But I suggest to you now *that he never intended to do anything of the kind.*

"He had had infatuations for women before. They obsessed him while they lasted, but they were soon over. The women he had fallen in love with were usually women of a certain experience—they did not expect too much of him. But this time the woman did. She was not, you see, a woman at all. She was a girl and, in Caroline Crale's words, she was terribly sincere. . . . She may have been hard-boiled and sophisticated in speech, but in love she was frighteningly single-minded. *Because* she herself had a deep and overmastering passion for Amyas Crale she assumed that he had the same for her. She assumed without any question that their passion was for life. She assumed without asking him that he was going to leave his wife.

"But why, you will say, did Amyas Crale not undeceive her? And my answer is—the picture. He wanted to finish his picture.

"To some people that sounds incredible, but not to anybody who knows about artists. And we have already accepted that explanation in principle. That conversation between Crale and Meredith Blake is more intelligible now. Crale is embarrassed—pats Blake on the back, assures him optimistically the whole thing is going to pan out all right. To Amyas Crale, you see, everything is simple. He is painting a picture, slightly encumbered by what he describes as a couple of jealous, neurotic women, but neither of them is going to be allowed to interfere with what to him is the most important thing in life.

"IF HE were to tell Elsa the truth it would be all up with the picture. Perhaps in the first flush of his feelings for her he did talk of leaving Caroline. Men do say these things when they are in love. Perhaps he merely let it be assumed, as he is letting it be assumed now. He doesn't care what Elsa assumes. Let her think what she likes. Anything to keep her quiet for another day or two.

"Then he will tell her the truth—that things between them are over. He has never been a man to be troubled with scruples.

"He did, I think, make an effort not to get embroiled with Elsa to begin with. He warned her what kind of man he was, but she would not take warning. She rushed on to her fate. And to a man like Crale, women were fair game. If you had asked him, he would have said easily that Elsa was young—she'd soon get over it. That was the way Amyas Crale's mind worked.

"His wife was actually the only person he cared about at all. He wasn't worrying much about her. She only had to put up with things for a few days longer. He was furious with Elsa for blurting out things to Caroline, but he still optimistically thought it would be 'all right.' Caroline would forgive him as she had done so often before, and Elsa—Elsa would just have to 'lump it.' So simple are the problems of life to a man like Amyas Crale.

"BUT I think that that last evening he became really worried. About Caroline, not about Elsa. Perhaps he went to her room and she refused to speak to him. At any rate, after a restless night he took her aside after breakfast and blurted out the truth. He had been infatuated with Elsa, but it was all over. Once he'd finished the picture he'd never see her again.

"And it was in answer to that that Caroline Crale cried out indignantly, 'You and your women!' That phrase, you see, put Elsa in a class with others—those others who had gone their way. And she added indignantly, 'Some day I'll kill you.'

"She was angry, revolted by his callousness and by his cruelty to the girl. When Philip Blake saw her in the hall and heard her murmur to herself, 'It's too cruel!' it was of Elsa she was thinking.

"As for Crale, he came out of the library, found Elsa with Philip Blake and brusquely ordered her down to go on with the sitting. What he did not know was that Elsa Greer had been sitting just outside the library window and had overheard everything. And the account she gave later of that conversation was not the true one. There is only her word for it, remember.

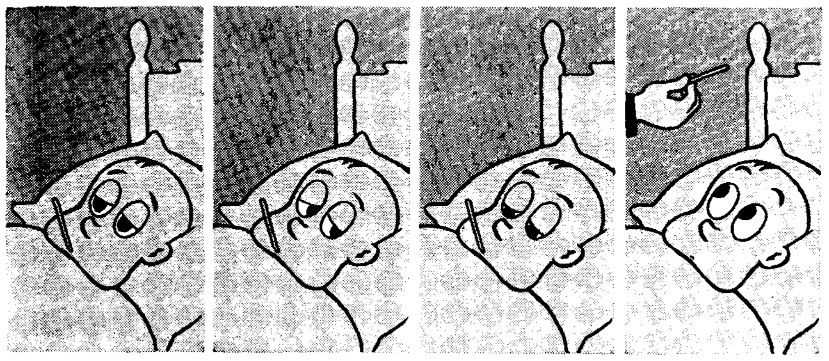
"Imagine the shock it must have been to her to hear the truth, brutally spoken!

"On the previous afternoon Meredith Blake has told us that while he was waiting for Caroline to leave this room he was standing in the doorway with his back to the room. He was talking to Elsa Greer. That means that she would have been *facing* him and that *she* could see exactly what Caroline was doing over his shoulder—and that she *was the only person who could do* so.

"She saw Caroline take that poison. She said nothing, but she remembered it as she sat outside the library window.

"When Amyas Crale came out she made the excuse of wanting a pull-over and went up to Caroline Crale's room to look for that poison. Women know where other women are likely to hide things. She found it and, being careful not to obliterate any fingerprints or to leave her own, she drew off the fluid into a fountain-pen filler.

"Then she came down again and went off with Crale to the Battery Garden. And presently, no doubt, she poured



Temperature?

CROCKETT JOHNSON

BIG CELEBRATION LAST NIGHT

Bright as a button today!

HERE'S WHY

Last night she saw to it that her highballs were mixed with White Rock.

Before going to bed and again in the morning, she had a glass of plain White Rock.

Beneficial, natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity. Help protect you against over-acidity. Make you feel better next day. Improve your highball.

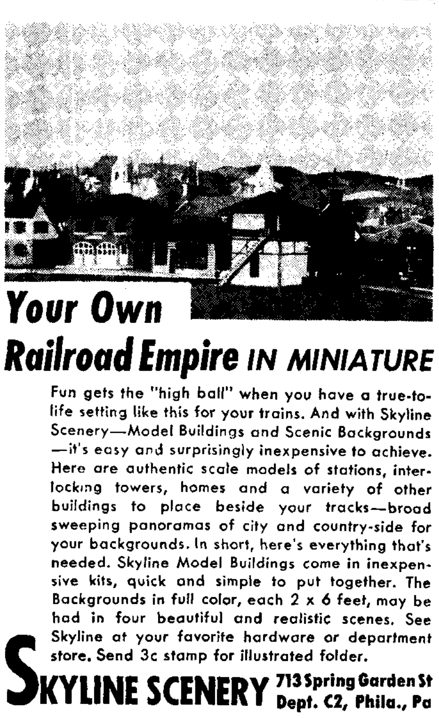
FEELING FINE THANKS TO

White Rock

SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

ALWAYS MIX WITH ... ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

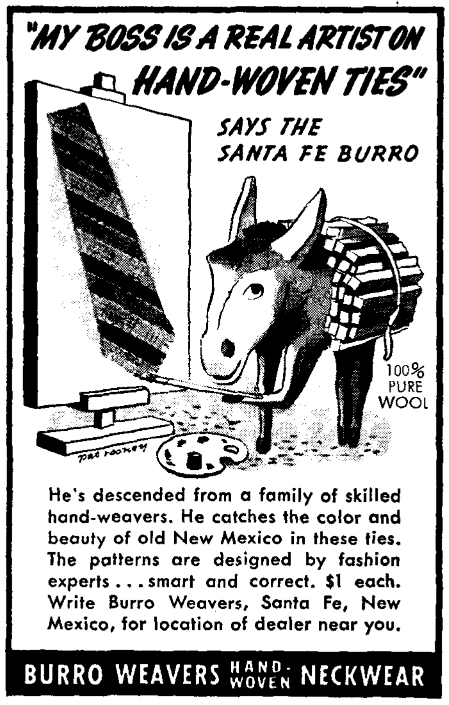
Other White Rock products: Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale and Q-9 (for mixing gin-and-tonic)



Your Own Railroad Empire IN MINIATURE

Fun gets the "high ball" when you have a true-to-life setting like this for your trains. And with Skyline Scenery—Model Buildings and Scenic Backgrounds—it's easy and surprisingly inexpensive to achieve. Here are authentic scale models of stations, interlocking towers, homes and a variety of other buildings to place beside your tracks—broad sweeping panoramas of city and country-side for your backgrounds. In short, here's everything that's needed. Skyline Model Buildings come in inexpensive kits, quick and simple to put together. The Backgrounds in full color, each 2 x 6 feet, may be had in four beautiful and realistic scenes. See Skyline at your favorite hardware or department store. Send 3c stamp for illustrated folder.

SKYLINE SCENERY 713 Spring Garden St Dept. C2, Phila., Pa



"MY BOSS IS A REAL ARTIST ON HAND-WOVEN TIES" SAYS THE SANTA FE BURRO

100% PURE WOOL

He's descended from a family of skilled hand-weavers. He catches the color and beauty of old New Mexico in these ties. The patterns are designed by fashion experts . . . smart and correct. $1 each. Write Burro Weavers, Santa Fe, New Mexico, for location of dealer near you.

BURRO WEAVERS HAND-WOVEN NECKWEAR

SWITCH TO Frank MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING

ABSORBENT FILTERS for Frank MEDICO

PAT'D WITH

GENUINE FILTERS FOR MEDICO PIPES PACKED ONLY IN THIS RED & BLACK BOX

66 Baffle Filter whirl-cools smoke; traps juices, flakes and nicotine in pipes, cigarette and cigar holders.

FINEST BRIAR MONEY CAN BUY

$1.00

"How I Grew Wealthy OVERNIGHT"

"Home and the dinner table held an extra kick that night. I sat there feeling a lot more self-confident, knowing that I had created—in a single day—a life insurance estate sufficient to afford *real* protection for *each of the most important people in my life.*"

Secure our booklet, "So their Income is Certain", from the representative who calls on you, or receive it from one of them by writing to the address below.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK

"FIRST IN AMERICA"

LEWIS W. DOUGLAS, PRESIDENT 34 NASSAU STREET • NEW YORK CITY

him out some beer and he tossed it down in his usual way.

"Meanwhile, Caroline Crale was seriously disturbed. When she saw Elsa come up to the house (this time really to fetch a pull-over), Caroline slipped quickly down to the Battery Garden and tackled her husband. What he is doing is shameful! She won't stand for it! It's unbelievably cruel and hard on the girl! Amyas, irritable at being interrupted, says it's all settled—when the picture is done he'll send the girl packing! *'It's all settled—I'll send her packing, I tell you!'*

"AND then they hear the footsteps of the two Blakes, and Caroline comes out and, slightly embarrassed, murmurs something about Angela and school and having a lot to do, and by a natural association of ideas the two men judge the conversation they have overheard refers to *Angela* and 'I'll send her packing' becomes 'I'll see to her packing.'

"And Elsa, pull-over in hand, comes down the path, cool and smiling, and takes up the pose once more.

"She has counted, no doubt, upon Caroline's being suspected and the coniine bottle being found in her room. But Caroline now plays into her hands completely. She brings down some iced beer and pours it out for her husband.

"Amyas tosses it off, makes a face and says, 'Everything tastes foul today.'

"Do you not see how significant that remark is? *Everything tastes* foul? Then there has been something else *before* that beer that has tasted unpleasant and the taste of which is *still in his mouth.* And one other point: Philip Blake speaks of Crale's staggering a little and wonders 'if he has been drinking.' But that slight stagger was the *first sign of the coniine working,* and that means *that it had already been administered to him some time before Caroline brought him the iced bottle of beer.*

"And so Elsa Greer sat on the gray wall and posed and, since she must keep him from suspecting until it was too late, she talked to Amyas Crale brightly and naturally. Presently she saw Meredith on the bench above and waved her hand to him and acted her part even more thoroughly for his behalf.

"And Amyas Crale, a man who detested illness and refused to give in to it, painted doggedly on till his limbs failed and his speech thickened, and he sprawled there on that bench, helpless, but with his mind still clear.

"The bell sounded from the house and Meredith left the bench to come down to the Battery. I think in that brief moment *Elsa left her place and ran across* to the table and dropped the last few drops of the poison into the beer glass that held that last innocent drink. (She got rid of the dropper on the path up to the house, crushing it to powder.) Then she met Meredith in the doorway.

"There is a glare there coming in out of the shadows. Meredith did not see very clearly—only his friend sprawled in a familiar position and saw his eyes turn from the picture in what he described as a malevolent glare.

"How much did Amyas know or guess? How much his conscious mind knew we cannot tell, but his hand and his eye were faithful."

Hercule Poirot gestured toward the picture on the wall.

"I should have known when I first saw that picture. For it is a very remarkable picture. It is the picture of a murderess painted by her victim—it is the picture of a girl watching her lover die. . . ."

IN THE silence that followed—a horrified, appalled silence—the sunset slowly flickered away, the last gleam left the window where it had rested on the dark head and pale furs of the woman sitting there.

Elsa Dittisham moved and spoke. She said: "Take them away, Meredith. Leave me with M. Poirot."

She sat there motionless until the door shut behind them. Then she said, "You are very clever, aren't you?"

Poirot did not answer.

She said, "What do you expect me to do? Confess?"

He shook his head.

"Because I shall do nothing of the kind!" Elsa said. "And I shall admit *nothing.* But what we say *here,* together, does not matter. Because it is only your word against mine."

"Exactly."

"I want to know what you are going to do."

Hercule Poirot said, "I shall do everything I can to induce the authorities to grant a posthumous free pardon to Caroline Crale."

Elsa laughed. "How absurd!" she said. "To be given a free pardon for something you didn't do." Then she said, "What about me?"

"I shall lay my conclusions before the necessary people. If they decide there is the possibility of making out a case against you, then they may act. I will tell you in my opinion there is not sufficient evidence—there are only inferences, not facts. Moreover, they will not be anxious to proceed against anyone in your position unless there is ample justification for such a course."

"I shouldn't care," Elsa said. "If I were standing in the dock, fighting for my life, there might be something in that—something alive—exciting. I might—enjoy it."

"Your husband would not."

"Do you think I care in the least what my husband would feel?"

"No, I do not. I do not think you have ever *in your life cared* about what any other person would feel. If you had, you might be happier."

SHE said sharply, "Why are you sorry for me?"

"Because, my child, you have so much to learn."

"What have I got to learn?"

"All the grown-up emotions—pity, sympathy, understanding. The only things you know—have ever known—are love and hate."

Elsa said:

"I saw Caroline take the coniine. I thought she meant to kill herself. That would have simplified things. And then, the next morning, I found out. He told her that he didn't care a button about me—he *had* cared, but it was all over. *Once* he'd finished the picture he'd send me packing. She'd nothing to worry about, he said.

"And she—was sorry for me. . . . Do you understand what that did to me? I found the stuff and I gave it to him and I sat there watching him die. I've never felt so alive, so exultant, so full of power. I watched him die. . . ."

She flung out her hands.

"I didn't understand that I was killing *myself*—not him. Afterward I saw her caught in a trap—and that was no good either. I couldn't hurt her—she didn't care—she escaped from it all—half the time she wasn't there. She and Amyas both escaped—they went somewhere where I couldn't get at them. But they didn't die. *I* died."

Elsa Dittisham got up. She went across to the door. She said again, "*I* died. . . ."

In the hall she passed two young people whose life together was just beginning.

The chauffeur held open the door of the car. Lady Dittisham got in and the chauffeur wrapped the fur rug around her knees.

THE END

Mighty Mites

Continued from page 45

The Masons make changes, often without orders from the bench, to suit a particular situation in a game. Dr. Russell places no restrictions on his boys' defensive play—few restrictions on their offensive maneuvers.

"I cannot dictate to the kids the defenses they will employ any more than I can dictate to the opposition what sort of offense they'll use against us," said the Home coach. "I just want them to develop courage and poise and football savvy, and they'll take care of anything that comes up in a game."

The Masons, with their one-man coaching staff, are far more impressive, defensively, than many a college outfit coached by a big staff of specialists. These boys, who've grown up together and fought over footballs since infancy, are like so many angry hornets when the opposition has the ball.

In 1940, it was not until the final week of November that any opponent was able to puncture the Home's 38-yard line, much less score against the Masons. And the team played one of the toughest schedules possible.

Every Man on His Own

The Masons were pioneers in new-fangled defensive patterns, and they're credited with introducing the four and five-man setups to the Southwest. Hardest thing for a schoolboy footballer to master is defense. Perhaps the Masons' closemouthed cunning on defense gives the splendidly conditioned but undermanned Home squad lots of its margin over the bigger schools.

You've heard high-school backs yell out the defensive patterns of opposing teams for the benefit of crouching linesmen. The Masons never go in for this sort of thing. Each man analyzes things for himself. The Home athletes like to have their own defenses called out. For, often, they're likely to be sitting in a five- or six-man line with the full intention of playing a seven.

Russell places a thick accent on "angle play," with his defenders fanning out to herd enemy backs out of bounds without gain. The Masons' basic offensive formation is single wingback with a floating back. "But this may resolve into a jillion different formations," as a disgusted scout said last winter, after watching the Home line up in a different formation every down.

Russell gives his scholars about ninety offensive plays, very steep for schoolboys.

Russell has been labeled a hard taskmaster because, frequently, he scrimmages the boys fiercely a day or so before an important game. But the lads seem to love it, and the Home has never had a serious injury sustained in practice. The boys always start out in September as the Interscholastic League's best-conditioned footballers. Because they have no reserves, they must remain so. A Home athlete who fails to get in shape is in disgrace.

On the Home practice field there is no sled, blocking dummy or any other mechanical contrivance. Russell goes in for little group work. He figures these rugged squad scrimmages, sometimes skeletonized down to "six-man ball" because of lack of boys, are the best preparation for a game.

"Live targets! Real situations!" cries the doctor. "What I want to do is put the unit together and see how it works."

Russell is starting his fifteenth year as coach and high-school principal at the Home. During this period his football teams have won 130 games, lost 27, and tied six. Rusty is a tall, bespectacled fellow whom you'd probably mistake for a college professor.

Russell has worn the same brown suit to games for the last half dozen or so seasons. The suit fits Rusty a little close in spots, which may have prompted the remark of a Dallas fan that the Mason coach "looks country as a coon."

Russell appears slight in his clothes. He is considerably thinner than when he played end in spectacular fashion for Howard Payne College during the years immediately before and after the World War.

Rusty was a junior when the United States entered the war in 1917. He enlisted promptly and served with the 90th Division in France. At the battle of St. Mihiel, Rusty's outfit was under a gas barrage for two days. The gangling, redheaded boy spent the last months of the war in a French hospital. After being discharged from the Army, Russell got a job with an oil-well supply company in the west Texas oil fields. It looked as if he were through with football. But after a year under the Texas sun his lungs had healed. He returned to Howard Payne and played enough end to earn a place on the all-conference team.

Opposing coaches complain that the Masons have an immense psychological advantage. It's hard to work up a mad against the polite Home kids. Every one of the boys is a perfect sport. A Mason picks you up—after he has knocked your fillings loose.

The Masons earned their "Mighty Mites" title back in '38 when they were a tempestuous gang of welterweight lateralists. Since then some critics argue that they've become too uniformly husky for such a nickname.

In '38 Dallas Highland Park had its best football team. But the Masons, outweighed fifteen pounds to the man and with only a couple of reserves, whipped the Highlanders twice, once in an early-season practice game and again in a December championship thriller before 25,000, with Moses on the bench howling like a coyote in pokeberry time.

Around 120,000 fans saw the Mighty Mites that year. They tossed forward passes and multilaterals through the baffled ranks of bigger foes and went to the state semifinals.

They're Off Again

From '29 until the final game of the '33 season the Masons went unbeaten by a high-school team (they dropped one decision, 6-7, to a junior-college squad). In '31, the school, while going unbeaten and winning a regional Class B championship, scored 425 points. In '32, the Masons were admitted to Class AA division of the Interscholastic League. They went to the state finals, where they played a scoreless tie with Corsicana on a snow-covered field.

After '32, the Masons never managed to reach the state finals again. They were braked somewhere along the line by tough squads from Lubbock and Amarillo, and, on two occasions, by Dallas teams. The Home's other district titles came in '34, '35, '38, '39 and last season. And as this is written they have won their first six games this season.

Team physician for the Masons is Dr. E. P. Hall, a stern-faced, warm-hearted old fellow, who has been sitting on Home football benches and caring for Home athletes since the season of 1900.

Somewhat grumpy around the kids, Doc Hall praises them lavishly when

GMAC
figuring
chart
"This is the Plan for Us!...WE PAY LESS PER MONTH BECAUSE THE TOTAL COST IS LOWER!"

There may be more than one way to save money when you buy a car on time—but the surest way is for you to get the lowest financing cost you can find. And the GMAC Figuring Chart will help you find it...

This simple chart gives you all the facts about financing in dollars and cents... shows you exactly what you get for what you pay. In just a few minutes you can figure the cost of your entire deal—*before* you buy!

You'll find that the helpful, friendly General Motors Instalment Plan offers a surprisingly low financing cost . . . one that means low monthly payments for you. And notice, too, that this plan includes broad insurance protection for your car.

But see for yourself just where and how you can save! Send the coupon for your Figuring Chart today!

This plan is available only through dealers in Buick, Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile and Cadillac cars.

NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN

B-14

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
1775 Broadway, New York

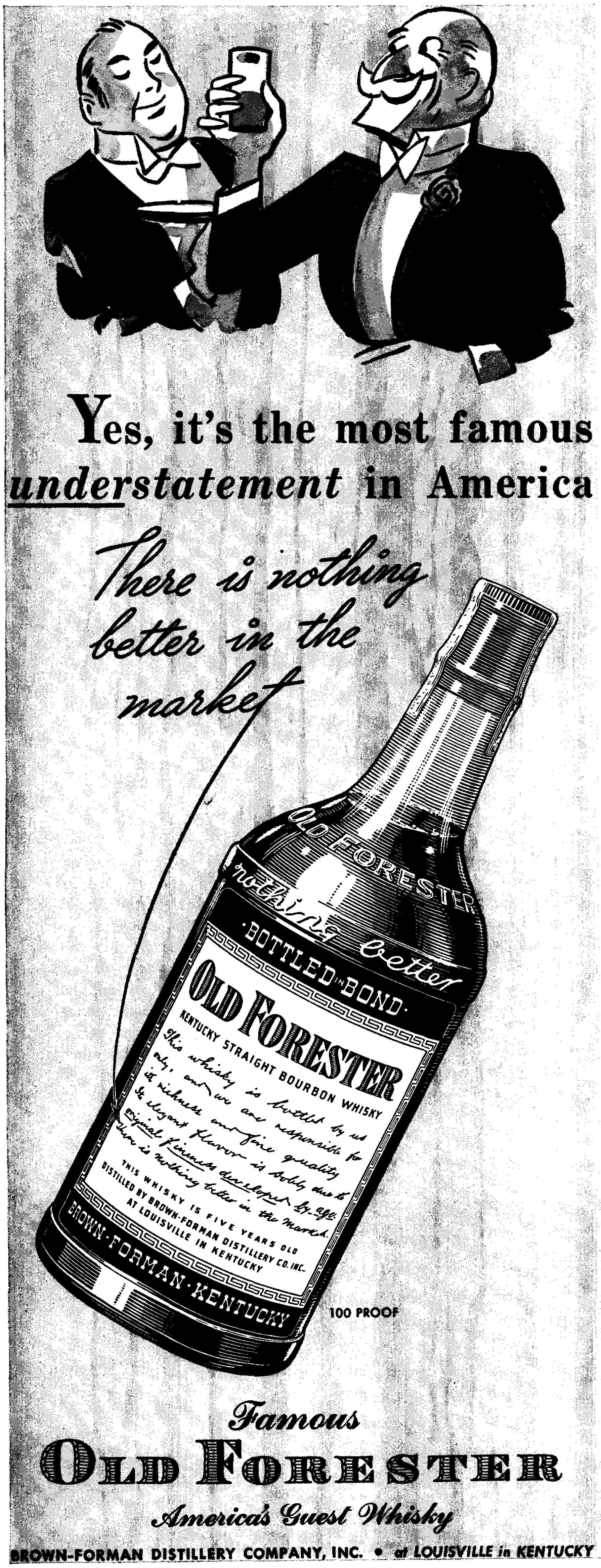
Please send me copy of GMAC *Figuring Chart for the car checked below:*

☐ CHEVROLET ☐ PONTIAC ☐ OLDSMOBILE ☐ BUICK ☐ CADILLAC

Name
Address
City State
County U. S. A.

Send for this Figuring Chart

GMAC figuring chart


Yes, it's the most famous understatement in America
There is nothing better in the market
OLD FORESTER
nothing better
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is bottled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed by age. There is nothing better in the market.
THIS WHISKY IS FIVE YEARS OLD
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC. AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
Famous
OLD FORESTER
America's Guest Whisky
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC. • at LOUISVILLE in KENTUCKY

they're not in earshot. Once someone remarked to Doc Hall that "most of the Mason footballers looked enough alike to be brothers."

"Well," replied Doc, "they don't look alike no more than any other bunch of boys. It's true that we've got a lot of cotton-headed kids and they're usually pretty well sun-tanned. But they don't look especially alike. They've just got such similar and pleasing ways that you get them mixed up."

Doc Hall has the happy memory of hundreds and hundreds of boys back through the forty-one years. But he seems able to remember almost any of them you can mention.

Doc Hall hopes to make it fifty years on the Mason bench. "If I ever retire, they can have all of my practice except my work at the Home. I'm going to stay with those kids until I die."

During the summer, and for intervals in the winter, the Masons work on the Home farm. They chop weeds and run mowers and cultivators and pick peaches and milk cows. They stay sun-browned as the crust on a home-baked pie.

After an afternoon game some seasons ago the Masons left the field at full gallop.

"What's the matter with those kids, running after a hard game?" someone asked Trainer Moses.

"Aw, them po' ol' little ol' boys," replied Moses. "You know, them childs has got to go home and milk fo'ty-five cows betweens them."

Fighting Wings for Norway

Continued from page 53

The boys escaping from Norway began to come. One group of young aviators in Norway rowed out to four Heinkel bombing seaplanes as they rode at anchor in a fjord, clambered aboard and took off while the Nazi pilots drank coffee ashore. They flew to the Shetland Islands, sailing down amid the screaming of British sirens and guns ready to burst into action.

Major Reistad told of three boys:

"They calked up a leaky old sailboat, really an impossible boat. They struck out into the North Sea. There were bad storms. Three times the boat—how do you say it, the sail in the water?—capsized, ya. It had a heavy iron keel and righted itself, but three times they were thrown far out in the sea. They had tied themselves to the boat with ropes and pulled themselves back hand-over-hand."

Two boys, with six dollars, bought a leaky old rowboat and some bread. They calked the seams. Rowing at night and sleeping by day in fjords, finally striking out to sea, guided by a pocket compass, they reached the tiny Shetland Islands, an amazing feat of navigation.

Twenty fliers are from Norwegian whalers in the Antarctic. Whole ships' crews have volunteered and been turned down, because Norway cannot afford to weaken her merchant marine. It is now her sole support. The money it makes pays the entire expenses of the Norwegian government-in-exile, of the Norwegian navy and of the air force in Canada.

That is why Major Reistad and other exiled leaders carry Norway's future. Will Norway have anything left after the war? Her merchant fleet is the only source of wealth, the only nucleus she can build on. From 60 to 70 per cent of it is under British charter and sailing continuously through the danger zone, and Churchill has said that it has done more for Britain "than a million well-equipped soldiers."

But the merchant fleet is continuously being sunk, and a thousand sailors have been killed. And the frightening thing to the Norwegians is that they have no place to rebuild ships, as Britain and the United States have. The goose that lays the golden eggs is shrinking.

With protective sternness, Major Reistad told of the exhaustion of the Norwegian sailors, exiled wanderers who can never see home. You can feel at once his affection and concern for every sailor and all his own men. He does not drink or smoke. He is a formidable athlete, having won the 1928 Olympic ski-jumping championship; and he has Norwegian national championships in running, broad and high jumping, javelin and discus throwing and swimming.

When I left he said:

"Tell the American-Norwegians to help us. We looked to them but they did not do much. They call themselves 'Sons of Norway' and talk about the Viking spirit. But you cannot claim to be a son when you see Norway in agony and being wiped out, and do nothing."

Then Lieutenant G. came to show me Little Norway; he was a handsome young man with an absent-minded air.

"Oh, I forgot. The parade—this foolish thing we must do every day. We must hurry."

At Little Norway they come out of the barracks and line up, perhaps a thousand of them. The naval aviators are in blue. The captain gives his brief orders and then calls through a microphone names that sound like a Minneapolis telephone book: "Peterson . . . Olson . . . Eklund . . ."

Lieutenant G. shows me about. In one building on two pedestals are rudimentary airplane cabins, slowly moving and turning. In these are sealed two neophyte pilots. They are learning blind flying.

In the barracks the double-decker bunks have a wide space between them with a desk and writing paper and books and pictures. Good wool blankets and a friendly homelike air, as though somebody cared for them.

Lieutenant G. asked: "Have you seen other barracks?"

"No."

"Well, then you may not know it, but these are better than most."

In the hospital all the beds are empty except two. "Thank heaven," Lieutenant G. murmured absently to himself; aviation training is dangerous.

"It's yust colds," says the nurse with a smile.

How Pilots Are Made

We took the ferry to the Island Airport and went to the roof of the signal tower. There are long rows of yellow Fairchild trainers, and bombers, and swift American Curtiss fighters.

In learning to be pilots, the Norwegians take their training in three steps: First with low-horsepower Fairchild trainers, here on the island, and also at their airfield in northern Ontario. For intermediary training they go to school with Canadian and British pilots. In the third step, they come back to Little Norway to learn dive-bombing and fighting in high-powered planes.

They also train complete ground crews (it takes seven men on the ground for each plane that goes aloft). As Major Reistad explained, the Norwegian pilots would have been welcomed as fighters in the R.A.F., but then Norway would have no air force after the war.

In the hangar on the Island Airport,

mechanics were getting their daily schooling. Lieutenant G., perhaps thinking of Norway's meager equipment when the Germans came—of the antiquated Fokkers and the airport made by reindeer, of the bombs contrived out of gasoline tins filled with dynamite—pointed with offhand pride at the new armored repair shops on wheels, which look like trucks, go fifty miles an hour, and can set up a complete airport, radio tower, repairs, everything.

Watching the mechanics with their busy, thoughtful faces, I said:

"I suppose they all read Ibsen every night."

He does not seem to think this is a joke, as it was intended.

"I bought Peer Gynt the other day. I was so disgusted at people here for not knowing some things in Peer Gynt."

He gave me a letter to officers at the airfield in northern Ontario and at Vesle Skaugum, the recreation camp. To reach it one drives 140 miles north, then ten miles into a deep forest, and suddenly there is a clearing and a lake, shining like steel in the northern twilight. There are three large log buildings, zebra-striped with mortar between the logs. On the lawn, in the wild, chilly evening, some boys in khaki shorts are playing croquet.

Sergeant S. and his wife are in charge. She has gone to bed. The boys are in the living room by the fire. Sergeant S., burly and blond, tears open the letter from Lieutenant G., goes behind his canteen counter and leans on it. It grows dark there. He talks, gently prodded forward now and then by a question:

"I been in Canada eleven years, a carpenter, lumberyack, worked with horses. The way I look at it is this: My old mother is in Norway and she is such a wonderful voman and has done so much for me and all her kids and everybody in the whole town of Drammen. She was on the school board, and when they wanted something done in that town, an old people's home or anything, they got Mother. And she talked straight to them and set to work and had so much yust plain goodness in her and common sense they did what she said. Well, my mother—I guess there is one thing in the world she wants and that is to free Norway. So if my life is worth anything—it is the one thing I can do for her."

Everyone Wants to Help

He tried to enlist in the air force, but Major Reistad said he was too old. "So I got a yob as a carpenter working on the barracks at Little Norway. Then one day I said to the major: 'There is no sense your paying me union wages when I will work for thirty dollars a month.' So they let me enlist. I never like the military—the idea of it—and I got a boy and a house and my wife. But it don't matter, ve all yust got to help and that is all you can think about. When the time comes—well I got to be there."

Like the others, he said nothing harsh about the Nazis, did not mention the word "German" even, but rather avoided it. But when he said, "I got to be there," you knew what he meant. There is a sensation in the back of the neck as though one's hair were trying to stand on end.

That night at a lodge in the wilderness where fashionable Toronto people go, three Canadian girls talked about the Norwegian fliers:

"They are just wonderful and the Canadian fliers are sore because the girls all like the Norwegians."

"Why do they?"

"Because they are so nice and serious. And wonderful fliers. And reckless. When Wendell Willkie was in Toronto, the Norwegians flew over the parade wide open at two hundred feet. There were locked fenders and smashed radiators for a mile. Now they make them stay up 2,500 feet."

In fact so many Canadian girls have married Norwegian fliers that Major Reistad has had to issue a public warning:

"I wish to ask the Canadian women to think the matter well over before they marry a Norwegian . . . When we return to Norway we go to a country on the verge of ruin, where the Germans have taken everything . . . The standard of living will be so reduced that one must be a Norwegian to stand the strain . . . The Canadian women are used to an abundance here and may repent their decision bitterly. On the other hand, of course, such great love may exist."

This last sentence, of course, no army officer in the world except a Norwegian could possibly have uttered.

At the Top of the Class

The last evening, I spent with Lieutenant X.—a slight young man with blue eyes in his thin, tanned face and a salient nose. He was shot down twice in Norway.

In the dining room of the hotel, he hastened to pull out my chair. "As we say, 'Please excuse my Norwegian manners,'" he said, and explained (what I knew already) that in Norway women are so accepted as friendly equals that men forget to jump around for them much.

He told me how Major Reistad, when he leaves his lodgings in the morning to go to the office headquarters three or four miles away, runs instead of walking. "The policemen wonder, 'Is it a fire?' People in cars ask him if he wants a ride. They would all be surprised if they knew he was the Commander of the Royal Norwegian Air Force and just must get some exercise. He is the kind of man who has so much energy you have to put big stones on his chest to make him sleep."

He tells of the Norwegian fliers in their intermediary school, where they are trained with Canadian and British fliers. "In grading one class, the five best were Norwegians."

He says gently: "I would not think we deserved anything, if Norway had not been generous to other countries. She gave fifty-three million Kronen to Finland. That is about ten dollars apiece. Then Nansen's work repatriating prisoners after the last war—that was the greatest humanitarian work of a whole century.

"The boys get thirty dollars a month, but many give fifteen of that to buy new planes for Norway."

Then it was after midnight and I had to start driving for Minnesota.

"How far is it?"

"A thousand miles."

"Oh, my . . . How fast do you go?"

"Sometimes about seventy miles an hour."

He looked almost shocked at the thought, this young man with his Odyssey of wild sky-catapulting, tempest-piercing danger, with all these months of anguish and patience.

At home in peaceful Minnesota you hardly ever see a soldier or even a policeman. But everybody is pretty blue about the draft. "You lose out on a whole college year." "Say that a guy has got a little business started—it's the most important year of his life."

It is nobody's fault—the difference in feeling between exiled Norwegians and Americans who have never been exiled. Human beings lack imagination. We are all heroes when our own children are suffering. But only a Shelley or a St. Francis or a Nansen can feel generous heroism, can act and help, when the suffering is very far away.

"So you operate a COMPTOMETER? Lucky you!"

"I guess the Comptometer is like home — you don't appreciate either one until you get away from it!

"For instance, when I was operating a Comptometer, I didn't realize what a wonderful device that Controlled-Key safeguard really is. Just think — every time I 'fumbled' a key stroke, or didn't depress the key fully, the keyboard locked! And it didn't take more than a split second to correct the faulty stroke and go right ahead with the calculation!

"But now I'm working with another machine — and it doesn't have any such *operator-protection*, because the Controlled-Key is exclusive with Comptometer. So now I make more errors . . . and, of course, the Boss doesn't blame the machine. *He blames me!*

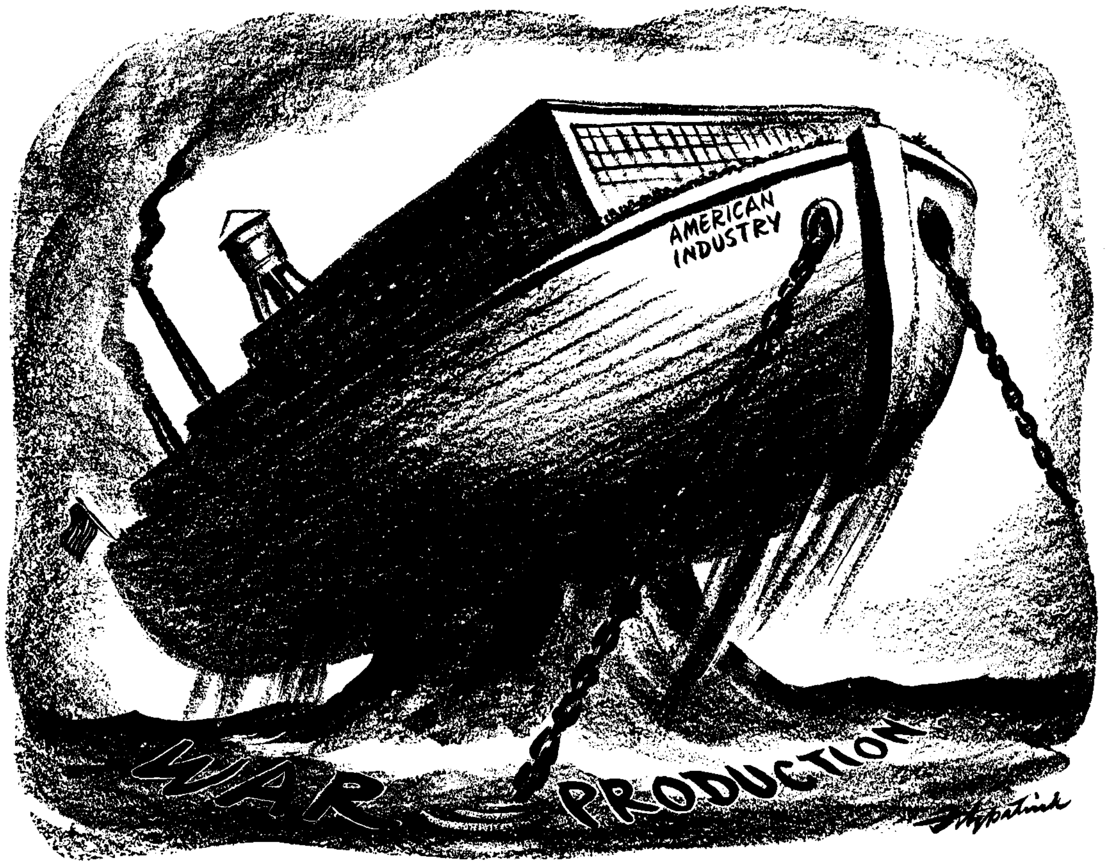
"And not only do I have to 'take the rap' for this other machine, but it's harder on my eyes and nerves! It doesn't have Comptometer's no-glare 'windows' on the answer dials It doesn't have the Comptometer's feather-light, silent key stroke, and loads of other Comptometer features that protect the operator!

"So the next time the Boss blames *me* for an operating error that the Controlled-Key would have prevented, or complains about my taking too much time on a figure-work job, I'm going to tell him to go read a Comptometer advertisement!

"Especially that part where it says: *Telephone your local Comptometer Co. man for an on-your-work demonstration . . . or write direct to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.*"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director



Business and the Peace

WE SECOND the motion framed in these words by President Charles E. Wilson of General Electric in our colleague, The American Magazine:

> I propose that we hold a Congress of this American Free Enterprise System, to be convened late this fall or winter. This would be a sort of a constitutional convention to draw up new, self-imposed rules for industrial and commercial progress, acceptable to the majority of our people.
>
> The Congress should include representatives of industry, of agriculture, of the labor unions, of finance and commerce.
>
> The general purpose would be to build a reservoir of distribution, and employment; and to make plans for releasing this reservoir, in increasing volume, when and as military expenditure falls off.

Mr. Wilson is thinking of the end of the war, whenever it comes, and the sudden slump expected then. He frankly fears that, unless private free enterprise in the democracies can somehow keep enough wheels turning through the slump, government will step in and take over the job. That will mean state socialism, which is another name for the totalitarianism which the democracies are now fighting.

We think this congress had better be held; and that it should be no halfhearted affair engineered by platitude peddlers and attended chiefly by stuffed shirts. The postwar period promises to put free enterprise to its supreme test, especially in the United States.

The potential lifesaver for American free enterprise may be found in this proposed industrial congress. At least it had better be given a tryout—unless American free enterprise, as some suspect, is supinely asking for the deathblow which its enemies are anxious to hand it. Nobody is going to fight for it unless it shows signs of fighting for itself.

Common Sense about Russia

FOR all the myriad words printed and spoken up to now about American and British obligations toward Russia in the fight against Hitler, we think Winston Churchill's remarks of last June 22d, the day Hitler attacked Russia, are still the most sensible.

What Churchill said was that the Hitler onslaught had changed none of the Communist leopard's spots, but that an ally is an ally, and that Churchill intended to help his new ally as best he could. And that seems to us the long and the short of it.

By surprising all the topflight experts, including Hitler himself, with the magnitude of its armaments and the strength of its resistance, Russia gave Britain and its friends a priceless snatch of time to strengthen their own defenses, step up production, and pile up offensive weapons. Russia deserves Allied gratitude for that; and in any case where Allied shipments to Russia will help the general Allied cause those shipments should be sent.

But why all these efforts to pretend that Russia is something which we know it is not? Russia is not a democracy. Under the Reds as under the Czars, Russia is a cruel despotism.

Why kid ourselves otherwise? The western Allies in the other war didn't make believe that Czarist Russia was a democracy. They accepted what help the Czar's slaves could give them, and were thankful.

Efforts to camouflage Russia do the Allied cause more harm than good, we believe. They arouse widespread scorn for such hypocrisy; and they give a new lease on life to the domestic Reds and fellow travelers, the most dangerous camarilla in this country.

Stalin is on our side because he has to be. It's much nicer to have him on our side than it would be to have him against us. But it is foolish to pretend that he is something he is not.

Discount that Snub

A FRIEND of ours was sobbing on our shoulder the other day about what he took to be the snootiness of a friend of both of us.

"I pass him on the street three or four times a week," was the complaint, "and at least half the time he doesn't speak. Just seems to look through me—and believe me, I'm almost through with him."

We wish we could handle a lot of frictions as easily as we were privileged to smooth out this one. We happened to know that the man in question was (a) nearsighted, and (b) wont to think intensively about his rather responsible job both in and out of the office hours; and further (c) not the kind of chap who would snub anybody intentionally. We imparted these facts to our wounded confidant, and one friendship missed coming unhooked.

But in this nation of 130,000,000 people, how many friendships do you suppose come unhooked per week because of unnecessary, uncleared-up misunderstandings?

FCC Backs Water

WE'RE pleased to record that the Federal Communications Commission has retreated a little from the big talk it was making a while ago about chaining American radio to the FCC's chariot wheels.

The FCC was going to force the National Broadcasting Company to give up one of its two networks, hands down. Now, the FCC has decided to suspend this ruling indefinitely, and to give NBC six months' notice if the ruling is ever revived. The FCC also has extended its licensing period for radio stations from one year to two years.

All this is fine—and a direct result of the big radio companies' decision to stand up and fight. The press, very sensibly, lined up with radio in the fight. The newspapers and magazines also will have to show courage if they are to be free.

But the main fight is not won. The FCC remains a board of seven men, of whom five are ambitious bureaucrats unfriendly to privately managed radio and operating under a vaguely worded statute which gives them wide leeway to grab for more and more power. They can be counted on to make further grabs the moment they think the weather has turned favorable for such grabs. The present reversal is only a strategic retreat.

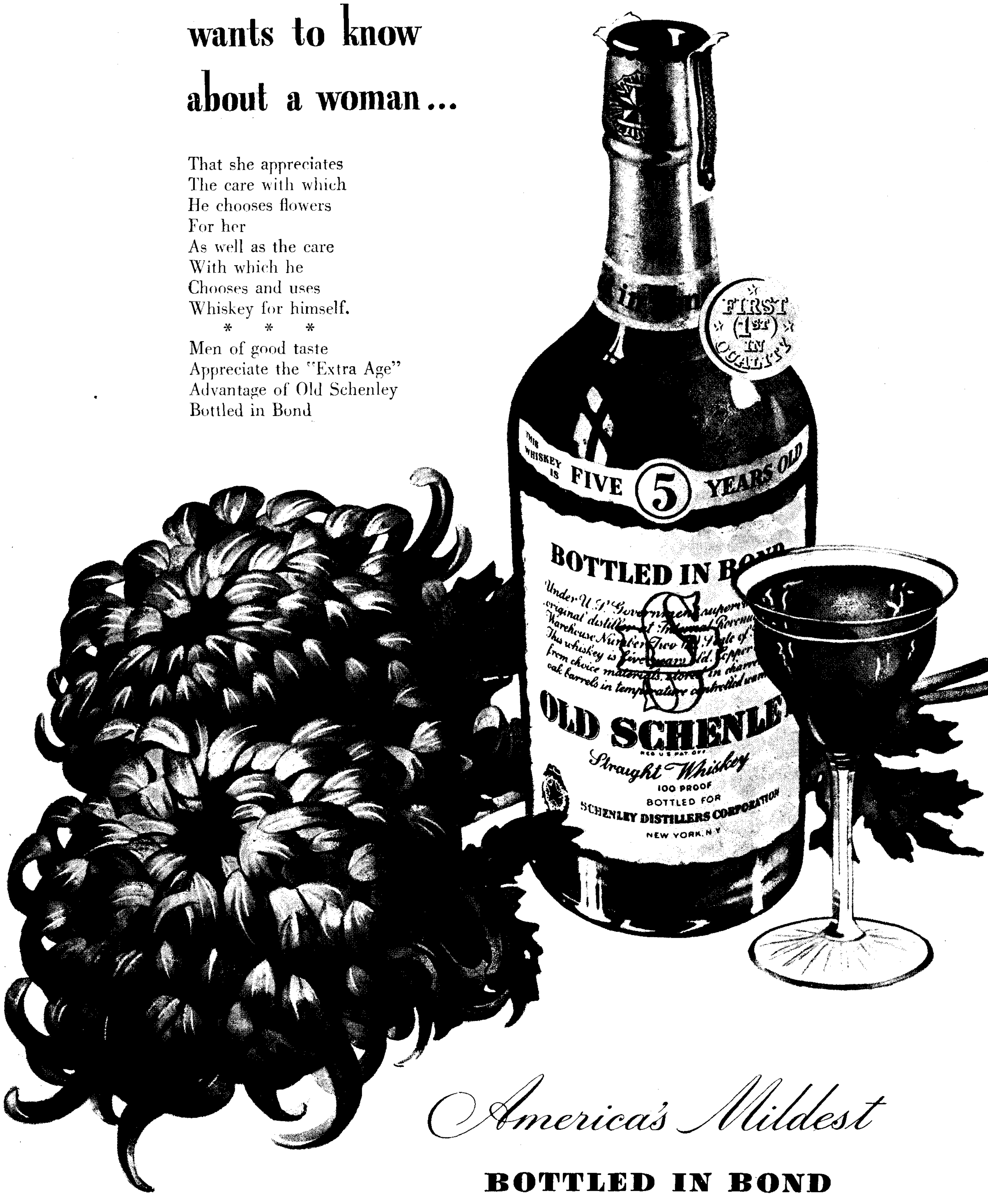
What we need is a more carefully drawn law, strictly limiting the FCC to its proper function, which is mainly that of traffic-policing the air waves. Until Congress enacts such a law, radio in this country will remain in danger of being turned into a mere propaganda vehicle for the political party in power at Washington.

What every man wants to know about a woman...

That she appreciates
The care with which
He chooses flowers
For her
As well as the care
With which he
Chooses and uses
Whiskey for himself.

* * *

Men of good taste
Appreciate the "Extra Age"
Advantage of Old Schenley
Bottled in Bond


FIRST 1ST IN QUALITY
THIS WHISKEY IS FIVE 5 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD SCHENLEY
Straight Whiskey
100 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

America's Mildest

BOTTLED IN BOND

OLD SCHENLEY

THIS WHISKEY IS 5 YEARS OLD

Straight Bourbon Whiskey—100 Proof. Also available in Rye—This Whiskey is 4 Years Old

Set of six, full-color flower reprints, suitable for framing, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25c. Copyright 1941, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City, N. Y., Dept. B.

MARJORIE WOODWORTH
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
in the Hal Roach hit
"All-American Co-ed"
a United Artists Release

Let's Celebrate
IT'S CHESTERFIELD

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Pass around the Chesterfields and it's pleasure time for everybody... smoking pleasure that only the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give you.

Chesterfields make good friends... they're *milder, definitely better-tasting* and *cooler-smoking*. Everybody who smokes them likes them. *They Satisfy*

Copyright 1941, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.